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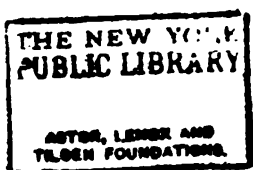
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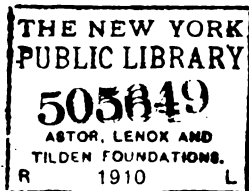
BAILY'S MAGAZINE

Sports and Pastimes.



H. Dawson
VOL. XLIII

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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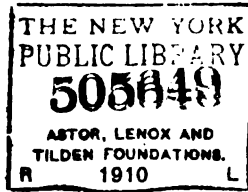
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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

1766.

THE EARL OF SUFFOLK AND BERKSHIRE.

It has been well said that the history of most of our great houses is the history of England; and if that is true of one more than another, it is true of the Howards. From the time of that Chief Justice of the Common Pleas of our first Edward, the name will be found among the statesmen, the warriors, the men of genius and learning who have, each in their station and degree, helped to shed a lustre on their country's annals. A household word in old times was that of many a Howard. The "Jockey of Norfolk" who fell by the side of his royal master on Bosworth field; the Lord Thomas Howard, the famous Admiral of the Armada days; the "Belted Will," that bold Warden of the Western Marches, in more recent times; above all, that ill-fated Earl of Surrey, "excellent in arts and in arms; a man of learning and genius, and a hero," and who was about the last victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII.,—all lived in men's mouths and memories, part and parcel of the turbulent times through which they passed.

But now we are in days of peace. Heads do not roll from the block on Tower Hill; the history of the Red and White Roses is the *bête noire* of schoolboys; the fighting Howards have turned their swords into ploughshares, and the battlefield is transformed into the hunting one. The subject of our present sketch, Henry Charles Howard, eighteenth Earl of Suffolk and eleventh Earl of Berkshire, is the descendant of Thomas, sixth Duke of Norfolk, whose eldest son, Lord Thomas Howard, the famous Admiral before alluded to, on inheriting the estates of his mother was created Lord Howard of Walden, and subsequently, in 1603, was made Earl of Suffolk. This nobleman, to whose vigilance the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot has been mainly attributed, acquired the estate of Charlton, in Wiltshire, by his marriage with the heiress of the Knevelts, and his second son was created the first Earl of Berkshire, the two earldoms

not becoming united until the middle of the eighteenth century, when Henry Bowes Howard, the fourth Earl of Berkshire, became the eleventh Earl of Suffolk. So much for pedigree.

Born in 1833, the present holder of the titles went in due course to Harrow, and thence to a private tutor's in Scotland, subsequently travelling for the best part of some years on the Continent. That he hunted from the very earliest age—probably as soon as he could get his legs across a pony—goes without saying. From early days, too, was he noted for what has been and is his great characteristic—undeniable nerve, and the fine judgment that came with maturer years. He commenced with the Duke of Beaufort, the father of the present Master of Badminton, and Lord Moreton, the then Master of the V.W.H. Subsequently he, in company with his great friend Sir Henry Hoare, spent a good deal of time in Leicestershire, staying both at the 'Bell' at Leicester, and at Craven Lodge at Melton. Lord Andover, as he then was, also hunted from Stouerhead, Sir Henry's place in Wiltshire, with the Blackmoor Vale, but he shared, we think, White Melville's opinion, that, owing to the distances, the game was hardly worth the candle. That good sportsman described the performance as "getting up in the middle of the night, driving sixteen miles, and *then* beginning to go to covert like other people, only longer distances." Lord Suffolk now confines his hunting principally to the home circuit, and in conjunction with his nearest neighbour and intimate friend, Mr. Sotheron Estcourt, the member for North Wilts, he has kept a pack of harriers for some years. Mr. Estcourt is the huntsman, and very capital sport the pack shows.

A thorough good man with rod and line, he learnt the love of salmon-fishing on Tweed and Spey, under the tuition of his father-in-law, the Hon. Henry Coventry. Equally good with his gun, and well known in old Hornsey Wood days and in the early ones of Hurlingham, he gave up shooting after a time, finding it so much interfered with his hunting. But he is faithful to the gentle art, and every year, as the guest of his friend General Gipps, he curiously enough fishes a large part of the water where he first cast his lines.

Lord Suffolk is an agriculturist of course. It is a pursuit which, if landlords do not kindly take to, is apt to be thrust upon them in these hard and very difficult times. The home-farm at Charlton consists of about 600 acres; and with two others of 300 acres each on hand, some fifty or sixty pedigree cows, and a flock of two hundred Southdown ewes, the owner of Charlton does not find time hang heavily on his hands. His neighbours too, knowing him to be a good man of business, take advantage of that knowledge by making him perpetual chairman of every local board, from guardians downwards and upwards; while this year, as Vice-Chairman of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, he has had much to do this session in connection with the working of the Contagious Diseases Act. He is, moreover, a prominent member of the G.N.H. Committee, and

when last April he was nominated a Steward of the Jockey Club, there was but one opinion as to the fitness of the choice.

Writing some ten years ago in this magazine a memoir of one of Lord Suffolk's oldest and dearest friends, the late William Henry Cooper, we used these words: "Reserved in manner, and singularly modest in the estimate he forms of himself, we know we should only pain him by eulogy, though that eulogy would be but the simple truth." With slight alteration they may be repeated here. Lord Suffolk is not reserved; on the contrary, he is full of a cheery *bonhomie*; but the rest of the sentence applies as strongly to him as it did to his old friend. At Charlton, one of the stately homes of England, lying in a beautiful park which Lord Suffolk, by his knowledge and love of forestry, most carefully tends, he passes the life of an English country gentleman. We have no right to lift the veil of privacy that covers an English home, but all those who have the pleasure of Lord and Lady Suffolk's acquaintance know that the life at Charlton is an example of that domestic happiness so thoroughly English, and of which, even in these somewhat lax and evil days, we are so heartily proud. Lord Suffolk lives among his own people, a just and generous landlord, a good and faithful steward of what has been committed to his charge. "Home, sweet Home" is the burden of an English song that will, we trust, never die. Doubtless its counterpart has been heard in old days echoing through the galleries of Charlton, and sure we are it may be heard now in the time of its present Lord and Lady.

WILD SPORT IN THE ORKNEY ISLES.

By CAPT. CLARK KENNEDY, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

(Concluded.)

VIII.—DE OMNIBUS REBUS.—JOSEPH DUNN'S DEATH.

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, still returns to thee."

TRUE enough are these lines, so far, at all events, as we ourselves are concerned; and though we have traversed many a foreign strand, have gazed upon far-away scenes of wild beauty and of sternly savage grandeur, never have we forgotten the many happy days and the countless pleasant hours spent among the hills of dear old Orkney, upon her wild shores, and on the fair bosom of her waters!

A fair, wild group of islands they are, in truth, and we can never understand how it is that travellers wander forth, at great inconvenience and discomfort to themselves, at large expense to their

pockets, and at danger of typhoid, cholera, and the like horrors, to stuffy Continental hotels, to dirty French watering places, or dirtier German villages, when such gloriously beautiful scenes lie so close at hand, to be visited in bonnie Scotland, in the mountains of Wales, and in the north and even the fair midland counties of our own England. But, of course, *chacun à son goût*, and it would not do for *everyone* to come to Orkney!

Our note-books are full of entries of our doings amongst those dear islands, that are interesting enough to ourselves, but probably will not be so to 'Baily' readers, who, we fear, may have already had nearly too much of a good thing after wading through our eight long chapters. So the time has come when we must, however unwillingly, bid adieu to the Orkney Isles, and hoist sail for other quarters!

One or two last short extracts from those fusty, much-thumbed old note-books and we have done; and all we will wish you, dear readers, is that your times may be as gay when you go there as ours have been, and may your lines never be cast in less pleasant places.

Here are the old journals, and a few odd pages, selected at random:—

August 20, 1870.—On board the Edinburgh and Shetland boat; still, at 7 A.M., very stormy, as far as I could judge from my berth, in which it was not easy to retain one's position, on account of the terrible rolling of the vessel; nor was it possible to sleep any longer, because of the screams of an old lady in the next cabin, who thought she was dying, having suffered severely from *mal de mer*. By 9 o'clock the day brightened wonderfully, a brilliant sun shone over the heaving waters of the wild Pentland Firth, where we saw four splendid whales, of from seventy to eighty feet in length, "spouting" away right gallantly, close to the steamer. Shoals of mackerel were evidently being hotly pursued by porpoises, for we could often see the poor fish almost flying out of the sea, when the black bodies of their large enemies would appear for an instant above the surface. Clouds of herring-gulls and pretty little kittiwakes hovered over the shoal, and ever and anon dashed down to pick up a small fish, their loud cries resounding through the air. At Kirkwall, where we arrived at noon, we landed, and at once made off for Whiteford Hill, about two miles from the town, whence a splendid view is obtained over the whole of the islands, and here it was that good Sir Walter Scott stood when he wrote his graphic description of the scenery in the 'Pirate.' There were, we knew, a few packs of grouse on the hill, and after about an hour's search our old retriever found first one pack, and eventually another, then a third, so that we went home pleased enough with six-and-a-half brace of large well-grown grouse, a couple of snipe, two flappers, an old hare, and a mallard; also a young curlew, coming over our head, injudiciously near, as we were approaching the town. A nice little bag, for a short wild walk.

In the evening, although it had been such a gloriously bright day,

though a windy one, a heavy Scotch mist very suddenly came down upon us, and as we took our outside places upon the good old "Favourite," the only coach of the Orkneys, *en route* for the little town of Stromness, the rain came down in torrents. Passed, on our way, some fine Druidical remains, large stones standing upright in the ground, and of from twelve to twenty feet in height; also saw the celebrated "Maes-howe," which is supposed to have been, once upon a time, a Pictish burying place.

As the old vehicle rolled past the tiny village of Stennis, the ancient driver told us of a sad incident that took place close to the lake there only a very few days ago. It seems that a poor little child, a girl of only four years of age, had been taking care of the three or four cows which belonged to the family, in company with a sister some two years older than herself. Aq exceptionally heavy Scotch mist very suddenly enveloped the sisters, and they must have lost their way and wandered down to the shores of Loch Stennis, for it was not for two days afterwards that their bodies were found, close together, lying, quite dead, amongst the purple heather, their tiny hands folded across their breasts!

August 21.—The "northern lights" last night, or, more correctly speaking, early this morning, were glorious; and never, even in Lapland or Norway, have we seen that splendid sight to greater advantage.

The first news we heard this morning was that the small grocer's shop opposite our lodgings, a few yards across the street, caught fire during the night, owing, it is said, to its owner's having been indulging in a "wee drap" of Orkadian mountain dew, and was burned to the ground; and although the entire population of the little town were gathered below our window, yet we slept the sleep of a man with a conscience—good, let us hope—and whose body is healthily tired withal!

After luncheon, Joseph Dunn (our good landlord) walked with us to the celebrated marshes to the north of the town, where we "did" a little natural history, the old dog putting up a goodly lot of long-bills, and evidently well recollecting the best places in the marshes where he used to find the most snipe last year; and yet some *fools* say dogs have no memories! Alack-a-day, are they not dear, sensible, faithful creatures, far more sensible than their dolts of masters oftentimes? We trow, yes. Saw our dear little friends the merlin-hawks; we wonder, however, if they are the very same identical little birds who used to accompany us when snipe-shooting here two seasons ago. We verily believe they are, for look how they scud around the retriever, as if they *do* actually recognise him, but to-morrow *nous verrons*. And see, Joseph, is not that a water-rail creeping along under those rushes? It is indeed, and seldom do we meet this shy bird in the islands, though there are plenty of coots and a few moorhens by the rushy lochs. No "jacks" yet to be seen, for hardly ever do those pretty little fellows come from "over the sea" until the 25th of September, or,

indeed, till the first of the woodcocks appear, a fortnight later still. But a grand flock of golden plovers scuds across yonder brae. How gloriously their bright yellow backs and heads, and their white bellies and under-wing coverts, glisten in the autumn sun! Would we could give you the contents of our double-barrel, and what a grand "scatteration" would the charge of No. 7 make in your thick ranks, ye golden beauties! But, alas! 'tis the "Saubath," and ye are quite safe to-day; but *to-morrow*, take care of yourselves!

Saw a grand marsh-harrier, now a scarce hawk here, owing to those horrible poisoning practices of the gamekeepers, who, we fear, will soon leave hardly a rare hawk or an eagle, not to say even the poor inoffensive owl, alive to tell the tale of the "good old days of yore." We struck away from the marshes over the heathery hills towards the westward, and soon the grand old rocky cliffs of the far-famed Blackcraigs came into view. They line that stormy shore for some two miles, or rather more, in length, and rise to about two hundred feet or more of average height; and here, indeed, do the wild seafowl find their paradise. To the peregrine falcon, the raven, the gay kestrel hawk, the gull, the dark cormorant, the razorbill, the guillemot, and the little "blue rock dove," those grand old ocean cliffs must in truth form the

"Haven where they would be!"

Now we stand upon the highest summit of the range of dark cliffs, and gazing over the precipice beneath our feet till the head grows giddy and the eye unsteady, we look down on the seething waters far, far below us. We can see the great green Atlantic rollers dashing in their wild anger upon the iron rocks beneath the precipices, their white spray flying up high into the air in great columns of white sheets of water, for all the world like an enormous shower-bath. The loud echoes of the ocean, dashing into the deep caverns far below our feet, continually rang in our ears; and these very caves must, no doubt, have been hollowed out of the very foundations of the cliffs by the tides of centuries, some of the subterranean passages extending a quarter of a mile, or even more, underground. A few young rabbits were gamboling on the ledges of the cliffs, and the wild crested "scarfes" (or green cormorants) were ever and anon winging their swift way over the waters from one rock to another, while others, so small in appearance as to seem no larger to the eye than blackbirds, were swimming and diving away in the more open water beyond the entrances to the caverns. Here and there an old seal would appear, floating along on the top of the water, oftentimes attended by a youngster, and the graceful "sea-swallows" were hovering over the ocean, as was a single old gannet, or Solan-goose, who was very alert after the shoals of young "coal-fish," which are very numerous off the coast just now.

A few miles over yonder stands up from the Atlantic the splendid island of famous Hoy, which seems to guard the whole cluster of the islands from the stormy ocean to the westward. And just round the corner of Hoy Head we can dimly distinguish the dim outline of the "Old Man," as that well-known curiously shaped rock has been christened for centuries.

"See Hoy's Old Man, whose summit bare
Pierces the dark blue fields of air;
Based in the sea, his fearful form
Glows like the spirit of the storm."

It is, geologically speaking, a vast perpendicular column of reddish sandstone, standing on a base of porphyry. The beautiful colouring of most of the cliffs of Hoy render them well worthy of a visit, and we can honestly recommend a sail round Hoy Head to Berry Head, at the south-west corner of the island, as one of the most delightful excursions for an Orkadian summer's day.

* * * * *

On our arrival at the Blackcraigs, a single falcon—a splendidly plumaged peregrine—dashed screaming from the cliff, where its young family were probably still residing in the eerie, for it is quite ungetatable and safe from human spoliation. Being anxious on one occasion, when visiting this cliff, to try the range of a little Snider rifle that I happened to have in my hand, I took one or two long shots, at a distance, probably, of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards, at the cormorants swimming about beneath. It was very difficult to strike a moving object upon the water from such a lofty elevation, and it was curious to watch the surprised manner in which the cormorants dived beneath the surface as the balls struck within a few feet of them. Presently, however, a "shag" was espied sitting upon a projecting ledge of rock, bolt upright, about two hundred yards below, and affording a very pretty shot; so, leaning over the precipice, we took a steady aim, and over he toppled with a splash, quite dead, into the foaming sea beneath, a good, lucky shot indeed, but we were sorry when we saw his green, handsome body floating lifeless upon the rolling waves, especially as we could not get down to bag him.

September 3rd.—Shot three large cormorants one after another, in three successive shots, with the little Snider rifle, at about a hundred yards distance, two swimming and the third flying past—the latter a *fluke*. Also shot a very large seal, a spotted one. Shall have his skin, which is handsome, made into a portmanteau cover, with the hair outside, which renders it splendidly waterproof. Plenty of green plovers now on the shores, and shot a few for a pie, in which, mixed with snipe and bunnies by Mrs. Dunn's skilful hands, they are "A 1."

August 23rd.—A very warm morning, and a gallant breeze from S.W., so off in the small boat betimes, collecting specimens of sea-fowl. Beat down against the wind to the southwards, going

completely around Graemsay Isle, and steering our "devious way," and we should say our "*dangerous way*," through Burrow Sound, where are lots of uncanny-looking black pointed rocks on all sides, and which were simply black with cormorants in thousands and thousands, while the air was filled with white herring-gulls. Shot a splendid pair of black guillemots, with their lovely scarlet legs and black bills; also a fine lesser black-backed gull. Had a very exciting chase, because a dangerous one, owing to the lumpy sea and the rocks, after two large seals, which led us a long dance, but we did not manage to secure either. Close in by the shore of the mainland we espied a small flock of eider ducks, and visions of eider-down passing before our eyes, we gave chase, but though there were nine or ten of them we only bagged one, a young female—all the rest, after the first shot, diving in the troubled waters, where we never caught sight of them again. Landed on an island, and picked up three couple of snipe, a brace of curlews, and an old male heron, whose breast feathers will give us some famous assistance towards our spring salmon flies.

September 30th.—Wish to send off a box of game, here called "stuff," to the south to-morrow, so started after an early breakfast to secure something. Walked a long stretch of heather, shore and marsh, and did pretty well, but the old hares were too much for "Buzz," the retriever, who fell into sad disgrace chasing them through spots where snipe "do most congregate," and spoiling good chances several times. Home late, by the light of the "*aurora borealis*," which were quite lovely, and turned out on the kitchen floor a nice little *mixed* bag (and that is, we think, half the battle in a day's fun)—snipe, twenty-six; hares (one slain by "Buzz"), three; rabbits, two; golden plovers, one (a grand "*rocket*," *high* overhead); curlews, three; and wild duck, a couple, mallard and duck, with a fine cock grouse to top the bag. Had some glorious views from the higher hills over the entire group of islands.

September 25th.—A capital evening's sea-fishing. Captain C—— and self out in the rowing-boat from 8 P.M. till midnight, and caught between us, with two rods apiece—a large hook with white goose feather roughly tied on to the shank—no less than four hundred and twenty-five fish, principally "*lythe*" and "*scaithe*" (local names for the young of the "*coal fish*," or pollack, of our southern coasts). No great art is required in landing them, but great fun in playing the larger ones amongst them, some running up to four, five, and seven pounds each. We often had four big fellows "on" altogether, when a considerable entangling of tackle was the natural result—a "*muckle burbell*," as old John Heddle called it. So bright are the nights, that at twelve o'clock the smallest printed book is easily read by the naked eye at the open window.

August 25th.—Left Stromness harbour at ten o'clock in the sailing boat to try for a seal at the more distant islands. A lovely sunny morning, but not much breeze, and it took us three hours to run ten miles. During our sail we fell in with a large school of

porpoises, at one of which we had a rifle shot, but he apparently was none the worse. Also met a lot of bottle-nosed whales, and enormous creatures they looked, tumbling over and over in the waves, and sending up great showers of spray into the air. Some of them came very unpleasantly close to our little boat, and a single tap of one of their tails would have been all "up" with us, as we were at least a couple of miles from the nearest land, so gave one, who was heading dead for us, a rifle ball in the head, after which they all disappeared as if by magic, the water around being streaked with blood and grease. Having coasted along the wild rocky shores of Hoy Island, we entered a little sandy bay, and here were several seals, but we preferred to watch their gambols instead of molesting them. One came up within ten yards of the boat, and took a good look at us. We saw here a few of the beautiful red-breasted mergansers, a species of duck with a serrated bill, and very destructive in salmon and trout streams, where they eat an enormous quantity of spawn and young fish. Also saw a pair of the handsome black "velvet" ducks, which are common enough in winter, but rare now. Landed on a small rocky island, where tried to stalk some old herons, but they were far too wary. Saw about twenty of their immense nests built on the face of the cliffs, where, if so disposed, we could have easily taken eggs or young in the breeding time. After lunch we visited Fara Isle, where we shot a couple of teal and a snipe, on the seaweed by the shores, and then landed to investigate the haunts of the large "sea-otters," which Joseph tells us have existed here for many years. We saw plenty of their marks, and many a skeleton of a fine grilse and sea-trout, but, as we had no dogs, we could not dislodge the otters from the caverns where they dwelt. A heavy rain coming on very suddenly, we took refuge in a bovel, where lived one old woman, and, though there was but one room, she (like the old dame of our nursery days who lived in a shoe) was blessed with some ten bairns, who all slept in one bed—a hole in the wall—and most of whom were arrayed in pieces of old carpet, tied round the neck with string and bits of tarred rope. However, they looked well and happy, and excellent was the oat cake and the smuggled whisky that the good woman offered us. She told us that the otters were seen every night, and she loved the "beauties," because many a half-eaten salmon did her children pick up on the shore, which helped her little store of food. Had to row all the way home, nearly ten miles, as it became a dead calm.

March 2nd, 1871.—A very wild, stormy day, but managed to get Joseph to take us out in the boat, with double-reefed sails. Had a great "rough and tumble," but good sport. Knocked over some seven wild ducks, a brace of long-tailed ducks (for specimens), some golden plover (coasting by the shores of the mainland), and four velvet ducks. Saw five wild geese, but they passed us just out of shot, which was a pity. Near Risay Island we fell in with a splendid black-throated diver, just as it was getting dusk, and a

pretty chase he led us. It was after a chase of at least three miles, and some fifteen wild shots, that he at length received a long shot whilst flapping his wings on the surface, the second barrel finishing him off; and it was curious to see him, before giving up the ghost, spin round and round on the water some dozen times, his feet in the air all the time. He turned out a most beautiful specimen, and is the scarcest of all the three species of divers here. Got back to the harbour long after dark, the wild waters being lighted up with the pale rays of a young moon.

We now come to the saddest entry in our journal, and with it we will close our record of "Wild Sport in the Orkneys":—

"A terrible calamity happened yesterday evening. We had not made up our minds as to whether we would leave Orkney yesterday morning, by the 7 A.M. mail steamer, or stay on at Stromness for another day, as our friend Major C—— was very anxious to shoot one of the sea-otters on the islands to the southward of the town. On saying 'Good night' to each other on the previous evening, the arrangement was made that Joseph should call our soldier-servant at 4 A.M., if a fine morning, who was then to wake us, to undertake this early start, as it was necessary to reach the islands *before* the otters returned from their nightly excursions, to land on the rocks, and then to lay in wait for their appearance.

"At 6 A.M. we awoke, and found to our great disgust that C——, Joseph Dunn, and John Heddle (the boatman), started at 4 o'clock, on a calm sea, and with a favourable tide. We were not comforted by being informed by good Mrs. Dunn that they had not liked to awaken us because we 'looked so comfortably asleep.' In a rage we packed up our paraphernalia, and just caught the steamer.

"On opening the daily *Scotsman* at Perth station, the following day but one after leaving Orkney, we were startled to read of the upsetting of the little boat, and the death of poor Joseph Dunn and of good honest John Heddle, and of the very merciful escape of our friend C——.

"It seems that all had gone well till the little vessel—an open, undecked boat, which we used almost daily in our expeditions—had almost sighted the harbour of Stromness on their return journey from the islands, where they had enjoyed a most successful day's sport. It was nearly dark, and but little wind blowing, so the boat was gently sailing across Hoy Sound, with her big sails 'goose-wing,' one on each side, when a very sudden gust blew down from the hills of Hoy upon the tiny vessel, and in an instant all were thrown into the sea. The boat was bottom up, all efforts to right her (owing to the sails being deep in the water and dragging her down) being unavailing. The guns, rifles, and everything sank to the bottom of the Atlantic. Night closed in apace, and for five hours did the three unfortunate men drift about, clinging to the bottom of their little boat, at the complete mercy of the tide. Their shouts were heard through the darkness by those on shore, and

several boats put off but could not find them, until, having been so long in the chilly water, poor John Heddle dropped off and found his last resting-place beneath those wild seas over which he had loved so well to sail. At length, by the merest chance, a boat ran against them, but poor Joseph Dunn died before they reached the shore, and C—— was utterly exhausted, but being a very robust man, recovered in time to follow to the grave by the lone seashore, in the little churchyard under the dreaded Blackcraigs, the body of our poor friend and landlord. May he rest well! And no more fitting spot could he himself have chosen, for the big white gulls often sit upon his grass-grown grave, the black and white oyster-catchers chant their dirge as they fly past the kirk-yard, and the peregrine and raven daily pass over the resting-place of a good, honest man! Little did we think, when we shook his weather-beaten hand that last evening in the little parlour, that it was indeed for the *last* time!" Adieu, old Orkney!

LIONS AND LION TAMERS.

ALTHOUGH Van Amburgh, Crockett, Macomo, and the whole line of lion kings, have been killed over and over again in the papers, there have been but two fatal accidents in the present century, in England at least, to persons engaged in putting lions and tigers through their performances. The victims were Miss Helen Blight, a niece of Wombwell's, who was killed by a tiger at Chatham, in 1850, and M'Carthy, who met his death at Bolton in 1872. Considering that there are scarcely ever less than six lion kings reigning at the same time, and that they each give several performances daily, it is a matter for congratulation that there have not been more deaths. Notwithstanding, however, the recommendations of juries, and the denouncements in the press, lion taming continues to attract spectators of all degrees, and good performing lions still bring high prices, though not quite so high as those realised before the opening of the Suez Canal. Lion taming is no new thing, for Hanno, the Carthaginian general, is said to have been the first to practise the art, and Marc Antony is said to have had a lady beside him when he drove a chariot drawn by a pair of lions!

Tame lions and tigers, in contradistinction to trained ones, have probably been kept in captivity from time immemorial, but for our present purpose we need go no further back than the beginning of the last century. At that time there was a menagerie at Cassel, and the collection contained a lion that had the reputation of being exceedingly tame. The duties of keeper were discharged by a woman, who was accustomed to go into the den, and, by way of exhibiting the animal's docility and her own fearlessness, she used to place her head in the lion's mouth. It may be remarked *en*

passant that this foolhardy feat has rarely been attempted, certainly not once for every hundred times it has been said to have been done ; and this is the only recorded instance of any one's head being "bitten off." When the feat is tried, the performer takes hold of the lion's nostril in such a way as to deprive the beast of much of the power of using his jaws. This precaution however, if adopted, did not serve the unfortunate woman at Cassel, as on one occasion, while going through her perilous performance, the lion closed his jaws and killed the woman. From what happened subsequently, the spectators, and several naturalists who inquired into the circumstances, came to the conclusion that the woman's death was not due to any vice or ebullition of temper on the lion's part, but was the result of an "accident" that would not have happened had the lion known his own strength. The conclusion arrived at was that the woman's hair tickled the lion's throat, and that the sensation made him close his jaws. There may or may not be any truth in the above somewhat extraordinary theory, but the sequel proved that the lion was as sorry as anybody for what happened, as he immediately stretched himself by the side of the body, refused all food, and finally died of starvation. Such, at least, is the story. Another fatal accident happened at Dresden, in the time of Augustus, King of Poland. A lion was kept, between whom and the keeper the most friendly relations existed. The keeper always wore a green-and-gold jacket when tending his charge. One Sunday, however, the man went to church to receive the sacrament, and wore a black coat on the occasion. On his return he took the lion his food without changing his coat. It is said that the lion failed to recognize his keeper in his unusual dress (modern lion tamers say that dress is of no moment), but, whether he did or not, he sprang up, and placed his paws on the man's shoulders, though he made no attempt to tear him. The man spoke to the lion without success, and by that time a sentry had alarmed the guard, who repaired to the den with loaded muskets. The man begged them not to shoot the lion, but at length, unable to get free or to sustain the weight any longer, he requested them to fire. They did so, and killed the lion, who in his death gasp broke the keeper's back.

The first menagerie ever known in England belonged to Henry I., was located at Woodstock, and was subsequently removed to the Tower of London, where the royal collection remained till 1831. So far as we know, the king's animals were exempt from the inconveniences incidental to being under the necessity to perform, but soon after 1708, when the first menagerie was started in England on a business footing, lion taming probably began to be practised. Before the arrival in England of Van Amburgh gave an importance to the lion king, the duty of performing with the animals fell to the ordinary keepers. Atkins, the rival of Wombwell in the menagerie line, appears to have had a very clever one. When he entered the den, says Hone, the lion, a tigress, and the cubs (for Atkins was famed for this cross breed) jumped upon him like kittens.

The keeper then sat down at the back of the den, with the tigress on his right hand and the lion on his left. He then put his arms round their necks, played with their noses, and placed their heads in his lap. The next feat consisted of "statuary," *i.e.*, making the beasts pose in some position, said by lion tamers to be the most difficult thing to teach a lion. Next he put his head into the lion's mouth, and shouted down his throat, while, as a finale, the keeper was sandwiched between the lion and tigress, and the only way of getting free was for the man to suddenly slip from between them, after which the trio rolled about on the floor of the den, "like playful children on the floor of a nursery." In the rival concern "Manchester Jack" was the lion performer, and appears to have been a man of uncommon daring—as good, his contemporaries used to say, as Van Amburgh, by whom his nose was put somewhat out of joint. He, too, was said to have had his head bitten off by putting it in a lion's mouth. "Is he swishing his tail, John?" Jack is reported to have said to an attendant from the cavernous recess of the lion's throat. "He is," was the reply. "Then it's all over with me," answered Jack, and forthwith the lion bit his head off. "Manchester Jack," however, did not meet his end in that way; he retired from the profession, and found in the occupation of public-house keeping at Taunton that safety from violence that the lion's den did not afford. With regard to the merits of Wombwell's, however, Hone was clearly prejudiced against that show, on account of the brutal lion baitings, that under the name of "fights" took place at Warwick. The writer of the 'Every Day Book,' therefore, describes "Manchester Jack" as being, when he saw him, half drunk, and having scrambled into the den himself, invited spectators to come in with him on payment of sixpence a head, an offer that many took advantage of. The only occupant of the cage, however, was old Nero, the very quietest lion ever known, so there was not very much danger in the feat after all. That is, however, by no means the only instance on record of strangers having gone into the lion's cage. A young lady attached to a theatre at Toulouse went in with Delmonico, the lion tamer; Mr. George Sanger has, on one occasion at least, entered a cage to quiet the occupants; while less than a month ago a naval officer went in with Colonel Boone, while the latter's lions were performing at Portsmouth.

In the year 1838, the great Isaac A. Van Amburgh made his first appearance in England, and his performances are said to have thrown into the shade the efforts of all previous lion tamers. There was a private view at Astley's on the 23rd of August, 1838, the regular exhibitions beginning a day or two later. Van Amburgh had several dramas in which he used to play one of the characters, and exhibit his animals in the course of the play. One of the most successful was 'The Brute Tamer of Pompeii; or, the Living Lions of the Jungle.' In 'Blue Beard,' Van Amburgh personated a Roman gladiator. During Van Amburgh's first engagement at

Astley's, he was desirous of perfecting one of the lions in some new trick, and for that purpose the beast was let out from the den on to a platform built on the stage. The lion, however, was desirous of extending his walk, and jumped on to the stage. "Van," as he was familiarly called, hung on to the lion's chain with all his might; but being unable to check him, and not wishing for the lion to get away from him, he jumped on to the beast's back, and rode him round the stage until he thought fit to stop. A rope was then procured, made fast to the chain, and, after a little coaxing, the lion was induced to re-enter the cage. In after years Astley's was again the scene of lions being at large. One of Batty's grooms, by way of revenge, let out Sanger's lions, in the hope they might destroy the horses. By the time Crockett, the tamer, arrived, one of the grooms was killed, and the beasts were roaming about the pit and boxes. Crockett, however, went after them, and soon had them secured in the den. "They would have made the *tiers* run!" was the comment of the box-keeper on learning of the occurrence next morning.

To return to Van Amburgh. He is said to have always taken great interest in the study of zoology; but there is no trustworthy account of how he first took up the wild beast line, that in time rendered him famous. One story is, that to decide a trumpery bet, he entered the lion's cage at the New York National Institute, and finding how well he got on with the occupants, thenceforth turned his attention to lion-taming. Another, and a far more probable account is, that he became connected with an American menagerie at an early age, and soon became noted for his nerve, and power over animals. After fulfilling his engagement at Astley's, Van Amburgh went to Drury Lane, where his exhibition formed the second part of an entertainment that began with the opera 'Guillaume Tell'; while he was at Drury Lane, the Queen paid six visits in as many weeks, to see the tamer go through his performances. On the 24th of January, 1839, Her Majesty went to see the animals fed. In order to show them as wild as possible, they had been kept without food for the preceding thirty-six hours, and what the reporter of the period described as a "gratifying scene" took place, as the lumps of meat were thrust into the cage. In order to add to the attraction of the exhibition, "Van" used to take with him into the cage a boy nine years old, and a lamb. The thirty-six hours' fast was nearly fatal to the latter; as directly Van Amburgh entered the den, prior to the animals being fed, a lion and panther went for the lamb at once, and it was only after the tamer had made good use of his rhinoceros-hide whip that the aggressors were quieted. Van Amburgh was born in New York in 1812, and was of Dutch origin. His first appearance in public, so far as is known, was at the Richmond Hill theatre, when he was twenty-one. Coming to England in 1838, he remained, travelling to France meantime, till 1845, when he returned to America, and died at Philadelphia on the 29th of November, 1865. For the

information of those readers who may not have seen this wonderful man, it may be added that he was rather tall, very muscular, is said to have had pleasing manners, and a good education.

In the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1839 (vol. 55, p. 41), may be read an article called "The True History of a Great Pacifier," by Henry Brownrigg, Esq. It purports to be a life of "Diedrich Van Amburgh," a lion tamer. He is there said to have been born on the 2nd of December, 1807, at the Hague. While an infant, the youthful "Diedrich" is reported to have pretty well mesmerised a cat that tried to steal his pap; the next exhibition of his powers of fascinating animals being the charming of some rats; this feat taking place before he was old enough to leave off playing with coral and bells. On coming to the more serious part of the story, "Henry Brownrigg, Esq.," makes Van Amburgh buy a lion-cub at the sale of the Tower menagerie. That would be between 1830 and 1833, whereas, as we have seen, he did not come to England till 1838. At the time the article in question appeared, Theodore Hook was the editor of the magazine; so, perhaps, some huge joke, the point of which is not clear after this lapse of time, underlies the article. There may, of course, have been another "Van," but so promising a tamer would surely have been heard of again.

Carter, the lion tamer, was performing at the same time as Van Amburgh, and ultimately entered into partnership with him. Carter had the reputation of being a daring and skilful man, but little of him is recorded.

Coming to more recent times, we find that Newsome, a name well known in connection with shows and circuses, was the lion tamer at Manders' menagerie. Newsome threw up his place at a moment's notice, and "Billy Strand, the Gingerbread King," who used to travel about to fairs with a cake stall, took his place; but only for a short time, as the celebrated Macomo, then a sailor just returned from a voyage, applied for the berth, and his colour—he was an African—being in his favour, he was engaged; but Strand, who is, or was till recently, employed at the Pomona Palace, Manchester, gave some little trouble before he could be got rid of. Macomo soon made his mark in his new line, though he met with several accidents. His employer bought of Jamrach, the dealer, the tiger that escaped in Ratcliffe Highway, and killed a boy. When it was put into the cage, it began to fight with the other occupant thereof, and it seemed as though the story of the Kilkenny cats would be repeated. Macomo took up his heavy whip, and, entering the cage, tried to separate them. They both turned on him, and, although they tore him a good deal, he never left the cage till he had cowed them. While performing at Norwich, in 1860, he was bitten in the leg by a lioness, and two years later, at the same town, a lion reared up, and caught him by the shoulder, bringing him to the ground. In the scuffle, Macomo's forefinger

on the left hand was so badly bitten that it had to be amputated. None of these accidents, however, seemed to affect the man's iron nerve; he always had his wits about him, and, all prognostications to the contrary notwithstanding, Macomo died quietly in his bed about fourteen years ago.

Macomo's successor, a man named Carter or M'Carthy, who performed under the name of Macarti or Massarti, was altogether of a different type. Though a powerful man, he never had the best of nerves, and, to make matters worse, he used to drink. "Upon one occasion," said a well-known lion tamer to the writer, "one of his lions became insubordinate, and either bounded at M'Carthy, or seemed on the point of doing so. M'Carthy having let his loaded whip slip through his fingers, struck the lion on the nose with his fist, and you may guess the force of the blow, when I tell you that the full-grown lion regularly staggered under it. In 1862, M'Carthy was attached to Bell & Myers's circus, and, while at Liverpool, had one of his arms so badly torn by the lions that it was necessary to amputate it. The *Times* for November 17th, 1862, says that M'Carthy was an assistant to a man named Moffat, and that the accident occurred, not while M'Carthy was performing with the lions, but that, while he was passing the cage, a lioness seized his arm. The same report says that Batty, the regular performer with the beasts, went to his rescue, and, having liberated the injured man, had the den wheeled to the centre of the arena, and put the animals through their usual exercises. At such times the performer runs more than ordinary risk. If by any mischance a lion does seize anybody, the whole troupe are upset, and it takes several days to get them quiet again. We were reminded of this fact only the other day. A Jarvane boy was employed at the Aquarium to clean out the lions' cage, and do other duties. This embryo tamer tried to play with the lions one night after the performance was over, and got one arm clawed. This, we were told by Henry Porter, who performed with them, rendered the whole cageful bad-tempered for a few days. Nine years after M'Carthy lost his arm; he was again bitten while at Edinburgh, and eleven years later, *i.e.* in 1872, he was slightly injured at Bolton only three days before his death, which took place on the 3rd of January, 1872. He was then performing with five of Manders's lions, and unhappily went into the den the worse for drink. He staggered about, and when one of the beasts ran against him, fell down, his fall being the signal for four of the lions to attack him. It was twenty minutes before his mangled and all but lifeless body could be drawn from the cage. He was removed to the Bolton Infirmary, and died almost directly he was admitted. An inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict of misadventure. There were plenty of candidates for the vacant post, one of them being Tom King. Mrs. Manders, however, resolved to discontinue exhibitions of lion taming.

On the subject of M'Carthy's death the *New Monthly Magazine* again lays itself open to a charge of hoaxing, if such a term may be

employed with reference to so painful a subject. In vol. 161 there appears an article purporting to be a history of an "African" Lion Tamer, and from the incidents related there is no room for doubting that M'Carthy is the subject of the article. Indeed, it is his autobiography, professing to be dictated by him, while on his death-bed, to his daughter. He says that his right name was John Carter, and that he was born in Dublin in 1845. Disagreeing with his father, he was forbidden the house, and joined Saunders's Star Menagerie—probably Manders's—as odd man. In due time he rose to be head-keeper at £2 a week. While in this position the regular lion tamer "Manto"—Macomo probably, for no such person as Manto can be found in the records of the lion taming business—was taken ill, and Saunders (*i.e.* Manders) offered Carter £30 per week to take his place, an offer that was accepted. Then follows a somewhat sensational description of his hopes and fears as to his success. Carter however, according to his own account, set to work to stain his skin, and appeared before the world as "Tonanti"—a name that nowhere appears in connection with lions—the lion tamer. This must have been some time before 1862, and as Carter says he was born in 1845, he could not have been 15 years old at the time of his promotion; moreover, in his so-called biography he says that for several years he continued to train the lions. In 1862 he would have been 17 years old, and in this year it was that he lost his arm at Liverpool. His own account is that he was performing with the beasts, and that, being at the time half drunk, he failed to make a lioness do what he wished, so thought it prudent to beat a retreat, but the lioness seized his arm as he was closing the door of the cage, and so lacerated him that the arm had to be amputated. It was, he says, six months before he was about again, and then he was "Tonanti, the one-armed lion tamer." His account, too, of the accident that ended in his death differs materially from the generally accepted, and, as we believe, the true account. He says nothing about his being drunk. He entered the den, but says that, at the time he dictated his account in the infirmary at B——, he had been lying there nine weeks; whereas, according to the accounts in the *Times* and *Era*, he died half-an-hour after the accident, on the 3rd of January, or as soon as he was taken to the infirmary. It is improbable that the two accounts can refer to two separate individuals. Both were Irishmen. The right name of one was Carter, of the other M'Carthy or M'Carti; both lost an arm at Liverpool, and both were killed, one at Bolton (*Times* and *Era* accounts), and the other at B——(*New Monthly* account); and both died in infirmaries, the one in 1872, and the other in 187—.

At the present day the most celebrated lion tamer is Mr. John Cooper, who so long performed with Myers's lions, which he subsequently bought for one thousand guineas, when Myers's effects were sold at North Woolwich in 1882. Mr. Cooper has been in the profession ever since he was about thirteen years old, and when

he is performing the spectator loses sight of the danger, so quiet is he with his animals. "I can tell," he says, "in a very few minutes whether a lion is safe to approach or not. Some lions you cannot go in to. Then, again, if you can go to them, they cannot all be treated alike. Some lions seem to say, 'We will jump, or do what you want, but you must not touch us.' Others, again, never seem to make brilliant performers, but you can pull them about as much as you like. It is the trainer's business to find out as soon as possible the temperaments of the animals he has to do with, so as not to make a mistake in the treatment of them." Asked whether he had ever had any bad accidents, he said, "Not very bad, but we all have to pay for our experience." Some years ago, when Cooper was performing in Paris, he slipped down on some stone paving, and injured his leg. Being thus incapacitated from going through his usual performances, he was accustomed each morning to have a chair placed in the animals' cage, and then he would go in and read his daily paper with his pupils all round him—a pretty good proof that it is not necessary to keep the lions always under the eye. "Is it safe," we once asked him, "for any one to go into a den of strange lions?" "Not perhaps safe for every one," was the reply. "Like every other business, lion taming requires learning, but I should not myself mind going in to any troupe of performing lions. Once or twice in my time I have lost a few lions, and have then telegraphed to an agent to send me one or two. On one occasion a fresh animal came. I put him in with the others, and in the evening went into the cage and performed as usual."

Delmonico, who was the lion tamer to Mrs. Edmonds's menagerie up to the time of the sale on the 29th of July, also began to perform with wild beasts when quite a lad, and has seen some military service as well. He was in the American war—the only coloured man in his regiment. He joined Mrs. Edmonds's menagerie in 1864, and made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace in that year. On the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war he gave up lion taming for a while, and volunteered for service with the French, serving through the campaign with the ambulance corps. Then he returned to the menagerie, with which he remained till it was sold. He says that he was one of the first, if not the first, to break zebras to harness. A pair of his breaking were sold to the Viceroy of Egypt for £1000, and the one sold the other day was so quiet that it used to draw a light cart in the processions.

One of the youngest men now performing is Henry Porter, who, under the imposing name of "Prince Cetewayo," has charge of Wilson's lions at the Aquarium. Porter is now twenty-three years old. He was formerly apprenticed to Conkling, the American, and began to handle beasts when he was about eleven years old. Colonel Boone, who was at the Canterbury, and is now at Portsmouth, is new to England, but he is a good performer, and his is an excellent show, the lions being well broken and cared for. His exhibition is remarkable from the fact that a lady accompanies him into the

cage, and so adds another to the list of five or six lion queens. A Miss Hilton was the first to take up the business in recent days. Her *nom de théâtre* was Lady Pauline de Vere, the Lady of Lions, and as she proved such an attraction, Miss Chapman, now Mrs. George Sanger, and Mrs. Batty, came out as rivals soon afterwards. Miss Chapman—"an intrepid female" she was termed in the bills of the period—was attached to Wombwell's menagerie, and performed with the lions before the Queen at Windsor. On her retirement, Miss Helen Blight, a niece of Wombwell's, and a daughter of the cornet player in the band, took her place. She was only sixteen years old when she came out, and after only one year's experience was killed at Chatham, in 1850, by a tiger she incautiously struck on entering the den. "Would to God there were no lion queens!" Wombwell said more than once during Miss Blight's too brief reign. That lady's unhappy end did not deter another queen from undertaking the perilous work, as in 1855 a lady, under the name of Madame Labarières, appeared at Drury Lane with two lions, a bear, and a dog as her troupe; but she was, we believe, the last queen until the lady who performs in conjunction with Colonel Boone came forward. Whatever may be said in favour of men performing with lions, lion taming is no woman's work, and it is to be wished that public opinion would express itself as being strongly opposed to such exhibitions.

In connection with lion taming, it is commonly thought that the animals must be trained young. As a matter of fact this is not so. When Van Amburgh came to England, his performances were looked upon as additionally wonderful when it became known that none of his animals were broken till they were between two and three years old. This, however, is the age at which trainers like to begin. A beast's character is then formed; he rarely gets worse tempered after three years old, and the trainer can then tell if he is likely to repay the trouble of training or not. Lions that have been bred in confinement soon get to know those about them, and are handled at a very early age; but the training is postponed for a couple of years or so, lest the process should sour their tempers.

When once taken in hand, animals learn tolerably quickly. The six young lions sold at Mrs. Edmonds's sale had only been in training for about six weeks, and were getting very handy; another two months would have made them nearly perfect; "They could almost be made to talk," as Mr. Cooper said. When a lion has not been handled as a cub, the first step is to be able to get into the cage with him. To this end the trainer gets the beasts to know him by feeding them, and showing himself frequently, and when he feels that he has established a sort of confidence he ventures in to one lion at a time. Modern tamers all agree in saying that their charges must be won by kindness, and this as a general rule may be true enough; though at the same time there may be instances in which a lion or other animal must be taught to fear the tamer, rather than

to love him. Van Amburgh's beasts appeared very fond of him, yet it is related by one who knew him well that his lioness was only taught to behave properly after being cowed into subjection by severe punishment; and as an adjunct to kindness most tamers arm themselves with a heavy whip or stick.

Lionesses, by the way, are not favourites with trainers; they prefer males, and have a well-grounded objection to a troupe of both sexes. At certain seasons they are dangerous to approach or to handle, and sometimes the fit takes them before the tamer has time to get the lioness into another den. The fraternity say that every accident, fatal or not, is owing to the cause now suggested, or else to drink or loss of temper on the part of the performer. As a rule lion tamers are strictly sober men, and what little they do drink is taken after the day's work is over. Exceptions there have been. M'Carthy, for example, used to drink heavily, and Crockett, who began life as a musician, and undertook the duty of performing with Sanger's lions at short notice, was not quite as temperate as he might have been, notwithstanding assertions to the contrary.

When M'Carthy met with his unhappy death all the papers stated that the "usual hot irons" were not in readiness. The idea that they are kept at all is a myth. We have spoken to half-a-dozen lion tamers on the subject, and not one has ever heard of irons being kept, much less seen them. The story is that it was Manders who gave currency to the report, with the object of investing the show with an additional air of danger. His menagerie was lighted at the entrance with a primitive kind of lamp, the burners of which used to get red-hot; and the story is that some one, who had heard that hot irons were kept ready, asked Manders whether the glowing knob that he saw was not one of the irons, to which Manders answered in the affirmative. It is possible that in isolated cases, and in the very early days of wild beast shows heated irons were kept, but no lion tamer now living has ever kept them for his own security, or known of the precaution being adopted. At one time cages of all kinds of animals together were common. Van Amburgh had lions, tigers, leopards, and panthers in his group of performing animals, and Delmonico once had a den containing two lions, two bears, three striped, three spotted hyenas, and a dog. In February, 1839, too, at the Princess's Theatre, a M. Taudevin performed with two lions, two tigers, four leopards, two panthers, two jaguars, and a black tiger. In reality these animals belonged to Wombwell, and M. Taudevin was none other than John Athenas, one of the menagerist's head keepers.

Such are some of the chief incidents connected with lion taming. The subject abounds in anecdote, and much more might be written, but we have already exceeded our allotted space.

NOTES ON RIDING TOURS.

SINCE the first paper on this subject appeared last month, two or three letters have been received from ladies asking why no advice was given to them how to pack saddle-bags and accompany their husbands or brothers on riding tours; so, the desire to please the fair sex being the highest motive of man, every care has been taken to afford the required information. Not an easy matter for a bachelor to accomplish, and many might have been daunted by the apparent hopelessness of giving satisfaction, for how can a man know the requirements of a lady on a tour? Still the desire to please obliged the subject to be undertaken systematically, and it is hoped that the result will give satisfaction. The first thing was to find a saddle-bag suitable for a sidesaddle, so a visit was paid to Mr. Smith, 151, Strand, the Colonial saddler and outfitter, who has a waterproof canvas bag, 18 inches by 12, and expanding 6, which hangs to D rings on the off side of the saddle, with straps also to the girths to prevent shaking. The next thing was to try how much could be packed into it, and now came the working of a master mind. With a large acquaintance amongst the fair sex it was not difficult to choose three practical young ladies, to whom a prize (a box of chocolate) was offered for the best solution to the problem, and who should also give a list of what could be packed, which is as follows:—A thin silk dress, flannel undergarment, sleeping requirements, stockings (silk takes up least space), pocket-handkerchiefs, tennis slippers, brush and comb, etc., etc.; so it is to be hoped that etc., etc., comprises all the little necessary accessories to their toilet of which we men know nothing. The practical fair one (who well deserved that box of chocolate) also suggests the use of "ever clean" collars and cuffs, which are made of specially prepared waterproofed linen, that can be washed with soap and water and dried with a towel, ready to put on every morning. A light mackintosh, with a skirt to protect the whole habit, can be rolled up in front of the saddle, and a light coloured billycock hat with veil should be worn. Thus equipped a lady might travel for a few days, but if a lengthened tour was undertaken it would be best to have a groom driving with the luggage in a dogcart, which would also be available in case of fatigue or wet weather. With such an auxiliary parties might be formed, say a few young people with a sedate chaperone in the dogcart to meet them in the evening with the rest of the heavy baggage; nor would it be a bad way of spending the honeymoon, especially if the old-fashioned pillion of our ancestors was revived, but for real enjoyment in travelling there is nothing to equal horse-back, and it is to be hoped that many will profit by these hints; and see the beauties of our country, instead of rushing about abroad-by sea and railway.

Now, to continue with personal reminiscences, by far the most

pleasant tour yet undertaken was in 1876. That year the end of the hunting season will be always remembered by the awful snow-storms that stopped hunting in April, when the deep lanes were so blocked that we could not even get to a meet. It was out hunting in a snow-storm that a bad cold was caught, and a long period of easterly winds afterwards gave no chance of recovery, till kind friends and doctors grew anxious and recommended change of air with total rest, so how could that be better obtained than on a riding tour? It was on June 21st that saddle-bags were packed, and the journey to London accomplished in time to take train from Waterloo to Portsmouth—a blazing hot day, when it was pleasant to find comfortable quarters at the Queen's Hotel, Southsea, while the good little bay mare was stabled at Hutchins's, where it was seen that every attention would be paid to her, while there was yet time for a walk to explore the town, and enjoy the cool breeze on the pier. Here was a tragedy when the Isle of Wight boat came in, for an old lady slipped off the landing-board into the water, followed by a railway porter and two other officials, who dived in and effected a gallant rescue, while women fainted, and a pickpocket of course improved the occasion to ply his craft; but no sooner was his hand in somebody else's pocket, than he was collared by a lynx-eyed limb of the law, and as we bystanders made a cap for the plucky divers, we saw them form a procession with their salvage and her rejoicing relatives, followed by the crest-fallen pickpocket led off to durance vile between two stalwart Hampshire constables.

Intending to cross over to the Isle of Wight next day, it was necessary to get information as to the ferry-boat for the mare, which was soon arranged, and there was a capital Show of Dogs, Poultry, etc., to visit before dinner.

Next morning an early start was necessary to catch the ferry-boat, and soon after seven we were under weigh. Luckily it was a cool, calm morning, with the sea like glass, so we were ferried over to Ryde by 9.30. As the sun got high, it was a hot ride to Newport, where a shower of rain cooled the air, while we called at Marvell, where Mr. Harvey then kept the foxhounds. They were out at exercise; but it was a short ride back to Carisbrook for luncheon, and a ramble round the Castle, with its famous well and historical associations; after which we went down to the kennels again, just as hounds came in, and spent a pleasant half-hour with the Master. On the way to Sandown a visit should have been paid to Mr. Frank Barton, who kept a pack of harriers, but rain came down in torrents, so the mare trotted on to Sandown, and we were made comfortable at the Royal Hotel. Next morning, after a jolly bathe, for there is no place to beat Sandown Bay for a swim, there were old friends to visit, and old haunts to see before starting for an undecided haven—for this is the beauty of travelling on horseback, you can stop where you take a fancy—so rode on through Shanklin, where the way was enlivened by a bright little boy on a grey pony, who knew all about hunting in the district, and gave good advice as

to quarters for the night. It was a lovely ride through Bonchurch and Ventnor, past St. Lawrence to the Sandrock Hotel, but that seemed too far from the sea for a bathe. There was a toll-bar on the way, tenanted by one of the prettiest turnpike keepers ever seen, with a bright smile for the payee, who stopped for change. Here is a hint for road surveyors and trustees: re-establish the turnpikes with such pretty keepers, when not only will all the amateur mashers take to the road on bicycles or tricycles, but they will be anxious that payment should be compulsory for all their fraternity, so the roads could be kept in order without appealing to the rates.

These reflections occurred on the road to Blackgang, where we put up at the Chine Hotel for the night. At the foot of the Chine was quite a romantic spot for a bathe at high water, after which and a good breakfast it was a jolly ride along the new government road by the cliffs to Freshwater, where the principal hotel is in the hands of Mr. Lambert, a sportsman fond of hunting, so needless to say mare and rider were made comfortable for Sunday, while his knowledge of hunting and anecdotes thereon were most entertaining. There is much to see in the neighbourhood, and it is a popular resort for young couples on their honeymoon. The difficulty was how to avoid them, for they do scowl so on a lonely bachelor with a twinkling eye, who comes suddenly upon them in quiet corners, while seeking seclusion for himself. In the beautiful garden round the hotel were loving couples, on the seashore were loving couples, high up at the Beacon on the Downs was a loving couple, down at Alum Bay a loving couple landed off a yacht, and on the way back to the hotel it was very hard lines to be driven out from a shady nook, which was really meant to enjoy a pipe in, by a scowling young couple, who evidently considered it their own and desecrated by a smoker, so it was given up to them, and in sheer desperation a seat was chosen on the open downs, so that young couples might see from a long distance what to avoid, and if they came that way it was their own fault. After dinner it was noticed that most of the bridegrooms amalgamated for a social smoke, leaving their respective brides to their own devices. They were not so sociable, for there were two sitting at opposite ends of the long dining table writing what were evidently the first letters home to mamma, saying how they liked the married state, a labour involving deep study and much concentration of thought, judging by the corresponding contraction of brows into wrinkles. Enter their affectionate bridegrooms much concerned to note those anxious faces. One who must have been a wag was apparently about to send a chaffing message, when he suddenly remembered that the kind, considerate lady, who had so often helped him in many different ways during his courtship, was now his mother-in-law, and at the awful thought his cheek paled, and he shut up like a telescope.

On the Monday morning it was a short ride to Yarmouth, where the ferry-boat was ready to start for the mainland. In company with a gipseyan and three horses, it was a rough passage till the

steamer reached the river and proceeded up its course, marked out by fir-trees like a boulevard, into Lymington, where it was some satisfaction to be once more on terra firma. Then a visit was paid to Mr. Cooper's Stud Farm, for the nephew of the late Captain Billy Cooper of road fame keeps one of the best appointed stables in the country. Then the beauties of the New Forest were enjoyed through Brockenhurst, where the first acquaintance was made with the dreaded forest flies. A white pony turned out from his stable into the forest to graze commenced to run about kicking like mad, and while laughing at his antics without knowing the cause, a loose seat on the usually quiet little bay mare nearly brought about a catastrophe when she suddenly made a bolt, kicking and bucking as if to get rid of her rider, saddle-bags and all; nor did she settle down till Lyndhurst was reached, and at the Crown Hotel Stables the mystery was solved by the ostler, who proceeded to take off the flies at great risk of getting kicked. In those days the present genial host of the Crown, Mr. Palmer, had not appeared; but Mr. Loman, the proprietor, managed to get a bed in the village, for the hotel was full during a cricket week, and there was plenty of fun in the pretty little village. After dinner there was time for a walk to the foxhound kennels, and a talk with merry Charles Hawton, who has since joined the majority, and is buried with his father and brother at Emery Down close by. Next morning there was another beautiful ride through the Forest to Romsey, and on to the Hursley Kennels, where we stayed so late talking to Alfred Summers, that all thoughts of where to sleep were forgotten, and it was nine o'clock when the Royal Hotel at Winchester was reached, to find that with Stockbridge Races, the Militia in training, and Assizes on, all at the same time, beds and stabling were at a premium. However we found a room, and after supper slept the sleep of the just. Next day the heat was scorching as we went over the Downs, and by pretty lanes to the Hambledon Kennels at Exton, where we saw Mr. Walter Long's pack with Alfred Mandeville, and then rode on through a thunderstorm to the Anchor at Ropley, where Bailey, father of the two well-known huntsmen, was quite sorry that he was alone in the house, with no woman left to cook; but after seeing the mare comfortable, he cooked two splendid chops, two great rashers of home-cured bacon, and two eggs, apologising for not getting more; but though dinners have been partaken at the Mansion House and in many famous temples of gastronomy, no meal was ever better enjoyed, and when over a pipe he began to tell anecdotes we passed a very pleasant evening. Next morning the storm had cooled the air, so after a visit to Mr. Deacon's kennels close by, we set out through Alton to Farnham, where kind friends made us welcome. For the next few days, what with visits to Aldershot, fishing in Frencham pond, and a look at Mr. Coombe's hounds in their new kennels, time slipped by till Monday, when a lovely ride along the Hog's Back, with those grand views on either side, took us to Guildford, and

other pleasant quarters for the night. Then a long ride next day through Woking, Chertsey, Hampton, and Twickenham to Isleworth late at night, and on home the following day, having spent three weeks pleasantly with much benefit to mare and rider. Steady travelling hardens horses' legs and of course does good to condition, while as for a horseman the perfect rest and enjoyment with the feeling of freedom and independence does more good than would be believed by many until they try it.

The next time the saddle-bags were packed it was more with the object of a ride round about home than a long tour. On the 10th of August, 1877, the old chestnut hunter journeyed down to the Rose and Crown, Watford, and we started next morning for Shendish, paid a visit to Bob Worrall, who showed us the Old Berkeley hounds, then jogged on to Berkhamstead, where Mr. Rawle was busy harvesting, but made us welcome to spend Sunday, and a happy day it was, for the Master of the Buckhounds is a genial host, and at that time arrangements were made, which have since turned out happily. On Monday morning it was a delightful ride to the Hertfordshire Kennels at Kennesbourne Green, and after luncheon with Ward we jogged on to Stevenage, and put up at Flack's, Yorkshire Grey. Next day rode to Hitchin, attended market, and round to Bendish, where we stayed a few days, and rode home through Hatfield. Many short rides have been taken since, and the saddle-bags are always ready for the road. During September, when the days get cooler and cub-hunting commences, there is much pleasure in riding about from kennel to kennel, sleeping handy to the early meets, and after a morning amongst the cubs riding on to see another pack, and perhaps hunting with them next morning. What a lot of sport could be enjoyed in Devonshire just now by taking two horses, with a light lad to ride the one carrying the saddle-bags, they could hunt alternate days, and always having the bags handy no long distances need be travelled after hunting, but just sleep at the nearest place. In this way we once enjoyed a visit to the west, and hope others will try it.

D.

THE SCOTTISH ANGLER'S ROUND, 1884.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—You will be pleased to know that I am writing for you in the right place; whether or not I am the right man may be determined when I have finished what I have to say.

It is in the picturesque and poetic valley of Kennawhair I am penning this communication, far, far, from the busy haunts of men; full five hundred miles away from "Nicholas Lane, City." In a little cottage of a truly rural kind, I am at the moment holding my pen, the window is open, and birds are chirruping on the garden trees all about. Thank goodness, there is, in this sultry weather, a

"boundless continuity of shade!" A little waterfall a hundred yards distant drowns the noise of a murmuring trout stream, from which at early morn I had drawn a contribution to the breakfast-table, and from which, perhaps, at "the cool of eve," I may be able to entice a dozen or more presentable trout of the Lochleven kind to send to a merry party assembled in a shooting-box two miles distant, who have invited me to have a day with them on Tuesday—on Tuesday, note you, Mr. Editor—Tuesday "the twelfth!" and as I am sure to return grouse-laden, it is only fair that I should fish for them in return. Happily the Whair, as they call the stream alluded to, is well filled; it is a little out of the range of the common run of anglers, and has not, therefore, been fished to death as yet; although the time will doubtless soon come when it will be discovered by the mob, and be ruthlessly robbed of its speckled beauties. Every stream almost in Scotland which is within measurable distance of a populous place, has been of late years so severely fished, that trout have become scarce, and those that are left are so small as to be unworthy of notice. It is melancholy to see men, who call themselves anglers, bringing home a dozen or two of fish scarcely larger than their middle finger, but which had they been left for a year in the stream would have been worth capturing.

I am at the moment in a fine sporting county, it has rivers and lochs, it has also fine grouse grounds, and is not without a deer forest or two. There are two salmon rivers, where angling for the "venison of the waters" may be had for a "consideration." While all about, there is to be had great wealth of that miscellaneous sport which characterizes the kind of country I am living in—lowland, but almost in the Highlands.

I have entitled this communication, "The Scottish Angler's Round, 1884," but I may as well confess that I do not intend to give the round in detail, that would take up too much space, and 'Baily' must study variety as other magazines require to do. As a matter of fact, I may here put on record that the angling season in Scotland has this season been somewhat of a failure. When Loch Tay opened, expectation was on tip-toe, as it was thought salmon would be plentiful, and not very difficult to obtain. But hopes were dashed when the time came to test the water—which was full of melted snow, and in bad ply for angling. Angling I have said, but somehow it is with reluctance that I speak of trolling as angling, as generally speaking I always associate real angling with fly-fishing only. Some men, however, are not quite so particular; they say "What matter how you catch your trout, so that you secure it?" But that is rank heresy. An angler of course is bound to prove himself; but there are men who never think of number as their criterion of excellence, all they want is the sport, let them have a fish on that they can play, and they will be happy, even if in the end it should escape. A friend of the writer who was inordinately fond of fishing, but cared nothing for fish, was in the habit, when he visited the

border streams of Scotland, of giving the rein to his tackle, and so mooned about, rod in hand, all day long, putting, perhaps, in his basket a matter of four or five fish, each about ten ounces. But as he well knew that greater things were expected from him at home, he had recourse to the "muggers" (gipsies), who abounded in the neighbourhood of his fishing-quarters, any one of whom, for the sake of half-a-crown, would fill his basket with beautiful trout in a wonderfully short space of time. And so my friend enjoyed his smoke and his riverside reverie, and kept up his home reputation as a mighty angler. And he did well. I have often thought, when trying to fish myself, "What is all the hurry and flurry about?" Go to, and take time, sniff the perfumed air; be patient—the trout, at any rate, will appreciate your style!"

Angling nowadays has become such a well-thrashed theme of literary effort, that very little which is at all new can be said about it. No one who is an eye-witness of the sport of trout fishing could believe from what he sees, that any man could spin a long and life-like yarn about such a simple matter as the hooking, playing, and landing of a trout weighing some seven or eight ounces. Yet such literary feats have become common. "I can fish a little," said to us one day a well-known Scottish Editor, but "I'm — if I can write about what I do; I got five trout yesterday in the Whittader, and one of them was a big one." That was usually all the story he had to tell.

Four good men once went for a day's sport on Lochleven; they were all members of a club, and it was agreed between them that each should write out for a local newspaper a description of the first trout he caught, how it was caught, where it was caught, and all about it.

The first man's essay was as follows:—"Seven minutes after we left the pier I caught a fish with the artificial minnow, it weighed nineteen ounces."

Number two's account of his first fish was rather longer:—"The day was fine for fishing, there was a good capful of wind, and a nice ripple on the loch; I missed a great big trout, just as we passed the Castle, by the boat giving a deep lurch; after I took to the fly, I had hardly put my line three times on the water, when there was a flash, and I felt I had got a fish; with a good effort I got it aboard the boat; it was in fine condition, and weighed fully a pound."

Number three thus described his adventures:—"I honestly confess I like better to see other people handling the rod than to handle it myself, as I am no great fisher, but during our late trial of skill on Lochleven, I got five fine fish, and as it happened the first of the lot was the worst to kill; it was a big one—a real beauty; and when we came in, and I got it weighed, it was about twenty-three ounces. I used one of my "heckam peckam" flies, and as the breeze was pretty stiff, I thought I was cock-sure of a good trout or two. I had a long line, and threw it nicely out, but for the first ten or twelve casts, I did no good—neither did the other man that was in

the boat. We got the men to take a new tack, and then, just like a dash, I was on to a strong fish, who seemed determined that he was not to be caught without a desperate resistance; it was a ten minutes' job I declare, but at length, after a terrible fight, Sandy Glass got him in his little net, and my first fish was safe enough."

The fourth member of the party caught one trout only, but his lack of skill with the fishing rod was amply atoned for by the ability with which he handled his pen. His essay was positively brilliant; it began by describing the weather most suited for a day on Lochleven, the best condition of the water for angling, the abilities of the boatmen, the proper sort of rod, the most suitable flies; it then became historical and pictorial, concluding with a burst of eloquence about the gentle art, but very little indeed was said about the fish which was captured. The story is too long to be transferred to these pages, although I feel quite sure that readers of 'Baily' would admire it as a specimen of penmanship. The moral I wish to deduce is the very obvious one that the best fishers are often the least able to chronicle their feats with their fishing rods, whilst the worst anglers are sometimes able to make up a really clever story of their feats by lake and river.

Lochleven may be looked upon as the starting point in the Scottish trout angler's round. It can be reached with ease from some of the most populous towns of Scotland, and one can generally make sure of a fair day's angling on that classic sheet of water, and if so, then the fish caught are worth the trouble of carrying home. And better still, worth the trouble of cooking and eating, and that cannot be said of trout in general, which are, as a rule, hardly presentable at table, no matter how clever the cook may be. Loch Tay, again, is the usual starting-point with more ambitious fishers, men who think only of catching the salmon; late in the season some of the same men will be found on Loch Awe seeking the great lake trout, which are ill to find, and are not easily captured.

Trout fishing is a delightful sport, which is nowadays indulged in by all persons who can obtain ready access to a good stretch of water. This kind of fishing has become exceedingly popular; the trout is a really game fish, and fights his conqueror with a dash and determination which gives zest to the battle. I am well acquainted with the trout of Lochleven, and can recommend a day on that fine sheet of water to those who have not yet tried it. A day there, however, is not to be got through under a good few shillings. A friend of mine, who pays about four visits to the loch in each year, calculates that each fish he brings home costs him half-a-crown. I have seen a basket of twenty made in quick time, none of them being much under the regulation weight of one pound; but of course, as on some other lochs, sport is unequal, and it is not the first time a man has expended his pound note, and been rewarded by the taking of an accidental perch only, a fish which is as plentiful in Lochleven as pike. The early anglers this season were much disappointed with the weight of their trout, nearly all caught being

considerably under a pound; nor have the weights latterly recorded done much to pull up the average, although a few heavy trout have been taken in the course of the season. It is to be feared that when the accounts come to be made up at the close of sport, the average weight will be found to have decreased. It will probably be found, on reviewing all the circumstances of the case, that the loch is at present overstocked. As I have often before stated, a given expanse of water will only feed a given number of fish—therefore, if there are too many in the water they will be lean and light; if too few, they will be fat and heavy.

Lochleven has so often been made the theme of angling scribes, that I daresay the reader will be well pleased if I move on to some other locality, but I really wish I could describe some of the numerous “competitions,” of which that lake is every season the theatre. My friend “Yellow Body,” in his ‘Angling Days on Scotch Lochs,’ describes one of these enjoyable meetings with considerable *gusto*—he likes the work, and is not dogmatic in his deliverances. Mr. Speedy, too, in his newly published book, ‘Sport in the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland,’ has some good things to say about this favourite fishing water. I shall just give a few lines from the work mentioned:—

“Unlike most other lochs, the best fishing is to be got on Lochleven with an east wind, and the best flies to use are the Naylor, peat-moss, march-brown, beckam peckam, green mantle or teal and red, all of Lochleven size, with a moderate breeze, and a little larger when the water is rough. In a stiff breeze this loch is at times very stormy; but the boats are large and safe, and consequently little danger is to be apprehended. As a rule the Lochleven trout, when they do rise, take greedily, and are more frequently hooked than in most lakes; hence when there is a good breeze and a dark sky no great skill is required, if due care be taken in lifting the trout into the boat. It not unfrequently happens that while there is a skilled angler and a comparative novice in the same boat, the latter will be found the more successful of the two. It is, however, very different when the lake is without a ripple, and a clear sky above head, with sunshine uninterrupted by passing showers. On such occasions the amateur may cast the entire day without ever raising a trout, while the angler who has acquired proficiency will, as a rule, secure a few.”

Pass we on now to other scenes. There is not a county in Scotland but has its fine trout streams, and many of them. Just for a moment to excite the envy of my Southern readers, let me say a few words about Argyllshire, a veritable land of mountain and flood. I have not a complete note of the lochs and streams of that land (and water) of the angler, but I am sure it will be no exaggeration to say that there are at least two hundred and fifty, all of them “louping with fish,” big or little. From the river Awe was taken, some four years ago, one of the largest salmon ever captured in Scotland, it weighed about eighty pounds, if my memory has not become treacherous. I have been talking of an “angler’s round,” but in this one county of Scotland there is sport for the fisherman, I am sure, for three years on end, and then he would not have fished half the streams and lochs of Argyll. A modest angler,

a man not very difficult to put up, can find a few good sea trout on the Awe, and these give at times rare sport. A man can have the privilege of plying his salmon rod on this stream for thirty shillings a week, and can roost pretty comfortably in the hotel at Taynult. The scenery is most attractive. I have already described Loch Awe in the pages of 'Baily'; it is famous as the home, or let me say one of the homes in Scotland, of the *Salmo Ferox*, which is ill to kill, and often compels an exciting battle to be fought—trolling is of course the usual means of capture, but one or two have, I understand, been taken by means of a fly. Abundant and good accommodation will be found at several places on the loch; any person may fish; five shillings a day will fee the boatman and his boat. There are, as I have hinted, many other lochs in the county, perhaps a hundred and fifty in all, and most of them yield handsome tribute to the industrious fisherman—some of the trout being very heavy. Loch Shiel I am not able to say anything about from personal knowledge, but a friend, who has fished it, tells me it is a most enjoyable locality. Those who can obtain permission from the lessee of the Black Forest—the finest deer-stalking ground in all broad Scotland—who used to be the Earl of Dudley, should try Loch a-Baw, where a basket may in a brief space of time be filled with sizeable trout, weighing about three to the pound. On the islands, which are included in Argyllshire, there are innumerable sheets of water, many of which are abundantly stocked with trout. The Islands of Islay and Jura, as also those of Mull and Colonsay, are all of them well worthy of a visit, and sport on all of them is plentiful and lasting. The scenery as a rule is enchanting, and the days and nights are mild, as a rule, all the year round; there is no spot in all Scotland on which an angler could dream away a summer so pleasantly as in these sea-girt isles of the far West.

In the county of Inverness, rivers and lochs are still more numerous than they are in the county of the mighty Maccallum Mohr (Duke of Argyll); but I do not propose to describe them,—indeed I am only familiar with a very few of them, and there are perhaps three or four hundred in all. I have seen *Salmo Ferox* killed on Loch Laggan, a delightful sheet of water, but I was only a spectator of the sport, which was most exciting, and the fish, one of ten pound ten ounces, was only got on board after a most desperate fight, the man who caught it not having an ounce of weight to spare, as is said of a jockey after winning a close race, after his work was well over; at all events he seemed to greatly relish then a long pull at a flask of good Glenlivet. Perthshire is a much frequented angler's county; it, too, counts its rivers and lochs by the hundred, including the chief salmon river of Scotland—the Tay, which happily is a mine of wealth to those who share its fish-laden waters. Twenty thousand a year is not a bad pie to have a finger in, only there is this drawback, that the plums do not always fall to those who deserve them, by which I mean that the upper proprietors who

provide a cradle for the young, get no share of the rental to speak of—in some seasons not a dozen fish.

As I have more than once had an opportunity of saying something about the salmon and salmon angling, I do not propose to say much at present under that head, except to mention in passing, that salmon anglers have not fared well this season. The commercial fisheries, however, have been unusually productive, some fine hauls of fish have been taken, as many as a thousand in one day, some of them being of gigantic size, and in really beautiful condition. About fifty salmon have this season been captured, which weighed from forty to sixty pounds, and a countless number weighing from twenty to forty pounds have been taken. In all probability when the fishing stations are put up to auction at the end of the year rents will rise considerably. The time has now come, I notice, when renewed legislation is to be attempted on behalf of the Tay. The proposal is to lengthen the open season at both ends, and in order to balance that the weekly close time is to be extended during the netting season to forty-eight instead of thirty-six hours. It is hoped by means of this alteration to give the upper proprietors some additional chances of sport, and the men who breed the fish well deserve the concession, as by the present arrangements the angling season has closed before even they have the chance of seeing a fish; and even were it not so, the salmon at the time they reach some of the higher waters are so full of spawning matter as to be utterly worthless for table purposes. I have always maintained that the men who afford the salmon their nursery during the breeding season ought to have been much better treated, than has hitherto been their fate. Some salmon lairds derive a couple of thousands a year from the fortunate fact that they own a few hundred yards of the river, which happens to be a highway for the passage of the fish from the sea to their spawning grounds.

And now with this last dip of the black fluid let me conclude these rather rough remarks; as is pretty obvious, it would require many pages to carry us on with the Scottish angler from March to August. What I have said is in the "indicative" mood, but I hope what I have said will also be provocative, and bring a still larger host of anglers from Merry England to "puir auld Scotland," the land of the mountain and the flood, where they may make themselves sure of a hearty welcome.

P.S.—As hinted above, I had a couple of days on the heather to vary my work of angling. The first day we did almost nothing, because of the heavy thunder-storm which passed over the scene of sport. Next day we made—five of us—a tidy little bag of forty-nine brace of grouse, and a score or so of miscellaneous "beasties," as Sandy Gilmour, the keeper, calls the hares, rabbits, and plover which are picked up by the way. The grouse season has turned

out fairly productive this year, not many big bags, but plenty of little ones; bags of from ten to forty brace, and not a few with above a hundred birds in them. For these mercies, and the absence of any signs of disease, let all sportsmen be truly thankful. Amen.

ALUMNUS.

BRITAIN is ever careful of her children. She loves to see them veritable Spartans, ready to take their place in life as handlers of the sword, or the ploughshare, as well as the book, or the argument. Hence, perhaps, it is that all aristocratic eyes are turned to-day upon Eton. Here the new governing body have had a two-fold duty to perform, fraught with immense interest to society, young and old. In doing the first portion of it they have set aside no cherished precedent of the school, nor done injury to local prejudices, in making Dr. Hornby the new provost. This appointment has given them free scope however, for the exercise of their more important function, the appointment of a new head-master.

How many thousands of old Etonians have eagerly scanned the horizon to see what was to be the future of their old school, since it has been agreed on all hands that the pruning-hook of the reformer could no longer be withheld. Captious critics and learned scribblers have proclaimed their opinions loudly in the daily papers; while anxious well-wishers have held their breath, and refrained from joining in the fray. From Dulwich to Eton is a big leap, a shockingly wide and deep one to aristocratic ideas. And with all the great attainments that were justly claimed for the London candidate, was it not too gigantic a stride for even the go-a-head ideas of the new governors to take? The planting of such an unacclimatized tree as Mr. Weldon in such old soil! Luckily their dilemma was really lighter than outward appearances seemed to warrant, for the Rev. Edmond Warre was a candidate that could hardly with reason have been set aside. Not an orthodox King's man, not even a Cantab; so far tradition was not repeated; a Balliol scholar however, almost, if not quite a double first, and a Newcastle scholar. For more than twenty years a well-tryed Eton master—stalwart, honest, of undeviating purpose, an intense worker, and yet withal having a genial sensitive mind, intuitively a leader of men, and a champion of boys, a scholar, an athlete, a soldier, and a Christian gentleman of the highest possible moral rectitude. How could there be any hesitation in their choice?

We must look at this question in your columns, dear Baily, from a sportsman's point of view. Eton has ever been foremost in sports, and we look to her in the future, as in the past, to supply the sinews for sport of all kinds, and in every clime. Has she quite maintained her prestige? Or is she prepared to surrender it in the future? To answer these questions I must carry myself back thirty years. It

was not an impossible feat in those days to get through a certain amount of work, sufficient to keep a margin between our hides and the pre-historic birch, and yet to excel in sports. Then the "boats" were good; the cricket fair; the football tip-top; athletics in their infancy; "fives" faintly foreshadowed tennis; a red herring and a motley pack of terriers at Fisher's did duty for the genuine beagles of the present. The new fandangments of latter-day games had not then come to light. "Pop" and "Tap" flourished amazingly, each in its singularly diverse way assisting to maintain social prestige, Spankie, Joby, and Dick Merrick held sway, as the conventional easers of pocket-money, and practisers of usury, as well as the privileged old dame at the school gates, who sold larks' eggs by the score for cuckoos'. There was very little drinking or gambling, except in isolated cases, where pocket-money was too superabundant; and yet to tell the truth there was a weakness in pandering to the delicate effeminacy of pretty boys, that to the elder people might have appeared of more gravity than in the school itself, where the favoured one of the big boy was generally looked upon as a good "cox." or as clever in some department of sport, where boys love to excel. I could mention several names, more or less distinguished in after life, whose career at Eton was marked by a perfectly harmless tone of effeminacy, although, perhaps, not exemplary. It did not sap the vitality of the school.

We dared much for our sporting proclivities.

It seems but yesterday since on a certain Thursday in early June I and a faithful friend, now a Member of the Upper House and an ill-used Irish landlord, arranged, when both Psalms and Lessons in Chapel happened to be unusually short, to have old Tom Cannon's best grey horse and dogcart in waiting just over Windsor Bridge, and bold as brass we drove through Windsor with our coat-collars well turned up. We whirled past Stephen Hawtrey's, just as he emerged from his house, too late to "nail" us. After us came a four-wheeler of less nimble gait, in which were four equally zealous sportsmen, hid away as they thought comfortably, *en route* also for Ascot. We watched as we spun ahead the wily Stephen's dash at them—a pike at those hapless minnows. The doors flew open, and out went the fugitives on both sides. Old Stephen was not a novice as a detective—he chose the biggest, and chased him right well to ground, under an old woman's bed, as we afterwards learnt. Next day there was a great gathering of lower boys to see him "swished," and an indignant letter in the *Times* from his father at the mode of punishment, which public opinion scarcely endorsed. Fortune, however, favoured us, for we had a splendid trapper, and scrambled on to a drag in the nick of time to see Fandango, Rataplan, Virago, and the memorable grey Chicken, the property of the poisoner Palmer, parade for the Cup. Ah! and I see them now, as Fandango wrested the lead from tough old Rataplan at the crest of the hill, and stalled off the challenge of the raking Virago, who died away in the effort, and finished third. We picked up a

Baring on the return journey, and skipped into the school quad in time for second call of "absence," thus cheating the birch of its legitimate prey. I could tell of Guards' Steeplechases, occasional excitement with the "Staggers," especially once when we so effectually barred the deer's entrance into college, that he nearly broke his neck over the wall, with a fourteen-feet drop into the playing fields; while in the long "after fours," we sometimes had a grand sweat up to Monkey—and in my fourth-form days I was the hero of an uphill fight in "Sixpenny," originating in an accusation of having played leap-frog over a long-legged antagonist in Charley during the fourth-form Steeplechase. The Warre *minor* of those days was beginning to bestir himself. His *major* in the sixth form was a quiet, unambitious, excellent fellow, and his way in the world since has been the same.

On Edmond nature had bestowed a double birth-right of health and energy. Caring little for popularity, and knowing comparatively few boys high up in the school, he set himself to gain the fore-front amongst scholars and oarsmen. To the casual observer the latter ambition was alone apparent. He picked out the strongest boy in the school to be his helpmate in this enterprise, and in John Hall, of Holderness, he certainly found the ideal of a pocket Hercules, although in disposition they were as wide as the poles. It was my fortune to steer them in their outrigger practice, and on our first venture as we rounded Upper Hope with a swift stream against us, Hall stopped to growl out something to Warre, who rowed bow. The latter gave another of his long-reaching strokes (he hated an easy), and over we went. A big pea-jacket handicapped me considerably, so I hung on to the keel of the boat, and brave old Jack Hall towed me ashore, boat and all. How both rose to the top of the tree at Eton, and afterwards at their respective universities, is a matter of history, although poor John Hall did not long survive his Cambridge career.

Few knew, except myself, of the midnight oil that lit up Warre's room, when all others in dear old Marriott's house were softly slumbering. And when he burst upon the world as a Newcastle scholar, nobody was more astonished than his tutor.

Perhaps I have dwelt too long on the past. It is a fatal fault, for which many a good hound has been drafted, so let us crash once more to the front. The Eton of to-day carries a slightly different head to what it did thirty odd years ago.

Sport owes Eton a debt of gratitude that centuries will not repay. It has enlarged its boundaries, improved its opportunities, and sent forth some clipping men since our day. It has almost universally triumphed at Henley; given Winchester but one or two solitary victories to crow over for the last twenty years; and fairly held its own at Lord's. And yet with all this the voice of slander is being hurled at it, unjustly, we honestly believe, and the new head-master enters upon his duties at a ticklish time. Indeed, there are many who will not envy his task. Those nervous ones little know the

determination which rules his character. What he sees before him now, as compared with his own school-days, is, among other things, a greater mixture of the monied and the namby-pamby, the tuft and the tuft-hunter; the temptations of big pocket-money rule a section of its society, and leuens the weaker mass, not seriously or fatally, for the Eton of to-day has much in it to love and be proud of, yet, much to reform and eradicate, much that must be handled gently, and moreover by one who knows the traditions of the school. No one has this knowledge so well defined as the present head-master; he has long learnt that the secret of Eton's success through centuries of trial has been the thoroughly impartial treatment that has been meted out to all; the lord and commoner, the cosmopolitan and the fledgling duke, are absolutely on a level here, whatever may be their distinctions hereafter, at college and through life. Eton, with all her aristocratic associations, is an uncompromising leveller. She honours equally the rising Liberal orator in "Pop," where politics are nominally tabooed, as she does the veriest Tory, although the former may not carry a majority. She loves the Captain of the Boats, the Head of College, the Champion at Lord's, the Master of the Beagles, and the Keeper of the Field, irrespective of every other consideration. All this is safe under the new ruler; everything that is weak, effeminate, luxurious, or tending to idle lounginess, will meet with the sternest of reproofs. Nor will scholarship suffer, as some suppose; on the contrary I expect to see fresh incentives, little dreamt of at present, held out to the deserving. It is, perhaps, going beyond my province to foreshadow a reform in the constitution of the college, although I venture to think that the day is not far distant when the absurd gulf which exists between the collegier and the oppidan will be bridged over, and that instead of intense jealousy, and often hatred, we shall see them working in one groove for the mutual benefit of each other, and the whole school.

In fine, I believe, that Warre's maxim will be nearly that of old Dr. Goldsmith, who in his famous letter in 1801 to his pupil, pointed out that his first aim should be to learn his own character, and work through it. *Γνῶθι σεαυτόν*. "Find your level," and where better than at Eton to begin with? Next at college, then in the hunting-field, or in the sterner walks of life. In professions warlike, learned, or clerical, the sooner we learn to know the true strength of our legs, or character, the better shall we use them in all probability. In any case, as *patres familiarum*, we may truly and honestly say of Eton under its new head-master, that he will carry out the maxim that found expression in your columns several years back from a clever contributor of that day, when in his poem, "The Dream of an old Etonian," he says—

"As the school-boy is the master, if with gentlemen you deal,
Let the goodness of their nature be enough to make them feel;"

or, adopting Virgil's motto, may we not say—

"Comes caro datus ibat alumno."

BORDERER.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

A LAY OF ST. PARTRIDGE.

(Dedicated to all Good Sportsmen).

BY ALEXANDER CLARK KENNEDY.

I.

WE seek not the moorland so purple of hue,
 Where the mountain-tops rise to an ocean of blue,
 But scour we the fields and the meads of our land,
 With our dogs at our heel and our gun in our hand ;
 So we hail with delight such a glorious morn,
 Though the little brown partridge lies hid in the corn ;
 Let us drive the dear birds from their covert away,
 For they know 'tis the first of September to-day !

II.

Let the hunter delight in the sound of the horn,
 And the chorus of hounds that he hears in the morn,
 When he watches the fox as it cunningly steals
 Away from the gorse, and then uses its heels !
 And what a wild feeling of joy when they say
 The little "red rover" is "for-rard away !" /
 How royal his pastime of course I agree,—
 But the plump little partridge is waiting for me !

III.

Oh ! the angler may dote on his favourite stream,
 Of salmon and trout may he pleasantly dream,
 Till his dreams are cut short by a glorious "rise,"
 And mark ye the glance of delight in his eyes ;
 With what pleasure he hears the wild song of the reel,
 When the salmon hath felt the first prick of the steel ;
 By Jove ! 'tis a monster, fresh run from the sea !
 Never mind !—'Tis the "first," and the stubble for me !

IV.

Let the maidens of England, with racquet in hand,
 On the lawn, in their beauty, triumphantly stand ;
 But they shall not entice us from duty away,
 For our love is the plump little partridge to-day :
 And—single or mated—smile on as ye will,
 And try to seduce us with infinite skill,
 Ye sirens of beauty, I "rede ye" away !—
 We are "game" for the birds—not the ladies to-day !

V.

How pleased our dumb friends from the kennel appear ;
To them the gay "first" is the pride of the year.
The coat of old Ponto is glossy and sleek,
And the brown eyes of Nellie are gentle and meek ;
Like puppies they gambol around in their glee,
How glad from the kennel once more to be free !
Your ardour, my beauties, a moment restrain !
You shall range o'er the stubble, old doggies, again !

VI.

The grouse on the moorland so purple and gay,
The ptarmigan drest in his plumage of grey,
The hare in his garment of russet and brown,
The sportsman entice from the joys of the town.
And if the proud blackcock in beauty you'd see,
You must wend to the north of the border with me ;
And the pheasant must wait till the woodland is bare,
But safe in the turnips the partridge is there !

VII.

Then off to the stubbles ! and drive we our prey
To turnips' where coveys confidingly lay ;
Where Nellie and Ponto are working their best,
As the list of the fallen will truly attest.
And your health, brother sportsmen, we gaily will pledge,
When we merrily lunch in the shade of the hedge,
In the primest of harvester's jolly brown ale—
"May good liquor and partridges never grow stale !"

VIII.

Just a word to the lovers of rabbits and hares,—
I believe a buck-rabbit could breed, unawares,
Without his fair lady—so knowing ones say—
And "bunnies galore" mean the dickens to pay !
But our farmers of Britain so sporting and true
Love partridges *plenty* and rabbits *a few* ;
So here's to their health, to their children and wives,
I bid them "fare well" to the end of their lives !

IX.

Of many a "first," what a glorious train,
Old mem'ries, as shadows, crowd into my brain ;
Why, 'twas but *to-day* when, so perky and proud,
A youngster from Eton, I pluckily vowed

To walk all the day if they'd lend me a gun,
 And bring home a brace ere the set of the sun ;
 When they rose—did I shout ? did I stand on my head ?
 No ! I "blazed" in the "brown" of the covey instead !

X.

Though game, big and little, I've slain to my fill,
 I love the dear bird of the turnip-field still ;
 When harvests are golden, and heavens are bright,
 I feel all my being so buoyant and light.
 Though with some, it is *change* that they ever require,
 And the tune they must play on their lady-love's lyre
 Is "Off with the old love and on with the new !"
 Sweet Partridge, I'll ever be constant to *you* !

AUGUST CRICKET.

August Cricket is, as a general rule, the most enjoyable of the season, and this year there has been, until the month was well on the wane, certainly nothing to cloud its prosperity. The long spell of dry weather and consequent hard wickets has not been relished perhaps by the bowlers, who have found themselves, in the majority of cases compelled to rely solely on their own dexterity, without receiving the smallest adventitious aid from the weather and ground. Still it has been so rare of late that cricketers have been able to revel in such an almost uninterrupted succession of sunshine, that the extraordinary run-getting which has marked the month from its earliest stages will be forgiven even by the long-suffering bowlers, under the influence of a glorious summer such as we have not had for very many years.

The Nottinghamshire eleven were credited with such very high scoring when they met Surrey at the Oval in 1882 and 1883, that every one was prepared for something out of the ordinary run when they appeared on the Surrey ground as usual on the August Bank Holiday. The brilliant all-round cricket shown by the representative team of Notts throughout the present season, certainly did not favour the idea that Surrey, strong as they have shown themselves to be this year in batting, had anything but a very outside chance. Their prospects too were not improved when Notts won the toss, and on the excellent wicket provided, the choice of innings was certainly of very great importance. In both 1882 and 1883 the Surrey eleven had been unable to get rid of their opponents in this match for a total of less than 400 runs, but this year they were much more fortunate, and considering the strength of the Nottinghamshire team in batting, and the real excellence of the wicket, it was undoubtedly a very

creditable performance of Surrey to be able to dismiss them for a comparatively small total of 216. At the end of the first hands the Nottingham eleven were in a minority of 27 runs; but Shrewsbury and Barnes, whose memorable stand in the same match of 1882 cannot have been forgotten, in the second innings improved their position materially, and these two batsmen had very much to do with the favourable aspect the game bore for Notts at the finish. Wright, who has with one noteworthy exception never done very much for his county, with the bat played surprisingly good cricket each time for his 50 not out and 28 not out; and Sherwin, the last batsman, showed really very creditable form, much better than is usually displayed by the eleventh player in the order of going in. Otherwise, though excepting only for Shrewsbury and Barnes, the play of the Nottinghamshire eleven was hardly up to expectations, and the two batsmen named contributed 199 out of 319 made from the bat in the second innings. Barnes, who had not been in the best of luck just recently, though a little shaky at the commencement of his innings, on the whole showed excellent cricket for his score of 72; but the best display of the match was certainly that of Shrewsbury, and his total of 127 was made without a mistake. Surrey, when they entered on the second innings, were in a very awkward position, as there was no possible chance of their winning, while there was every opportunity for them to lose. As they were left with 305 runs to win, and only two hours and three-quarters in which to get them, they had no other course than to act strictly on the defensive, and as this is not the ordinary habit of the team, they were hardly seen to the best advantage. Still they were able to make a very fair show; and though at the finish they had lost seven of their best wickets, and still wanted 153 to win, their show on the whole was anything but discreditable.

The opening of the Canterbury week of 1884 will be memorable to Kentish cricketers, as the occasion of the only defeat inflicted during the year on the fourth Australian team by a County eleven. On paper no one could possibly have argued that Kent had a real chance against such a formidable opposition as that of the Australian players, but this only serves to enhance the merit of their performance, the more especially as it could not be in any way described as a fluke. The all-round cricket of the Kentish eleven was indeed highly creditable, and their success the more praiseworthy, considering that at the end of the first day the game was apparently altogether against them. When play commenced on the second morning, the Australians were only 30 runs behind, with six wickets still to fall, and it certainly looked as if they would be able to claim a long lead on the completion of an innings. That they were only a majority of 8 runs, after all, was entirely due to the very effective bowling of young Alexander Hearne, a slow bowler, something after the model of Mr. A. G. Steel. His success, considering the hard wicket, was remarkable, and he had a hand in the dismissal of five of the last six Australian wickets, at a cost of only

36 runs. After this, the game went mostly in favour of the County, and as, thanks to the good batting of Lord Harris and F. Hearne, their second innings realised 213, the Australians when they went in a second time had by no means an easy task to make 206 runs then required to win. Under ordinary circumstances, and especially on a fast wicket, this sum would have been considered to have been well within their compass, and indeed they have on several occasions proved themselves to be more than equal to even greater requirements. As it was, though, they failed altogether to come up to expectations, and the Kentish players, who were in the end victorious with 96 runs to spare, deserve very great credit for their performance in getting such an eleven as the Australians out on a hard wicket, for a total of 109.

The Canterbury week was altogether an unlucky one for the Australians, and the last three days left them with by no means the best of a drawn game with Gloucestershire, at Clifton. On their form in Inter-County matches during the present season the chances of the Gloucestershire eleven on this occasion appeared far from hopeful, less so, indeed, than had been those of Kent. Their cricket, though, quite exceeded the general expectations, and the excellent show they made was fully proved to be correct by their subsequent performances. The wickets at Clifton are proverbially easy, and hence large scores never create much surprise. Both elevens consequently showed to advantage with the bat, and Gloucestershire, though they realised a total of 301, were in a minority of 13 runs at the end of the first hands. Scott, who has by his admirable cricket on many important fixtures more than justified his selection to a place in the Australian team, and McDonnell were the principal scorers on their side, and it was mainly due to the stand of the former towards the close of the innings that the Gloucestershire score was headed. In all, the County was credited with 531 runs for the loss of twenty-two wickets, and the achievement of the Graces, Brain, and Pullen, in the second innings, when 230 runs were secured for the loss of only two wickets, is one of the best recorded against the Australians. Mr. W. G. Grace in the match scored 143 without being out, and his first score of 116 not out was one of the best he has ever played. It has been the habit of certain critics to argue that Mr. Grace has deteriorated in his batting, but this contention has hardly been justified by recent events. On the contrary, the brilliant cricket he has shown throughout the year, and particularly in the Australian matches, proves conclusively that if he is not quite as active as of old, as is not to be expected after twenty years in first-class cricket, he has still no superior, either in England or Australia, as a batsman. There was really no possible chance of the match being brought to a definite issue when Gloucestershire went in a second time, so that some allowance must of course be made for the apparently poor show of the Australian bowlers. In the face of the approaching match against England, Murdoch deemed it advisable to give

Spofforth and Palmer a rest, and as, in addition, the rain caused both ball and ground to be slippery, the out cricket of the Australian team was by no means reliable. Under these circumstances, without desiring in the slightest degree to disparage the excellent performances of Messrs. Brain (100) and Pullen (68 not out), the merit of their stand, which resulted in the addition of 159 runs to the score, must be somewhat discounted. The hitting of both these young cricketers was brilliant, and, though neither innings was faultless, they deserve the highest credit for a very exceptional feat of run-getting. Mr. Brain, in particular, scored at an unusually rapid pace, and his hundred, it is worthy of remark, was made in an hour and fifty-five minutes.

The comparative ill-success which had attended the efforts of the Australian team at Canterbury and Bristol did not appear to augur well for their chances when their turn came to meet England at the commencement of the following week at the Oval. Particular interest was centred in this the third of the three representative matches on account of the results of the two previous fixtures. Though the English eleven had certainly had all the worst of the drawn game at Manchester, their victory at Lords had been decisive. So far the honours had been slightly in their favour, and on the more recent form of the Australians the public was with reason hopeful that the Oval would witness another success as marked as that recorded on the ground of the Marylebone Club. Considerable care had been shown by the Committee of selection appointed by the Surrey authorities, and their choice, on the whole, received universal approval. Some were of opinion that a place might have been found for Mr. Christopherson, on the ground that the bowling was not quite strong enough. A few too were of opinion that the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton had hardly had sufficient practice to do justice to himself at the wicket, and that the inclusion of Sherwin or Pilling would have been a judicious move. Taking everything into consideration, though, it is difficult to see how the eleven could have been improved, and we are of opinion that all round it was certainly as strong as could possibly have been chosen. It was evident from the very commencement that the match would be productive of some very high run-getting, and considerable anxiety was felt as to the result of the toss. The wicket was in perfect condition, and it was naturally expected that whichever side had the choice of innings would have all the advantage incidental to a long score. This expectation was indeed thoroughly fulfilled, and the ill-fortune of the English captain in the spin of the coin threatened to be attended with serious consequences. The heat on the first day was excessive, and the English eleven had a long outing in a temperature to which cricketers here are almost altogether strange. Their bowling, of varied quality as it was, did not receive the slightest assistance from the ground; on the contrary, the wicket played so very easily that the Australians were able to bat with the greatest

confidence. Their form, in consequence, showed a very great improvement on any of their recent performances, and Murdoch, McDonnell, and Scott achieved a feat which it is said has never been recorded in a match of any importance. On only a very few occasions have three batsmen ever been able to realise a hundred in the same innings, but it is confidently asserted that in no previous contest have three scores of a hundred been registered on the same day in a fixture of any quality. Scott was just able to get into three figures before the bell rang on the first night, and before him both McDonnell and Murdoch had attained a similar distinction. McDonnell has shown brilliant hitting many a time during his career, and no one can forget the vigour with which he punished the English bowling in the first match between England and Australia at the Oval in 1880. He has, though, certainly never shown to better advantage on an English ground than in this match. His hitting was never reckless, it was, on the contrary, remarkably judicious and well-timed, and his driving, particularly on the off-side, was some of the very best we have ever seen. Scott, about whose inclusion in the team some of the Australian critics appeared to be a little doubtful, had already fully established his reputation, especially in London, where he had played more than one excellent innings. He was missed badly in the long field when he had made 80, but otherwise there was no fault to be found with his batting, and, though not a very attractive player, he has shown himself to be one of the most reliable batsmen in the team. Since his memorable score against England at the Oval in 1880 Murdoch, it is safe to say, had never played such perfect cricket before an English public. We have not forgotten his huge score of 286 not out against Sussex at Brighton in 1882, but looking at the bowling he had then to oppose and that he met at the Oval last month, there could be no comparison between the two performances. He had a life at the hands of third man when he had reached 171, and we fancy he might have been caught at the wicket when he had only scored 46. It is very rarely indeed, though, that a batsman plays a long innings without a mistake, and in this case Murdoch was at the wickets altogether a little over eight hours. His score of 211 was in every way worthy of his great reputation, and, considering the extreme heat, it was a remarkable feat, if only as a matter of physical endurance. Throughout his long innings he played all the English bowling with equal confidence, and his accuracy of timing the ball was really wonderful. Giffen, Midwinter, and Blackham all too showed very fair cricket, but the performance of Murdoch, McDonnell, and Scott, of course overshadowed the rest of the batting. Every one of the English eleven was tried with the ball during the Australian innings, and the most curious incident was the unexpected success which attended the lobs of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton at the close. He had, of course, only to oppose the tail of the Australian team, but, considering that he has never professed to be a bowler, he shaped very well, and his analysis was

exceptionally good, showing four wickets to his credit at a cost of only 8 runs. England had to face a very heavy task when they went in against a huge total of 551, but they began well, and Mr. W. G. Grace was batting in his very best style when he was run out, being unable to persuade Scotton to attempt a very sharp run. His dismissal, and in such an unsatisfactory manner, was a very great disappointment, and it was certainly very unfortunate. Scotton, though, continued to play with even more than his accustomed caution, and he saw eight of the eleven retire before his turn came to depart. Barlow was the only one who shaped badly, but still the play of several of the team hardly came up to expectations, and when Mr. W. W. Read joined Scotton, on the fall of the eighth wicket, only 181 runs had been got. Fortunately for the Englishmen, Mr. Read more than proved that his inclusion in the team was justified, and his brilliant play entirely altered the whole aspect of the game. He began to hit freely directly he got to the wicket, and his vigorous and well-timed all-round hitting presented a very effective contrast to Scotton's unceasing patience. Too much praise can hardly be accorded to the latter, and as he was five hours and three-quarters at the wickets, it will be seen of what immense use he was to his side. He was in while 332 runs were made, and the value of his score of 90 is of course not to be gauged by the amount of runs he made. Mr. Read's was as remarkable a display of batting, though in quite a different style. He went in with the total at 181 for eight wickets, and was tenth out at 346. While he was in, 165 runs had been made, and of these he contributed as many as 117. As an exhibition of brilliant cricket it has certainly not been surpassed, and considering the circumstances under which it took place, it was really a remarkable performance. At the finish of an innings the Australians were in a majority of 205 runs, and as there was only an hour left for play, the interest in the game had really gone. In the follow on, the Englishmen scored so freely that 85 runs were scored in the sixty minutes which remained, for the loss of two wickets—those of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and Shrewsbury. At the finish, therefore, the Australians were still 120 runs to the good, while England had lost two of their batsmen in the second innings. The draw, it must be admitted, was therefore decidedly in favour of the Australians, and every credit was due to them for the brilliant show they made in this match. The wicket, though, was still playing very well, even after 982 runs had been scored off it, and it is not by any means a certainty that the Australians would have been able to get the English team out a second time, had the game been prolonged, without a considerable addition after removing their deficit of 120 runs. It might, indeed, be easily argued, and with every show of reason, that there was every possibility of the English eleven being able to make a good fight had time admitted of the completion of the game. On the other hand, the Australians on paper were certainly left with a decided advantage, and they can claim the evidence of hard figures on their side against mere theories and

suppositions. On the three matches, though technically England had the best of their opponents in securing a victory in the only contest decided, yet morally the Australians can claim on the results of the season to have shown themselves, if anything, slightly the better men, and their achievement at the Oval was in every respect a remarkable one. They had all the best of the luck in winning the toss, of course, and during the game fortune favoured them more than it did the English eleven. Still the latter would be the first to congratulate their opponents on a brilliant display of cricket, and Australia has indeed reason to be proud of the success of its representatives against the full strength of England.

Since the England match, the fixtures of the Australian team have been relatively unimportant; but still the form they showed against Notts at Nottinghamshire was distinctly good, and the match was throughout productive of excellent all-round cricket on both sides. The Gloucestershire eleven failed altogether at Cheltenham to maintain the reputation they had gained by their capital performance at Clifton, and their play in the opening match of the Cheltenham week was very disappointing. The Australians, as in the previous match at Clifton, were unlucky enough to lose the toss; but the County, which had there so recently proved its strength as a batting side, failed unmistakably at Cheltenham, and they ought certainly to have utilised their advantage in going in first to a much greater extent. As it was, their first total was too small, in the great weakness of their bowling, to give them an outside chance, and the worst of the luck, in having, when they went in a second time, to bat on a wicket drying after the rain, effectually ruined their hopes. The Australian team generally scored well, though there was no hundred recorded in the match, but their easy victory was greatly due to the very effective bowling of Palmer, and in the second innings of the County he was most puzzling. The Nottingham eleven have always made such a hard fight with the Australians that interest never fails to attach to their meetings. In the previous fixture this season victory sided with the Colonial team, but the margin was such a narrow one, and the County eleven have since their defeat been displaying such brilliant all-round cricket, that not a few were hopeful of their chances in the return match with Murdoch and his comrades. These expectations were fully realised at the finish. Notts wanted 118 to win, with nine wickets to fall, and they were certainly entitled to claim that they had the best of the drawn game. This season the Nottinghamshire eleven have proved themselves to be beyond a doubt the best County team, and it is very satisfactory to be able to record so excellent a show against such opponents as the Australians. On the whole, there was certainly nothing to choose between the two sides in this match, and in batting, bowling, and fielding, the Englishmen quite held their own. Considering that they lost the toss, and had to go on against a long score of 268; the position they occupied at the finish was highly

creditable. It is true that as the wicket, which had already shown evident signs of wear, was playing towards the close, they would have probably had some trouble to get the 118 still wanted to win, but still on the other hand, with the amount of batting on the side it might equally be argued that it was well within the power of the nine wickets left. Flowers (69) and Gunn (68) were the principal contributors to the Nottingham total of 273; but the latter's was intrinsically the better display of cricket. The County eleven were unlucky enough to lose not only the batting of Alfred Shaw, who was unable to go in, owing to an injured hand, but also his bowling in the second innings of the Australians, and their dismissal for a total of 141 consequently reflected the greater credit on the out-cricket of the English eleven. The completion of this match brought the season of the Notts County Club to a close, and as out of twelve matches, including two fixtures with the Australians, they won nine, had two drawn, both rather in their favour, and only lost one, the first with the Australians, and that by but three wickets, their record of the year is one of exceptional merit.

The length to which this article has reached precludes more than a general glance at the other County matches of the month. The decisive victory of the Sussex eleven over Yorkshire at Brighton has been the most noteworthy incident in some generally interesting cricket, and every one will be glad to see the steady improvement which has been going on in the play of the Sussex team still continue. Gloucestershire, though its bowling is still in great lack of new material, has just now a strong batting side, and the same may be said of Surrey, whose bowling has not lately been so good as it was at the commencement of the season. The Middlesex eleven, weakened by the absence of Messrs. C. T. Studd and A. P. Lucas, have hardly been so successful in the August matches as in previous years; while Lancashire, who were not in quite their best form in the earlier matches, showed up much better in their later fixtures, when almost the full strength of the County was placed in the field. Kent's defeats by Middlesex, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, have slightly dimmed the lustre of its victory over the Australians, though the eleven have shown, on the whole, very fair cricket. In the youngest of the Hearnies, Kent has a bowler likely to be of very great service, and we shall be surprised if he does not make his mark decisively another year. Derbyshire has been singularly unlucky, though it has introduced more than one young professional likely to be of use. In the ten County matches decided during the summer, Derbyshire has not once won the toss, and, with a not over-strong batting side, this has had a very prejudicial effect on their chances. With the exception of Gloucestershire and Derbyshire, who have been very unsuccessful, most of the Counties have had a fairly prosperous season, and it is satisfactory to find that the development of this, the best class of cricket, is still on the increase.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE last few weeks have almost suffered from a plethora of sport in yachting circles; so much so, indeed, that in many cases a clashing was inevitable, for during recent years there has been considerable increase in the number of clubs round and about the island, and all, naturally anxious for entries from amongst the cracks attracted by the time-honoured gatherings of the Squadron and Royal Victoria, select dates as near to them as possible, while the list is increased by the accession of the Royal London, whose venture of a club-house at Cowes is thus far undeniably successful. Down west, the Plymouth Corinthians brought off a cruisers' match, in which Mabel, sailed by her owner, Mr. Kelly, won by time from Wraith and Terpsichore. The rival ten-tonners, Ulidia, Ulerin, and Buttercup, made a pretty race, and, it being the first meeting of the two latter, some special interest was felt in the match. The new ship, however, had the best of it, while the others made a very close struggle, Ulidia finally getting the better of Buttercup by a bare quarter of a minute, which, on a thirty-mile course, was tolerably close work. The Royal Western had a fine representative entry for their principal match, with the crack yawl Lorna (Mr. Morley), and the latest things in cutters, Irex (Mr. J. Jameson), Marjorie (Mr. J. Coats), and Genesta (Sir R. Sutton). The wind proved somewhat unsteady, though the yawl's victory was a very decided triumph. In the Port of Plymouth match the following day there was a better breeze, and the party was increased by Tara (Mr. F. Taylor). Lorna again did well, but Irex won handsomely, the yawl taking second prize by time from Genesta, which finished ahead of her. On the same day, the Portsmouth Corinthians brought off a capitally arranged handicap match round the island, for which ten starters came out, Mr. Liddell's Anemone winning easily. The Royal Southampton Club's cutter match had Marjorie, Irex, Genesta, and Marguerite (Mr. F. Connor) engaged. Marjorie's chance was snuffed out by her going on the Brambles and sticking there, and the racing between Genesta and Irex was very keen. Marguerite lay, however, mostly within hail, and finished within her time, winning first prize, while Genesta took second by time from Irex. The all-rig match collapsed, as far at least as its all-riggedness was concerned, and the wind being quite paltry a very tedious affair resulted. At the finish Marjorie led Tara home, the forty winning by time. The next day, when the smaller matches took place, there was a good breeze, and Ulerin won again, but a day later a yawl match collapsed from lack of a breeze, and the finale proved nearly as bad, as, with a splendid entry of half-a-dozen cracks, the race dawdled on well into Sunday, when Lorna, Tara, and Marjorie were the order, Tara winning by time, and the yawl taking second prize.

The Royal Squadron's matches were in the meantime being brought off, Her Majesty's Cup, as usual, heading the bill. The old-fashioned comfortable class of grand schooners was represented by Mr. Guinness's Cetonia, and Waterwitch (Mr. Baring), but the match lay between Lorna and Genesta, which made up the entry, rather a poor one, considering the importance, in its way, of the event. Matters improved a little in the all-rig match next day, though, barring Lorna, cutters had a monopoly. Marjorie did a big thing, leading the fleet home, and of course giving time away to all except Tara, and Lorna's second secured her minor honours very easily. The Town Cup race proved quite a *fiasco*, owing to something approaching

a dead calm. Marjorie's luck, however, stuck to her, and she again crawled home in front a winner, while Lorna, though again second, had this time barren honours. The Squadron's *menu* concluded with an all-rig match, in the conditions of which the entries were divided into modern racers, ex-racers, and cruisers, with special time allowances. It was a pity the absence of a breeze prevented these experiments being reasonably tested. As it was, nothing could be learned from the driftings of some score of craft of all sizes, and the prospect of a finish seemed so remote that the Committee very sensibly stopped the affair half way, and adjudged Wraith, Vega, and Cetonia winners. Altogether, the Squadron had rather bad luck during their week's sailing, but the muster at Cowes, both ashore and afloat, was probably greater than ever.

The Ryde magnates were more fortunate in their weather, and the Town Cup, with Irex, Genesta, Lorna, Marjorie, and Marguerite engaged, proved a good race, though the first-named had rather the best of it all through. The Challenge Cup, which has to be won three times, seemed not to produce any vast amount of enthusiasm, and the fixture clashing with bigger attractions at Southsea, Genesta was the only starter of the three entries, and sailed over, a somewhat impotent conclusion. Owing to the continued ill-health of Mr. Thellusson, of the Boadicea, that gentleman felt compelled to resign the office of Vice-Commodore, and the club may be congratulated upon having secured so genuine a yachtsman as Mr. "Florinda" Jessop to fill the post.

Owing partly to the excessive number of engagements at the moment, the Royal Southern's card dwindled to nothing, and the Royal London's programme consisted mainly of a mixed match of racers and cruisers, but there was so little breeze that judicious kedging became as important an element as clever steering. On the second day the Londoners' all-rig match had a goodly entry, the crack schooner *Miranda* (Mr. Lampson), Lorna, and a quartette of cutters, which had all the best of the light-weather sailing, Genesta and Marjorie showing the way home, and the latter taking the prize, while Lorna became entitled to the second gift of a "pony." The Royal Albert's bill of fare opened with a cruiser's match, in which some names were to be found which a few years since would have been reckoned flyers; but times are changed since then. What wind there was behaved very fitfully, and when they finished, Wraith, a cutter belonging to Mr. Gubbins, was found to be an easy winner according to the sealed handicap, as, besides getting home first, she had time to receive from several of her opponents. The Albert Cup, value a "century," was contested by the Lorna and four cutters, of which Genesta, Marjorie, and Marguerite pretty much monopolised the race, the first eventually winning quite easily. The Portsmouth Town Cup had a pretty similar lot of starters, substituting Tara for Genesta, and after a disappointing beginning the wind held pretty true during the afternoon. Irex and Marjorie were to the fore, and the latter finished within her time, securing the trophy. A Portsmouth Town Plate was given for vessels owned and steered by amateurs, and the handicap attracted five cutters and the same number of yawls. Neptune, Freda, and Vega took the prizes, and but for the aggravating character of the wind during the first round, the match would have been much more interesting.

If there be not much activity amongst professional oarsmen over here, assuredly the news which comes from the Antipodes and across the Atlantic is of sufficiently exciting character. When the cable announced that Beach had beaten Hanlan, folks were more astonished than they would be at most

bouleversements of public form, which extravagance might suggest as the acmé of improbability. At present we know practically no more than on the first receipt of the telegram, so that conjecture has a wide field, and each one may conjure for himself the explanation which seems the most acceptable in his sight. It is generally conceded that an explanation is inevitable, and will be forthcoming, for that Beach should defeat Hanlan without some accident to account for the result, seems to be reckoned beyond the pale of reason. Beach, judged by his previous performances, was a clumsy, and by no means a first-class sculler, so that until the arrival of full details, we are at a loss to account for his defeating Hanlan, unless indeed, as already suggested, something unusual happened during the race. The course is known to be a somewhat intricate one, with special and unexpected currents and eddies, and with all due respect to our Australasian kinsfolk, cannot fairly be compared to either Tyne or Thames, not to mention some of the popular American waterways. Possibly a fortuitous series of misfortunes may have led Hanlan just where he should not have gone in the race, but in place of further vain imaginings we prefer to await the more prosaic verdict of eye-witnesses. Ross's defeat by Teemer comes almost equally as a surprise, but in this case gate-money arrangements may serve to explain the apparent anomaly; or, as an extreme *pis aller*, Teemer may be the better man, though hitherto his light has been very efficiently concealed.

Next month Putney will have something to look at, as Bubear and Langan are to double-scutt Perkins and Gibson for a substantial stake. Meanwhile the clan Phelps has been distinguishing itself again, Charles of that ilk having worthily imitated his relatives by winning this year's Doggett with tolerable ease.

This year's Amateur Championship was expected, in the absence of Lowndes, to be more than usually interesting from the number, if not the quality, of likely competitors; and so it turned out. The winner, Unwin, of Oxford, proved an easy winner, drawing ahead very soon, and afterwards taking matters pretty easily. Next best came Batt of the Thames, whose fellow club-man, R. H. Smith, was expected to be formidable, but his fin getting out of order, he lost ground quite early in the race, and was never dangerous to the leaders. The winner having taken the Diamonds at Henley, had many followers, and would have been even a hotter favourite had it been generally known that there he won in a very clumsy boat, whilst at Putney one of young Jack's best productions was to carry him. He pulled cleanly and with judgment, and will probably always be able to account for all whom he met in this year's Wingfield.

Despite the very clear definitions laid down by the Amateur Rowing Association, country regattas are continually ignoring them, and some recent entries, both at Oxford and Bedford, would scarcely be found entitled to pass as amateurs. This does not matter much, whilst as the men row only amongst themselves, and were they to enter as Lord This or Viscount That, little harm would be done. Others performing at such meetings are, however, liable to be protested against at recognized regattas, for having competed with the doubtful ones, and here comes the hardship, for which the executive are palpably blameworthy. In the swimming world the whole thing is a farce, as, notwithstanding that the Swimming Association, a body quite adequately elastic in its notions, has pronounced a certain swimmer ineligible, he very recently figures in a so-called Amateur Championship, a state of affairs ridiculous in the extreme.

"OUR VAN."

THE INVOICE—By Cliffs and Sanda.

BRIGHTON. The Festival of St. Lubbock. The touch of the King's Road is like unto molten brass; the sound from the corner of West Street and the foreshore reaching from the Old Ship to the West Pier is hardly that of the tinkling cymbal. The cymbal of old must have tinkled a fearful sound if it anything resembled the hum of bad language that floats on the stagnant air between those points. Air, indeed, there is none. The refuges which a kind Corporation has provided for the *flâneurs* of the Queen of Watering Places are like unto ovens; the seats on the Pier are red-hot. The fishing-luggers close in shore are really in semblance painted ships upon a painted sea, not beautiful to look at but curiosities begat of the temperature. The Orleans Club, the latest ornament to the long sea-front, is alive with well-known faces down for the Sussex fortnight, alive and, remarkable to say, cool. The latest appliances of luxury in the way of ventilation have been secured by Captain Wombwell for this most comfortable of clubs, and from the topmost bedroom to the basement everything is perfect. The Orleans, the Hall of Jerusalem the Golden, and the fruit and flower market, are the only cool places that a diligent search can find between the Chain Pier and Hove. Mutton's is sweltering, the Ship is little better. The Old Club has some back settlements where it is possible to breathe. As it is race time of course the balconies of the King's Road are ornamented with groups of men and women of the racing persuasion, groups in which *désabille* mingles with bewildering *toilettes* and shirt-sleeves (a favourite masculine racing costume), and creamy *sattine* form a curious conjunction. The children of the tribes take front seats on that long vista of unloveliness; and famous as Brighton has been for pretty women, we are bound to add that the find on this occasion does not by any means come up to the mark. Not in any class or degree. Not among the few, very few, Belgravian extracts—not in those from Bayswater-cum-Bloomsbury; stranger still, not from the aristocratic circles of Brompton and the Wood. That scene on the Pier at night which a few years ago was the delight of the nobility and gentry, has much fallen off in its especial attractions. There are wheel chairs with persons in them, but the persons are not the same. The Blanche Vavasours, the Lady Annes and the Lady Adas of other days have not found worthy successors. An inferior order of masher, too, sits at their feet, and altogether the glamour of the scene has departed; at least so say old Lord Methuselah and Sir Lothario Snuggles, who have known Brighton and its ways any time for these fifty years—authorities on looks and morals that no one can gainsay.

But there is sport and pastime on the Downs of a more healthy sort than on the Pier and the sea-front. We can go up and back winners of no very great degree it is true, but still of a class sufficient for our needs. Antler was sufficient for our personal needs on the first day, though the offer of 8 and even 10 to 1 against him rather upset our good intentions of winning a small fortune on the Epsom horse who had taken the same race last year. It surely could not be these odds against him, and ideas of Antler not being "wanted"—ideas which did his owner gross injustice—floated through our brain. As it was, Mr. Barnard had 40/ on him, but he is such an uncertain horse, given, moreover, to breaking blood-vessels, &c., &c., that he did not dare back him for more, nor did he venture to advise his friends to back him either. So the

clever people were as a rule out of it, and the outsiders who follow the rather weak line—and, though Antler won and we backed him, we maintain it *is* a weak line that because a horse wins over a course, he is to do so next month or next year as the case may be—landed their money. A great row was made about Diletto's running in the same race. The horse came to the front suddenly, and a cry of "Diletto wins!" was heard, but the next moment we saw he had thought better or worse of it, and that our friend Antler had nothing to fear from that quarter. Webb, who was on Diletto, was summoned before the Stewards, and Gurry, the trainer, and Mr. Peck, the manager, were asked for explanations. They were to the effect that the horse had been beaten in his trial and that he was a non-stayer, an explanation to the same effect having been given by Webb. The Stewards appear to have shaken their heads over the matter as if not fully satisfied. That they were of opinion something was wrong was evident by their suspending Webb for the rest of the meeting and "cautioning" both him and Gurry. It appears to us either the sentence was too harsh or not harsh enough. Webb had either pulled the horse or he had not. We give no opinion, for the simple reason that we did not hear the queries put to the trainer and jockey nor their replies. We only knew that Webb was "suspended" during Brighton, and that there was an end of the matter. Rumours there were that he had been reported to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, but the Stewards' action began and ceased at Brighton.

How Lucerne got beaten by Dalmeny in the Cup was in some sort a mystery. There were lots of people ready to explain it after the race had been run, but as none of them backed Dalmeny, we did not pay much attention to their explanation. That Mr. Morton's horse can stay was evident, but then we thought Lucerne could too. Mr. Jardine, in remembrance of his victory in the Stakes last year, when Whin Blossom won, had sent Gilda to repeat the trick. It was a tip in every man's mouth and at every street corner, and, like other strong tips that have come from that stable, it did not come off. Gilda never showed herself, and Quilt, who came rather a warm favourite at the last, showed she could stay, and won Sir George Chetwynd, we hope, a good race. Brighton is sometimes a favourite battle-ground of Ramsbury, sometimes it is not. He was in humour this time and helped Mr. Peck to add to his balance in Old Burlington Street and elsewhere. Indeed, the colours were fairly successful, and the hunter Crash, with Archer up, was good enough to take 500 to 200 about, and win. There were some turns-up, of course, and much bewailment in many smoking-rooms at night about things done and left undone. Blanton's stable was followed by the faithful, not to their profit, and Lowland Chief astonished us in more ways than one. Glen Albyn over his own course showed himself unapproachable, and Archer and Wood and Wood and Archer divided the spoils.

Lewes was rather flat. The De Warrenne Handicap, erst a race to talk about before Brighton was over, is now a thing of little moment, and that Despair would win it this year was a *fait accompli*, before the numbers went up. Luminary bore out our own opinion of him expressed in last 'Van,' writing of the July week. The way he was beaten in the Astley Stakes by Blanton's dark colt went far to show that our estimate of him was correct. In the August number of this Magazine we said: "Many clever pens have pronounced in favour of Luminary, the July winner, as our best young one. They may be right, but yet we cannot look upon his performance in that race as anything first rate. He led an evidently not very game horse by a head, and attentively watching the race close to the Judge's chair, we thought

we had rarely seen two horses so tired. It did not strike us as a grand performance by any means, and we cannot help thinking that towards the autumn, if not before, we shall see something better." Whether we shall see "something better" is a moot point, but that what we have seen is not "first chop" we think there can be no doubt about. If Luminary is to carry off the blue ribbon then bad will be our best. The Lewes Handicap dwindled down to nothing, and though there was some fair sport, yet most people were glad when the last winner's number was hoisted and the delights of Brighton, its band, its pier, and the sirens thereon. Not a very profitable fortnight, as far as we could make out, either to health or pocket. The heat was asphyxiating, the favourites perverse. There was some baccarat every night up to the small hours "ayant the twal," and that was not a very healthy amusement either. Taking all in all, we were glad when we found ourselves in the Scotch express on the morning of the 11th northward bound.

We left behind the charms of Kempton and the seductions of Windsor. To read about them in our northern retreat was more than sufficient, much more. Indeed if we were to say that they were not worth reading about at all we should be nearer the mark. The dreary record is dispiriting, and we cannot help but wonder at the *cui bono* of these affairs. The most insatiable of gamblers has had enough of it for a time at least. London is empty or supposed to be. The attractions put forth at Kempton, Windsor, Egham, &c., are of the mildest, and how the promoters of these meetings can recoup themselves for their outlay puzzles us. Puzzling is it why the Kempton Park directors should, at this dull period of the year, with so many racing patrons away and the average racing man scattered to the four winds, continue these August meetings. The empty Club Stand and the poorly-filled public one on the last occasion should teach them a lesson. Windsor, too, ought to have taught the Messrs. Frail that the public are getting tired of these perpetual meetings where there is little or nothing to redeem the plating element. But enough of them. In the bracing atmosphere of the east coast of Yorkshire, where the waves of the German Ocean beat on red cliff and yellow sand, we forget all about the Ray's Meadow and the Kempton Mile. The heat, it is true, is as fierce, or nearly so, as it was on the King's Road, and from Whitby Scar to Redcar Pier the coast simmers in the beams of a sun the like of which it requires ancients with good memories to recall. But when his rays dip in the ocean then springs up the delicious northern breeze, and on whatever "nab" or by the waters of whatever "beck" our temporary lot be cast, there at least is the perfection of climate and the pleasure of life.

A goodly gathering in one sense at Redcar, but not so goodly in another. The backbone of a meeting is the people, we all know, and here the people were not. Plenty of noble and gentle sportsmen and women, but the crowd that lined the rails was a small crowd, and the railway people bemoaned a succession of scantily-filled specials, and ascribed it all to the hard times. We thought we had buried those hard times a few years back, but fear there is much truth in their resuscitation. However, there was a brave show on the Stewards' Stand, the Earl of "the spots," and the Earl of the "purple and straw sleeves," Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord Carmarthen, Lord Hastings, Marquis Talon, Mr. W. G. Craven, Mr. Beaumont, Lambtons and Fitzwilliams, "Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves," as the old ballad had it, without end. The sport was fair. Nothing very grand in quality, but still good racing, and notable for the success of Enoch's stable and Mr. Lowther's colours. The spots did not fare so well. Lord Zetland did win one race on the Friday. Mr. Lowther took four in the

two days. The latter good sportsman opened the ball with King Monmouth in the Kirkleatham Biennial, probably a smarter colt than we gave him credit for when he won at York Spring. Judged by his race at Redcar, when he with some little difficulty beat his stable companion, the little fancied Morpeth, the form was nothing very particular, but his subsequent win of the Two Year Old Stakes on the next day, when he beat Glengyle, and a warm favourite in Elsie Marley from Tom Green's stable, showed us that Mr. Lowther has got a more than useful colt in this son of King Lud, who, like his sire, can probably stay. Wild Shot has turned a roarer, and suffered defeat from Fornax. But the race for Redcar's most important event, the Foal Stakes, was a good one, and resulted in somewhat of a surprise, for though Tom Brown had brought Pizarro from Newmarket, we most of us thought Beauchamp was a trifle better class, though Pizarro did give him an out-and-out beating as a two-year-old. But Beauchamp had rather impressed people with the idea that he was a good horse last year, a mistake, we suppose, since all he could do was to make a dead-heat of it with the Newmarket horse, and that was greatly owing to Johnny Osborne's riding, for Pizarro had much the best of it half a distance from home. Both were pretty well done, and the two trainers exercised, we think, a wise discretion in dividing. The ground was hard enough in all conscience, and no good could have been done either horse by running him again. Then Mr. Lowther followed up his success by taking the Upleatham Welter with the bottom weight Mount Temple, who managed to get the better of Mate, and beat him cleverly. The winner was admirably ridden by Tomlinson, and Mate had the good services of Giles, but Lord Cadogan's horse had always the worst of the struggle. Wild Shot was able, on the second day, to beat a lot of something worse than platers in the Warrenby Plate, and Marjorie carried off the Redcar Handicap, Lord Zetland's solitary win above mentioned. Then there was a temporary dispersal to our farms and merchandise. Lord Zetland went a soldiering with his Volunteers; Lord Castlereagh went to take the chair at a Conservative gathering at Darlington; Lord Durham and Mr. Vyner came back to Saltburn; some went to the moors, others reposed in the comfortable billets of Upleatham and Wilton. The northern coast offers many attractions at this time, and the opening of the railway to Whitby, and the rather glowing accounts we heard of that watering-place, induced us to pay it a visit. We confess to being woefully disappointed. What there is in the evil-smelling, dirty town, save the ruins of the grand old Abbey, and the wide sea-view, we could not discover. The abode of fashion on the West Cliff is a barren abode—dusty and treeless. The promenade and the saloon were the abodes of desolation, and after wandering about there, and in the quaint highways and byways of the old town—after we had inhaled the odour of the fish and the odour of Whitby, two distinct smells—lunched with the rank and fashion of the Royal, and gazed on the Abbey and the red-tiled roofs of the town, we gladly sought the railway station, wondering more than ever what it was that had given Whitby a reputation beyond that of a fishery town, and who were the demented people who gave eight and ten guineas a week for the privilege of living for a time on an arid cliff, smelling bad smells, and looking on the sea. The neighbourhood, it is true, is romantic, some of it lovely, but still we like to spend our holiday in a haunt where the face of nature is not quite so rugged, and where the eye has something else to rest upon than the contrast of grey ruins with red roofs.

The chief charm of a visit to Whitby is the road by which you travel to

it from Saltburn. The new line has opened to us the wooded "gills," the high cliffs, nabs, and scarrs, that there abound. It shows us towering Row-cliff, the quaint cleft in the cliffs on which Staithes is dropped, Runswick's beautiful bay, and the woods of Mulgrave Castle. Our advice to any intending traveller would be this, that as soon as he got to Whitby, or rather West Cliff Station, he should take the first train back again. Or better still, let him halt at Kettleness, and walk to Runswick Bay, with its quaint little handful of cottages perched on the northern cliff, as lovely a sea-side spot as broad Yorkshire can show. A sea of purple and emerald, grey cliffs, and yellow sands; a cluster of human habitations thrown apparently pell-mell on the rocky surface, very curious to behold. It is a sort of miniature Staithes, quite as picturesque, and not so evil smelling, by reason that they do not spread cod-fish out to dry in the sun, as they do at the latter place, probably in consequence of their not having any cod-fish to spread. A haunt of artists who, like that first cousin to Lady Jones, paint in water-colours, and send several pictures to the exhibition. The artists paint everything, from the alternate white-washed and grey stone cottages to the wonderful old men and women who inhabit them. Such tall, gaunt, weather-beaten forms, the latter hard as the proverbial nails, speaking sometimes a language not understood of southerners, and looking at the stranger who invades their peaceful lives with a sort of half distrustful, half contemptuous liking. A very clannish race we should say, possessing a dignity of birth and lineage which they do not care to soil by contact with the outer world. By all means, you future sojourners on the east coast, go to Runswick Bay.

Sitting there gazing placidly on the blue rollers of the North Sea, and now and then engaging in a little desultory talk with the solitary coast-guardsmen, it is that we read in the pauses alarming accounts of the deterioration of racing, the evils of gate-money, &c., until we feel how thrice and four times blessed are we to find ourselves out of it. To be sure, we remember that we paid a shilling to get on Redcar course the last week, and shall have to pay another shilling to get on to the "Mandale Bottoms" the next, or Mr. Craggs will know the reason why. Still, the perpetual harping on one string does awaken us to the fact that "gate-money" means wickedness, while the scathing remarks of a gifted friend, who is in temporary charge of the sporting intelligence of a fashionable daily, convinces us, as much as the thermometer at 92 can convince us of anything, that Breeders' Stakes are utterly abominable. Considering that in another place we had spoken in high commendation of a meeting—Redcar to wit—at which one of these so-called Breeders' Stakes was about the chief attraction, we feel ourselves blushing to the soles of our boots, and have to collect ourselves before replying to some terse remarks of our friend the coastguardsmen on wickedness of another character—the wickedness of local boards, who take away big stones from the beach, and thus help to remove a natural breakwater, and on the remissness of the Board of Trade in not preventing this, &c. It is very sad; we came north for a little peace and quietness, but go where we will something rises up on the judgment, and Breeders' Stakes, and the unaccountable action of local boards, get mixed with the blue waters, and the red and grey of the great cliffs.

Then the "Mandale Bottoms" help to interfere with our peaceful joys. We could have stopped a week or a month in Runswick Bay, the world forgetting, and if it was not for the dreadful locality we have just mentioned, by the world forgot. And yet we must not be too hard on it. It is not pretty, but it is sporting to the backbone. Its product is rough, but, as far as we know, indifferent honest. The ways and customs, its tricks and manners, are not altogether

what we are accustomed to in the softer living south; but still, we cannot have everything, or carry about with us home luxuries when we come into foreign parts. Let us see whether Stockton sport will make amends for Stockton manners, and gird up our loins to plunge into the coaly city by the Tees. There are some good people and good fellows, though, there abiding, and the cheery greeting of Mr. Joseph Dodds, the worthy, but, we regret to add, Radical member for the town, is pleasant to the ear. We had not foregathered with him much of late years, but our remembrance of ancient hospitality, exemplified by grouse luncheons that used to commence at noon and terminate at some indefinite period, is green. Indeed, there is a tradition that, once upon a time, two eminent members of the Fourth Estate making their first appearance at Mr. Dodds' hospitable board, there remained, and never went to the races at all, finally returning in a comatose condition to whence they came, at some late period in the evening. Let us hope, however, this is only a tradition, and not based on fact. But now we plunge on to the Mandale Bottoms, towards which a continuous stream of the population of Middlesborough, Stanhope, Stockton, Darlington, and ports adjacent is pouring. Mr. Craggs is the *genius loci*. He is the enchanter who lures us from the contemplation of the sad sea waves and the yellow sands, to push our striving way through the great unwashed of the towns above mentioned. And Mr. Craggs has done something since our last visit, and the then rather shabby surroundings now look bright with fresh paint and general cleanliness. Some additions and improvements, too, have been made in the enclosure. A much wanted new telegraph-board has been erected, and a luncheon room has been added to the Stewards' Stand—the latter greatly appreciated, especially by the ladies. A very brilliant show, by the way, of the rank and beauty of the north distinguished Stockton on this occasion. Though Lord Zetland, owing to his Volunteer Regiment being out for duty at Redcar, did not receive any visitors at Upleatham, yet at Wynyard Park, at Cliffe, and at Wilton Castle there were large parties. The Wynyard one was headed by Lady Londonderry and her daughter Lady Alice Vane Tempest, and included Lord and Lady Zetland, Lord and Lady Carmarthen, Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, Lord and Lady Georgiana Curzon, Lord Yarborough, Lords Henry and Herbert Vane Tempest, Lord Henry Poulet, Hon. H. and Lady M. Fitzwilliam, Miss Winn, &c. From Cliffe came Lord and Lady Castlereagh, Lord and Lady Gosford, Lord and Lady Lascelles, Hon. W. and Mrs. Gerard, Major and Hon. Mrs. Sterling, Lady Mandeville, Lady Helmsley, General Reilly and Mr. W. G. Craven, while Mr. Lowther entertained at Wilton Marquis Talon, Mr. H. Hungerford, Mr. Wilson Todd, Mr. Featherstonhaugh, and Mr. "Peter" Wilkinson. In addition, from the Zetland at Saltburn came Lord Durham, Hon. G. Lambton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Vyner, Count St. Prix, &c., so our readers will see that Stockton was quite a little Goodwood in the assembling together there of much that was noble and all that was fair in the limited space of the Stewards' Stand. The luncheons were not spread on the green sward nor under green trees, "the Bottoms" being innocent of such natural beauties, but Wynyard, Cliffe, and Wilton took care of everyone in the luncheon room above mentioned, and though their respective resources were severely taxed, all drafts were duly honoured.

All things considered, hard ground, never-ending racing, and the near approach of York and Doncaster, the racing was fairly good. On the first day too the crowd was very large, but on the second day there was a falling off perceptible, attributable to the Newcastle functions,

and a praiseworthy desire to catch a sight of royalty. Mr. James Lowther's Thuringian Queen continued her victorious career, and though Tupgill again supported Glengyle, this time at even money, the horse cut up indifferently, and the Queen led Merry Duchess by a couple of lengths. The Stockton Handicap was the cause of much surprise and tribulation. It looked such a good thing for Jetsam that no one much cared to back anything else unless it was Crim Tartar, a winner of one or two races in the north. If Jetsam had any Great Ebor pretensions, he could surely, it was thought, canter away with this race, but strange to say he never once was in it, never went near his horses, and in fact ran as badly as a horse well could. In disgust with his wretched exhibition, Lord Zetland had him struck out of the Great Ebor directly, and his early backers were left lamenting. Crim Tartar, whom Mr. Vyner greatly favoured, could not stay, and Billycock, whose previous performances pointed to the same result, came out at the distance with everything else in trouble, and won in a canter. Lyric and Darlington were the only good things of the afternoon, the former taking the Harry Fowler Handicap as he did last year, and Darlington, the horse that Superba could with difficulty get away from in the Sandown Park Derby, of course won the Biennial. The rest was leather and prunella.

The second day was notable for the explosion of the idea that Beauchamp is a good horse, or at least a fair second-class performer. The previous week at Redcar our faith had been somewhat shaken by Pizarro making a dead-heat of it with him, but when they met again at Stockton we were under the impression that he would wipe out that record, and take the Northern Leger. John Osborne was of that opinion too, and thought the horse ought to have won at Redcar, and ascribed the dead-heat to his having been afraid to make too much use of him, as he was hardly as fit as he might have been. But now he would be better for that gallop, and at even weights it was generally considered he would render an account of Pizarro and Darlington. Pizarro had run at Redcar as if staying was not his *forte*, and the market at Stockton confirmed that view, as 9 to 2 was freely offered against him, while 6 to 4 was taken about Beauchamp, and Darlington was second favourite at 9 to 4. However, Tom Brown did not seem to have much fear of his horse's stamina, for Lemaire, presumably acting to orders, took Pizarro to the front directly the flag fell, led them at a fair pace along the far side, and though challenged by the favourite and Darlington at the distance, they could never get near him, and he won very easily by two lengths. This was very strange and unexpected, and we cannot quite make it out now. When we looked on Beauchamp in the Epsom paddock on the Derby day, we thought he was about the best looking horse there, and that he would one day show that handsome is as handsome does. But the Stockton exhibition was very bad, for Darlington got the best of him too, and Johnny Osborne and Fred Bates looked puzzled and disappointed. If this running is true, Beauchamp must be moderate indeed. Lord Zetland gave his friends a look at his grand mare St. Helena, who of course walked away with the Lambton Plate without an effort. A grand mare, particularly to follow, but as unlike a Hermit as she can be. Some one said she has a Melbourne head. We trust she will go on and prosper, for the sake of the good sportsman that owns her. The stable depended on King Monmouth for the Hardwicke Stakes, but he was asked to give 20 lbs. to Surprise, and this, though he ran well, he could not do. He beat everything else, however, and there is no doubt Mr. Lowther has a good useful horse in him. We almost wonder Lord Zetland did not pull out St. Helena again. Her former race was only an exercise canter, barely that, but per-

haps he was prudent after all. She will win the Champagne. The rest of the racing was not of much moment. Though every one knew Wild Shot was a roarer, that fact did not prevent the majority from laying 75 to 40 on her for the Thornaby Selling Stakes, in which she happened to meet something that could gallop in Verona, and Mr. Bowes's colours were at last borne to the front by Riep van Winkle in the Garbutt Welter. Perhaps more money was lost by the backers over Sunbury than anything else that ran during the afternoon. This colt, it may be remembered, was backed as far back as in the Lincoln Cup for £ s. d., and, though he was nowhere on that occasion, he defeated the much-fancied Trappistine at Newmarket in the Craven, and won afterwards the Knavesmire Plate at York. In the Harewood Stakes this afternoon Bewdley beat him fair and square, after a slashing race, by a head, and as every one was on the blow was a severe one. It was curious how of Enoch's two principal employers the one was so much more favoured by fortune than the other. Mr. Lowther took the plums at Redcar, and a few here, while Lord Zetland could only win with the horses who could not be denied, such as St. Helena and Prism. Curious also was it the form of the Tuggill stable, which, often a puzzle, became more puzzling at this meeting and Redcar, and continued to the end. And that end was not much. Of course Prism scored a bloodless victory in the Stewards' Cup, Watts, *à la* Tom Cannon, letting him win in a canter by a neck. Thuringian Queen added another winning bracket to her name, and Sunbury in the Stand Selling Stakes made some amends for his defeat the previous day. The meeting, on the whole a bad one for backers, wound up disastrously with the defeat of Morpeth, on whom, rather illogically, odds of 2 to 1 were laid in the Elton Plate.

It is impossible not to see that racing in the North is not what it used to be. The old-established meeting on which we have just spoken is one that in old times often saw a Leger candidate, and as often foreshadowed his victory or defeat on the Town Moor. Now the record of sport is poor indeed. Its Northern Leger showed us nothing better than a Pizarro, and though in St. Helena we have probably a future mother of our kings to be, and in Prism a Cup horse of renown, we look in vain for anything else, with one or two exceptions, much above plating form. The Yorkshire month that commenced at Redcar, and which will finish at Doncaster, cannot be called a brilliant one. Knavesmire, though popular with sportsmen both north and south of Trent, fails to attract the horses that formerly ran there, and now Lord Falmouth's regretted retirement will be one of the severest blows the old meeting has received. York and Doncaster were great battle-grounds of the magpie jacket, and to see nothing with these colours running in Great Yorkshire Leger or Champagne, will be strange indeed. How fond of York Lord Falmouth was many of us know. He delighted also in the York Club, and the pleasant house dinners during the race week with Mr. Rudston Reed in the chair, and most of the notabilities of the country around him will miss him sadly. Of the other old meetings of the north, Richmond just manages to live, but its existence is precarious, and we cannot point to one of the Yorkshire meetings, formerly the head centres of sport, when they bred in the county of many acres such giants as Flying Dutchman, Voltigeur, Stockwell, West Australian, Blink Bonny, and Blair Athol, that does not bear on it unmistakable signs of decrepitude and decay.

Of Leger talk there is little, and what there is not much to the purpose. Scot Free and Superba, Superba and Scot Free, ring the changes in the market. When one has been under suspicion the other has gone well, and *vice versa*. Busybody is nibbled at, but even the report of a stable com-

mission has failed to convince the outer world that we shall see this grand mare at the post, and at her best. From the opinion expressed of her by her late noble owner, she must be a veritable clinker; and if she was to come to the post fit and well, we should not, of course, have to look anywhere else for the winner. Harvester seems done with, and no one thinks about Queen Adelaide, but what Captain Machell thinks about Sir Reuben is what we should all like to know. He and The Lambkin are the two outsiders, either of which may win if anything happens to the favourites. Both of them please the Newmarket people by their style of going, though the work they have lately done can hardly be called a Leger preparation. What horse has been doing a Leger preparation lately, by the way, is a pertinent question. We read wonderful accounts of Scot Free being "sent along," and, if they are true, he must be a wonderful horse, and Tom Chaloner afraid of nothing. The opposition to the horse that has at times manifested itself is not understood by Mr. John Foy. His belief is that he has a good horse, perfectly sound and well, and that whatever beats him will win the Leger. There have been rumours as to his making a noise, but these rumours affect more or less everything with four legs to it. There is a great readiness to believe in roaring, and it is a stigma that people seem eager to affix. Goodness knows we have enough of the disease without making it worse than it is. We believe Scot Free to be at present sound and well, and whatever beats him will, we think, win the Leger. As to Cambusmore, Waterford, Cormille, Hermitage, Sandiway, Brest, &c., why need we trouble our heads about them, unless we knew the leading favourites to be *bors de combat*. And then we should pin our faith on either The Lambkin or Sir Reuben. But sufficient unto the day.

We like to find ourselves in a quiet retreat under the shadow of the stately Minster, though it requires an effort to tear ourselves away from the red cliffs of the Yorkshire sea-board, where we have been more or less resting since the Sussex fortnight. This year the wretch seemed more painful than ever, for we left behind us weather, air, and atmosphere such as we are not likely to see again. Left behind, too, pleasant memories of a more than usually pleasant time, and so the aspect of old Ebor was not quite so agreeable to us. The city looked dull and lethargic. There were no faces that we knew in the porch of the Club, and there was the want of the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that we could not hear. We thought, as we plodded our dusty way to Knavesmire, that the blue waves were making sweet music as they broke on Huntcliff, and that far out the white houses were riding on a sea of purple and emerald. In lieu we heard only the "sweet music" of the Ring, and our "far out" was the far side. The sport did not tend to enliven us either. Who could expect good racing on a piece of adamantine turf, on one portion of which the cracks in the ground amounted almost to holes. Something, by the way, might have been done to obviate this. From more than one jockey who rode in the race we heard the ground in places was dangerous, and we think the Race Committee should have seen this remedied. The cracks might have been filled up at least, and we cannot help expressing our wonder that it was not done.

Of course there was a crowd. The fine weather will attract a crowd to any open-air gathering, from one to promote the abolition of the House of Lords and the Constitution in general, down to another to demand the restoration of his estates to the ill-fated Claimant. To be in the open air, even on hard and dusty Knavesmire, and see such poor sport as was there offered us, is enjoyment, and if we can win a little money, why *tant mieux*.

The money was to be had if we only exercised a little judgment, and Clochette, King Monmouth, and Mate ought to have brought balm to many hearts. Other good things there were, such as Hambledon and Conaglen, but these were expensive luxuries. The horses we before mentioned were within reach of all. The class was poor, with one exception, and that was King Monmouth. Spring Morn looked all quality in the Yorkshire Oaks, but she is not the gallant filly that beat Reprieve last year, and she suffered easy defeat by Clochette, who has no reputation to speak of, but looked what Spring Morn did not, wonderfully fit and well, had Archer to ride her, and had the race run to suit her down to the ground. The pace was wretched, which enabled Archer to husband her for one dash, in which he utterly extinguished Spring Morn. And yet the latter's stable very much fancied her, and it is to be presumed she had done something to warrant their confidence. The public took her on trust, for they had not seen her since she ran nowhere in the Dewhurst Plate last autumn. There were people who believed in Snack too, the filly who astonished us at Ascot by beating Ishah, though there was nothing very surprising in that, by the way; but still, Ishah's overthrow in one of the Biennials was one of the many blows that ill-fated meeting inflicted on backers. "The Great Breeders' Convivial Produce Stakes," under which high-sounding title the old Convivial of the old days of York is partly hidden, is anything but convivial to the owners who run their horses for it. These Breeders' Stakes are so many lures to get big entries, and so much money lost to the people who ought to have it, the owners of horses who pay the piper, and assuredly ought to call the tune. We believe that body are awakening to the fact that it is they who are mulcted, and their horses penalised, in an unfair way. Their horses carry penalties for winning what they really have *not* won, which savours of an Hibernicism, but is strictly true. The Jockey Club have decided that in calculating the value of a stake to the winner, the sum to be paid to the breeder or nominator shall not be deducted, so, in point of fact, a horse is penalised for winning a stake or sum which his owner does not get. Now surely this is injustice to that class without whose support racing would collapse. We cannot but think that our Turf legislature will see into what a mistake they have been led by this new rule.

Mr. Lowther's King Monmouth is a better horse than we have yet given him credit for. He was giving 12 lbs. in the Convivial to The Canoness, who has proved herself able to gallop on more than one occasion, and the way in which he won without Watts having to call upon him to gallop, showed us what a real good little horse he is. There was strong fielding in this race, and the bookmakers evidently thought they knew something, and that either Londonderry or The Canoness were to lower the blue and yellow hoops. Mr. Lowther won this race last year with Dunsdale, who beat a wonderfully warm favourite in Richmond, that impostor who many people believed would win the Derby. To win two Convivials in succession is, we suppose, a feather in a Yorkshireman's cap. The feather could not be better placed.

The Great Ebor brought out as poor a field as ever ran for that over much thought of and talked about race. Platers all, or at least handicap horses of no great account. Lawminster was top weight, a fair horse perhaps, and his Northumberland Plate win commendable. So likewise Ben Alder, taking the Welter Handicap at Manchester, must be set down as respectable; but still, all said and done, they were a very moderate lot, and the favourite, Ben Alder, was wonderfully well handicapped. His running had been sometimes curious and hard to explain, as, for instance, Springbok

beat him at Derby out of sight, but here at York, though running at relatively the same weights, Springbok was hardly mentioned, and Ben Alder backed by broad Yorkshire. We heard of Ben Alder up at Runswick Bay, a place, our readers would have supposed, where they knew as much about a horse as an Esquimaux would. An ancient weather-beaten fisherman there abiding asked us if we thought Ben Alder would win, and the head-waiter at the Zetland was much disturbed in mind when we told him we rather thought Quilt would beat him. Go where we would, we found all of every degree on William I'Anson's horse, and though at one time Quilt passed him in the betting, the good thing was not to slacken, and his price grew shorter as the hour of the race drew near. On the Wednesday morning there was rather a *furor* about that bad mare Lizzie. Her running this year, with the exception of her solitary win at Northampton, had been as bad as it could be; but, however, she was declared to be really fancied by her trainer this time, and as it was announced she was in foal, some wise men declared she would wipe out her Goodwood record, and carry her noble owner's colours to the front. She was second favourite for money before the flag fell, and, S. Loates taking her to the front from the slips, she was leading something like half-a-dozen lengths when they came in sight. But a mile from home she shut up as if she was shot, and, disappearing from the front ranks, we saw no more of her until she trotted in with the crowd. Quilt was rather our fancy, and she ran a good mare, but Ben Alder had a bit in hand, and wore her down. Ben Bolt rather surprised most of us by getting third, because all the touts declared he would not act on the hard ground. But he beat more than beat him, and Lawminster cut a poor figure. The race was a match from the distance, and a very pretty match it was. There was a good deal of cheering, for the North had beaten the South, and some of the old clannish feeling still survives.

On the whole York was dull. We were glad to hear that the conditions of the Breeder's Convivial will be altered next year, and we trust something will be done to otherwise improve the programme. Whether the meeting will rehabilitate itself, and the old nights and days return to the old city, we cannot yet say. It had to contend this year against circumstances that probably may not occur again for some time, so we will hope that the sun of York is only temporarily obscured, and that the winter of its discontent will become in the future a yet more glorious summer.

"And a hunting we will go." Strange perhaps to some on that broiling day, the 11th of last month, with the thermometer nearly 80 degrees in the shade, to think of chasing the wild deer over his Exmoor haunts, but yet there was a goodly gathering at Holmbush Gate, a picturesque spot overlooking Porlock Bay, and where in the thick woods of the hillside it was believed Miles the harbourer knew of two fine stags. Cloutsham Bell has always hitherto, as everyone knows, been the opening fixture, but this year, out of respect to Mr. Fenwick Bisset's memory, Lord Ebrington changed the venue to Porlock. Cloutsham indeed would have recalled many sorrowful recollections of the sound of still voices and the touch of vanished hands. How many years ago is it since the Van Driver was at the opening day at Cloutsham—a terrible wet one, we remember—and when, mounted on a three-parts bred mare of the huntsman, and having Jack Russell for his philosopher and guide, he was first introduced to Exmoor and its wild sport? Truly the sport of kings. Nothing half so sweet in life do we remember as the two or three gallops over that grand country we then had. One we remember terminated about the very spot which this year was the opening meet, the stag swimming out into Porlock Bay, and being with difficulty rescued.

The bad weather expended itself on the 12th, and the rest of our stay was fine, cool and bracing air being most enjoyable. What dinners we ate at the Luttrell Arms at Dunster after six or eight hours in the saddle, and how keenly did we appreciate some '40 port which we unearthed from the cellar of that establishment! But these are old memories. The crowd of horsemen and women who greeted Lord Ebrington at Holmbush Gate on the date mentioned, comprised all the well-known hunting faces who, some for the last quarter of a century or more, have followed the ancient sport over the wastes and through the woods of Exmoor. They had not so long as usual to wait, for before luncheon baskets had been unpacked a loud cry proclaimed that a stag carrying "two on top" had broken covert, and was making for the open moor in the direction of Birchanger. He seemed however to have altered his intentions, for turning he skirted the edge of the woods and came into the field of meeting, and trotted calmly by the carriages, apparently disregarding the crowd of horse and foot, and then jumped a gate into the Lynton Road. But here the crowd did seem to daunt him, and, once more turning, he sought the shelter of the woods again. Only for a moment or two however. Evidently meaning going, he broke again into a field of corn, and soon got well away.

The hounds were as soon laid on, but, really and truly, it was not a day for hunting. There was not a breath of air—the combs were like ovens—and after scrambling up Hawkcombe the stag was viewed in some fields beyond Stoke Pero, but he soon turned and sought refuge in Horner Woods, being even then, though but about twenty minutes had elapsed, reported by those who had seen him soiling in Horner Water as dead beat. Assuredly some of the horses were too, and the check was welcome. After a time the stag was drawn out of Horner and over Lee Hill, but he doubled back, and after some time down the valley, where, dodging about up and down the water, he was finally left at four o'clock, everyone having had nearly enough of it. The people who kept in their carriages and made a picnic of it had certainly the best of the fun, and some of the old hands who had been hunting here for the last fifty years were fain to cry enough. Never had such an opening day been remembered in Exmoor annals.

On the following Wednesday morning there was a good meet at Mr. Knight's Moorland farm, in the open, near which a stag had been reported as having been seen with his hinds. On Arthur reconnoitring, however, with a couple and a half of tufters, he proved to be only a two-year-old, so was spared to give them a run another year. Mr. Snow's Deer Park was then the point, and the field trotted off after the tufters, only, however, to be disappointed of the big game. It was a pretty sight enough to look on at the tufting, as the hinds one by one jumped up before the tufters and made across the moor, but it soon was evident that no huntable deer were there. Lord Ebrington then sent for the hounds, which were laid on the track of a hind which had been found lying out on Tombs Hill, and with a good start she led them down into Bedgworthy. Here the scent, rather cold at first, improved, and with it the pace. Over Trent Hill, and making as if for North Forest, the hind turned to the right and appeared to be going towards Brendon village. She, however, turned back on the old line and got down to Lannacombe water, where she soiled, and was viewed away from there, the hounds going at a great pace, crossing the open on Oare Common. So after this the pack was stopped, as killing a hind is to be avoided if possible. It was a capital one hour and a quarter, or thereabouts, the latter part of the run being very quick, and well it was that the temperature was not so high, or perhaps there would not have been so much to

record. A drizzling rain fell at one part of the afternoon that helped considerably to cool the air. There were some awkward places in the various combs testing the nerve of horse and man, and everybody appeared well pleased with their gallop.

Worcestershire is now solely represented in the great Doncaster sale ring by Waresley and Rowden. Those who look for "Waresley big-uns" as of yore, will be surprised to find quality rather than quantity represented. In truth Mr. Watson has taken a leaf out of Mr. Chaplin's book. From having been a devoted follower of Lord Glasgow and the Melbourne blood for many years he is now sedulously enduing it with quality, of which Albert Victor is a charming representative. A half-brother to Zigzag, a half-sister to Palm-bearer, and a beautiful young Obelisk are among some dozen charming A. V.'s that will come up from Waresley, as well as a strapping half-brother to Geheimniss by Chevron, that has good legs to carry him, and a filly by the same horse of great racing pretensions. I do not think Waresley has turned out such a lot of yearlings before in her long record; while Mr. Bailey, at Rowden Abbey, is determined to show buyers that Victorious in his old age can beget sons with size as well as quality; and I would recommend the grandson of old Brenda to be looked at by those liking the union of Newminster and Melbourne in nice proportions.

"Our Driver" always likes to tell of new coaches on old routes, and especially when they spring from entirely amateur sources, and are intended to extend the pleasure and happiness of their surroundings. Mr. Charles Hartley has just established a daily coach from Wolverhampton to perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most picturesque, old town in Shropshire—Bridgnorth, of election fame. It is horsed in first-rate style, with sixteen horses—all hunters—to do the fourteen miles. And to sit behind them, with Mr. Thorneycroft handling the ribbons, is a treat we advise many a hard-worked sportsman in the Midlands to partake of, when he wants a blow of fresh air, a beautifully picturesque road to travel on, while not improbably he will pick out *en route* a likely horse with which to do a bit of hunting on the cheap; for no one is a better judge of horses, and how to place them, than Charles Hartley.

About theatres we have not very much to say. The bare idea of one this weather makes us feel a degree or two hotter, and the reality is well-nigh unbearable. Mr. Brookfield, or, indeed, any one else, who essays an autumn season with even the shady side of Pall Mall glowing like a furnace, deserves encouragement for his pluck, if for nothing else. Whether the Haymarket campaign will achieve the success it deserves is a doubtful question. Mr. Brookfield has boldly sought out old paths, very ancient ones indeed, when he gives us a ballad opera, a two-act comedy, and a screaming farce. 'The Waterman,' with Mr. Herbert Reeves—surely the most boyish Tom Tug ever pitchforked into the part—had better be got rid of at an early date. Mr. Reeves is only in one sense his father's son, and it would be much kinder of every one to make him comprehend that the stage is not for him, nor he for the stage. He is physically unsuited for it. His voice may be heard with pleasure, perhaps, at chamber concerts, but, as far as we can judge, he will never be an actor. 'Evergreen,' the name given by Mr. Pollock to a comedy which under the title of 'The Roused Lion,' was played some thirty years ago at the Haymarket under Mr. Webster's management, is rather thin in plot, and has a smack of unpleasantness about its teaching. Something resembling that worst of poor Charles Mathews' later plays, 'My Awful Dad,' the spectacle of an elderly gentleman beating his young rivals at every game, from fighting to

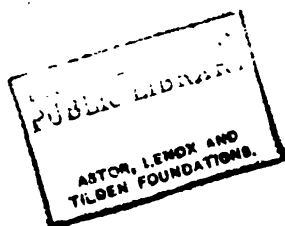
low vice, is hardly edifying. But that is the story, and certainly Mr. Brookfield has filled up the picture of the hero with much power. He shows a charming vein of high comedy, reminding us at times of the elder Farren, and the piece is worth seeing for the sake of his personation. The rôle of an old ex-dancer, formerly rather a warm member of the *corps de ballet*, but now a *dévote*, was very well played by Miss Victor, and is the next best part in the comedy. Mr. Conway had little to do but wear his becoming *incroyable* costume, and look the *beau garçon* of the period. Here and there, however, he had an opportunity given him, and made the most of it, as did Miss Julia Gwynne in the part of an *ingénue*. Whether this bill of fare is substantial enough to attract people in the dead season, we can hardly tell. By the way, we see it announced that Mr. Brookfield will revive Planché's comedy, 'Not a Bad Judge,' he playing Lavater, and Miss Nellie Bromley Louise. If we remember rightly, Webster made a very clever portrait of the hero, and we have some recollection of seeing Alfred Wigan in the part, but should like to feel sure on this point.

The Lyceum management has withdrawn 'Twelfth Night,' and by the time these lines are in the press the theatre will be closed. It is more than whispered that Mr. Irving's latest Shakespeare revival has not been a success. Why this is so we cannot quite make out. Here and there, perhaps, the cast might have been better chosen, but still the general representation was effective, and too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Irving's reading of Malvolio. That we had seen Miss Terry to more advantage in other parts than the heroine we cannot deny, but still the whole play was charming, and the way it was placed on the stage was in the usual Lyceum manner. Miss Terry's serious illness doubtless affected the play's fortunes in some degree, but still that will not account for financial failure, if failure there was. Miss Terry is now, we are happy to say, convalescent, but her case was a very critical one for some little time.

The Empire has managed to keep open its doors, but neither the 'Forty Thieves' or 'Camaralzaman' has proved a draw. The latter is very weak, and when produced at the Gaiety it failed to satisfy even that not over *exigéant* audience. At the Empire Mr. Royce takes Mr. Terry's part, and of course Miss Nellie Farren is as vivacious as ever, but still there seems some of the little go there was in the piece lacking.

The luckless Imperial is soon to be re-opened with modern comedy, and Captain Disney Roebuck is its chief exponent. If the ill-luck that has persistently followed the fortunes of this house is to be turned, it is only by very vigorous and liberal management, both before and behind the curtain. Mr. John Ward is to undertake it, and we hope he will succeed; but he must make a thoroughly clean sweep of all the old surroundings, particularly those in front of the house. A good acting manager is indispensable.

For the rest, stagnation reigns supreme. It is all very well for managers to blame the South Kensington show for taking the wind out of their sails, but we doubt if theatres would have filled if the Healtheries had not been in existence. In the first place there was nothing very particular to see, and in the next the intense heat kept all but the most inveterate theatre-goers away. It is stated that 'Called Back' still draws at the Prince's, and we trust, for Mr. Bruce's sake, such is the case, but we have not been able to verify the fact. Also that 'The Private Secretary' fills the Globe, and Mr. Hawtrey, the author, is coining money. So be it.





Lith. by Geo. S. Nichols

Joseph Brown, sc.

Gruille

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD GREVILLE.

ALGERNON WILLIAM FULKE GREVILLE, second Baron Greville of Clonyn, co. Westmeath, bears a name and face as familiar in general society as it is in the Hereditary Chamber ; as well known at Newmarket and other racing haunts as it was once in the House of Commons, when Mr. Fulke Greville was a Lord of the Treasury, and one of the most indefatigable Liberal whips who ever held that arduous and not very agreeable office.

Born in 1841, the eldest son of the first Lord, Mr. Greville was for eleven years in the 1st Lifeguards, during the greater part of which period he sat in the House of Commons as member for Westmeath. His official life may be said to have commenced when he was Secretary to Mr. Gladstone, subsequently becoming a Lord of the Treasury, a post which he held until a Conservative Government came into power. He was also Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen. An advanced Liberal, he had then, as Lord Greville has now, the courage of his opinions, and there was no more hard-working or more zealous follower of his chief among the younger members of the House than Mr. Fulke Greville. Possessed of talents of no mean order—a good administrator, and having that noble spur, political ambition, Lord Greville, much as he is fond of sport and pastime, is not likely to sink into the rôle of a country gentleman intent alone on farming and fox-hunting, good as he is at both. Politics we should say first ; sport a pleasant handmaid to the nobler game.

He is fond of racing in a quiet sort of way, but bets little. He generally has an hour or two with Humphreys, near Lambourne, and he assisted his friend Major Stapylton in the formation of his breeding and racing stud. He passes the winter at Clonhugh, in Westmeath ; and the reception Lady Greville and himself met with on their return last month from Germany fully testified to his popularity

and the estimation in which they are both held. Indeed, Lord Greville has the good fortune to be on the best of terms with his tenants, and he thinks the Land Bill the best Bill ever given to Ireland. That he takes care it is no dead letter, as far as he is concerned, goes without saying.

Lord Greville married, in 1863, the Lady Violet Graham, daughter of the late Duke of Montrose, and has a young family.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BIG BAGS.

JUDGING, my dear 'Baily,' from the outpourings of some of the querulous critics of our fine sport of grouse-shooting, there is a feeling of disappointment at the bags this season not being as good as those of '64 and '72. I really cannot account for such an expectation being entertained. I ventured myself to predict, in your own pages, that the season would be a good one; but I never for a moment expected that history would so soon repeat itself and reproduce the great grouse year of '72. To quote from my August article, here is the deliverance I gave on the matter: "I may go the length of saying this will be a really good grouse year," and that sentence was founded on what I was told by the hill shepherds, who are reliable judges. Surely those who expected a *great*, rather than a *good*, year were, as the turf saying goes, "kidding to their book." And now, when the first brush of sport upon the heather is well over, I think we might all be very much pleased with our bags. True, they are not, some of them, very plethoric, but then they have been numerous, and, as the arithmetic of the situation shows and the old proverb confirms, "many littles make a muckle." What matters it, if the grouse harvest be gathered in full, whether it be in a thousand bags of three hundred each, or in three thousand bags of one hundred each? Indeed, were it coming to a vote, I should plump for the latter. I go on the principle laid down by a fine old conservative gentleman long ago: "Let sport be divided as much as possible, so that the many may participate in it." That is an excellent motto, Mr. Editor, and it cannot be too widely known.

I like to read of fifty or sixty brace to three or four guns—that is about the right number for a day's work; if it also imply a tramp of about twelve or thirteen miles, and a delightful dawdle of an hour and a-half to luncheon at 12.30, the last few brace being got during the saunter home, so much the better for all those concerned in the sport. And I do not counsel a luxurious luncheon—no, nothing of the kind—a few bits of oat-cake covered with either orange or apricot marmalade, a drink of cold tea, and, to crown the edifice, a tablespoonful of Atholl brose, which, as you know, is a delightful compound of honey and whisky. Happily the fashion is declining of having a heavy lunch sent out to the sportsmen on the grouse moors; when the season grows later, and deer-stalking is the

order of the day, something a little more substantial may then be looked for, but, even on the cold days experienced in the beginning of October, our best stalkers are abstemious, and scarcely do more than indulge in a spoonful of Irish-stew or rabbit-curry, if the luncheon be a hot one. A good and early breakfast seems as a general rule to be thought sufficient to sustain the work of the day. Strong drinks, at any rate, are at a discount among the gentlemen. Whisky is, however, still provided to quench the perennial thirst of the never-satisfied ghillies. As to the general commissariat which pertains to a shooting-lodge, it should as far as possible be made up of the goods that can be gathered round about. The rod and the gun should be utilised; the salmon and the trout of the streams must be caught, hares and rabbits come in useful, heather mutton is a treat, honey is a delightful sweet, and wild birds of all kinds can be made to play their part in the daily bills of fare, whilst an occasional "haunch" will be appreciated, and a fresh venison chop is really excellent either for luncheon or breakfast. As expenses have a tendency to increase, economy should be studied on the lines I have just laid down, which are dictated by a long experience.

I have headed these remarks with the title of "The Philosophy of Big Bags," and some may think the title a rather ambitious one for a plain chronicler of sport like myself to adopt, and probably, after all, my philosophy may not be very apparent. But my desire is to follow the lines indicated, namely, that sport should be divided that all may participate.

Here is, as I take it, the arithmetic of the question of grouse-shooting. We have in Scotland—I am of course most at home in that country—let us say, three thousand shootings, great or small, some perhaps not of greater extent than fifty acres, others covering probably an area of five thousand.* Assuming that, on the average,

* *A propos* of "small" moors I am in possession of some facts which are rather curious. There is, it seems, a method in the madness of the craze that some so-called sportsmen have for "a shooting." One man has for some years actually, so I am credibly informed, made a profit out of a little stretch of heather which he rents in one of the central districts of Scotland; it only extends to some 131 acres, but then it is, as one may say, a fringe of a very much larger shooting, and therein lies its chief value. Curious to know how the oracle could be so worked as to produce a profit, I ventured quietly to make some inquiries, with the following results. Not a single bird is killed till about the 20th of August, and in some years not till the grain in the vicinity of the heather is cut and in the stook. By waiting till then, better prices are, as a rule, obtained for the birds, the markets being relieved from the glut of grouse which is always experienced during the first ten days of the season. Then, again, larger supplies are obtained, because the grouse from the big moor come down to walk the stubble, and sit upon the stooks, attracted of course by the fine feeding. By this means a bag of some 140 brace is usually obtained, the rent paid being 10*l.* per annum, with no restrictions whatever as to the kill. I ascertained from a dealer that he had sold for the tenant of this little moor, one season lately, 112 brace of grouse at an average of 1*s.* 6*d.* per bird; 21 hares at 2*s.* 6*d.* each; 46 rabbits at 1*s.*; 17 blackcocks and grey-hens at 1*s.* 6*d.*; 26 partridges at 1*s.* 6*d.*; 6 pheasants at 2*s.*; and also about 30 miscellaneous birds, so that the account was altogether a good one. The tenant and his son accomplished all

five persons have a few days on each stretch of heather, that gives us fifteen thousand sportsmen; and were each gun to bring down twenty brace, that would make up the "grouse harvest of an ordinary year." To state an average of only five person as participating in the sport may seem to be giving a rather small number; but it must be borne in mind that many of the moors are so small as scarcely to yield sport for even one person. On the other hand, relays of visitors arrive at some of the shooting-lodges, in many of which there will be assembled at one time a dozen death-dealing shots. The estimate, viewing it all round, is moderate; it simply means one hundred brace for each of the Scottish moors, and one would think that is a number which would be easily obtained, seeing that we can name moors which yield three, four, five, and six times the number, and in some instances a thousand brace—ay, and more than that. Some of the figures given in 'Baily' from time to time as to the abundance of the grouse supply, I have noticed, have more than once been called in question; but, read in the light in which I have just placed them, they have certainly not been over-stated, five hundred thousand brace of grouse having again and again been the figure arrived at as the yield of the Scottish moors.

As to the sport obtained in the so celebrated year of '72, I am able to speak from experience, especially, as it so happens, of the enormous number of birds which were shot on some of the English moors, where bags of a thousand and even two thousand brace were obtained at one try, chiefly by "driving." I had occasion at the time to write about these unprecedented numbers, and well do I remember that the markets for a few days became so glutted with the enormous consignments of grouse that at some places they could be had for nothing, with a glass of whisky thrown in! I remember calling on a Glasgow dealer with whom I had business, and finding him in his back shop superintending the roasting of a second batch of birds, and on the table a couple of bottles of really good "Chambertin." All who called were made welcome to a succulent backbone or a cut from the breast. Like most improvised feasts, this grouse luncheon was most enjoyable. Sixpence apiece only was charged for these birds of the heather on some Saturdays at Leadenhall market, and hundreds were left on hand which had to be consigned to the dunghill. But even in the two preceding years, '70 and '71, grouse were so abundant that they were hawked about

the work, having a bedroom at the cottage of a ploughman near at hand. In a word, the shooting is wonderfully productive, and all at the cost of a few sheaves of corn laid down to attract the birds of the surrounding shooting, into which the 131 acres penetrate in the shape of a pyramid. There are very few moors in Scotland, however, which are so profitable, and probably there are not many persons quite so cute as the lessee of it. In some counties where the big areas of heather were some few years ago fringed by parasite moors, the wise plan was adopted of leasing the small ones to the proprietor of the big one, and that plan in several instances put an end to the kind of legal poaching which I have been trying to describe.

in some of the larger towns at two shillings, and on one occasion at eighteenpence a brace; it was recorded in the newspapers of the day that grouse in 1870 were bought in London by plenty of the working people, to be prepared for their Sunday dinners! Let us hope they enjoyed them. It is thought that the immense kill of '72 did harm, and that since then some moors have been rather scant of birds; but I am not of a similar opinion.* Nature provided the birds, and it was but right that they should be killed. Grouse moors do not become populous by accident. Many circumstances must come to a favourable focus before such a harvest of grouse can be gathered.

However, I am wandering somewhat from my text. The big bags I have referred to were got, not by shooting over dogs, but by "driving." Now, as has been stated more than once in these pages, I am not an admirer of that system of shooting. But it has its advantages, and there are many who like it as a means of excitement, and it must be admitted that while it lasts it is exciting; it is a source of sport, however, that should not be entered upon till shooting with the dogs has been exhausted, because after a grouse drive the birds usually become so wild that to shoot them singly is a very serious business. What I say of driving is that a day ends it, and then you are bound to bid farewell to the heather for a time. A big bag should of course be obtained when from seven to thirteen guns are all at the same work, and the grouse are driven up to the masked batteries in which they are concealed. Sometimes the birds come up to the guns with such a terrible rush that they cannot be killed in anything like quantity, and it requires a managing head so to dispose of his executioners that the grouse will have to run a long gauntlet, in order that the birds which are missed by the first guns may fall to some of the others. It is no matter how the guns are disposed, whether in horse-shoe fashion or on any other plan (and it is a happy circumstance), lots of the birds are missed, and fortunately hundreds of very old ones are always shot.

A friend who is fond of 'Baily,' and occasionally helps me with a few "ideas," writes:—

"Be tender with us *drivers*; don't annihilate us all with one sweep of your terrible pen, especially as I quite agree with your idea in the main—that walking after all is really the sport you get most out of, taking the season all through. For those who can devote September as well as August to the moors, grouse-shooting on three days of the week over dogs is most enjoyable, killing at leisure and showing your twenty or thirty birds at the end of the day, not to speak of half-a-dozen hares and a couple of blackcock, and, when the shooting is well mixed, a few brace of partridges. But do give me the delight of an occasional drive—well planned and carefully executed. Let the day be a fine one, in early September; a little sun, but not much; just a capful of wind blowing in the proper direction, the late heather beautiful in its purple sheen, the

decaying flowers in some places emitting a faint odour, the atmosphere clear and bracing. Anon a murmur of several distant voices is borne to our attent ear by the gentle breeze; nearer there can occasionally be heard the ear-pleasing chuckle of a fine old cock, or the bleating of a small flock of black-faced sheep. Hark! It is a faint cry of 'Mark!' that at length reaches the listeners. In the distance there is seen a bird or two rising and falling. Straining our eyes—more and more birds rise and disappear. The ghillies are hard at work a-down the valley, and the warning 'Mark!' sounds more distinctly. 'Bang, bang!' It is the advanced guard who has drawn first blood by a right and left. Now we are at full cock; there he comes—one! again, two! Capital. More and more birds reach us, although, with a chum, I am in the rear. Anon the shooting becomes furious, and grouse positively rain upon the heather. We are eleven guns in all, and I am eighth in the line, but in less than twenty minutes I have thirteen birds, having missed four that I tried for; my companion has been more fortunate, sixteen birds has he laid low—not bad work for two in the rear-most rank. Those in front have of course had the pick of the birds, and they have fallen fast and furiously. In a little time they came in a perfect cloud, but scores of them escaped—choice was embarrassing; sometimes two men killed the same birds. It is a pity the grouse come on us so quickly—thirty or forty miles an hour; a flash, and they are either dead or miles distant, before one has leisure to take stock of his shot. It is a grand three-quarters of an hour of keen excitement, with birds enough for triple the number of guns. Five hundred and thirty number in all the slain, and assuredly as many more escape the dread display of artillery. The business, while it lasts, is somewhat bewildering; it requires a cool head and a steady hand. For one hour and three-quarters were we in the batteries, and for full twenty minutes of the time the grouse were a sight to see; at first they came as single spies, then in twos and fours, all disposed of with unerring aim, number two being ready should number one miss; then, after these advanced guards have been disposed of, there arrives the battalion, hundreds of birds! You will of course say it was a massacre; well, well, do not let us quarrel; grouse, you know, are born to be killed. What then does it matter if they are killed in twos or tens? But I shall not go further in the argument—we agree to differ."

So much for my friend's way of putting it. I simply traverse his statement, and reply that if grouse shooting be a pleasure, why not prolong it?—linked sweetness is the better of being long drawn out. When I find a good dish at table I take care not to eat of it till I am surfeited. I make a note of it in the memory book of my palate, and look for it again, returning to it with renewed pleasure because of my previous temperance. So with grouse-shooting. I like to cut and come again. Give me a fine dry day, with a little bit of a breeze, and let me kill some four-and-twenty moor-fowl, and in the way of sport I seek no more, or nothing that some may

think better. Grouse-shooting lasts for a period of over one hundred week-days; and, if the moor contains a thousand birds, I think it better sport to shoot ten of them each day than a hundred. So with the two P's—the partridges and the pheasants. During the coming battues we shall read of big bags—indeed thousands of these delightful birds will fall in the fine home-parks of our good old English gentlemen, and the hearts of host and guests will be alike rejoiced at the excellent sport they are having. So be it. But I shall not be tempted into that line of business. Let me wander over the stubbles, and I will chance the filling of my bag at my leisure.

Now, be it observed, I am not thrusting my moral in people's faces; I hope they will be able to deduce it for themselves, and to apply it. I do not desire the honour of appearing in the local newspapers. "Mr. Ellangown, and party of four guns, killed 175 brace of grouse and eleven hares, on the Dingaway Moor, on the 13th," would no doubt read well among the other chronicles of sport, but such a record will never appear, and that for the best of all reasons, it will never be made. Here is my day on the heather: rise at seven, breakfast at eight, a modest meal—a saucerful of oatmeal porridge with cream, one cup of coffee half-filled up with cream, a slice of brown bread with butter, a small piece of cold salmon, and a little glass of liqueur. I take to the heather with me a couple of slices of cold buttered toast and a morsel of Stilton cheese, which I wash over with a pint of stout—that is all. Then at 6.30 I am ready for a plain dinner—grouse or hare soup, a little bit of codfish, a slice from a *gigot* of black-faced mutton, a morsel of a blackcock, a pancake, a trifle of cheese and oat-cakes, three glasses of claret during dinner, a glass of port with my bit of cheese, and I have dined. And I duly thank God in return for His bounty—for the many good things of this life he hath bestowed on me, and I so unworthy. These remarks are of course meant to be personal to my own table; I have previously stated the general question as regards the commissariat of the shooting-box. Work done previous to dinner—covered thirteen miles leisurely and killed twelve brace of birds and five hares. Such is my humble idea of a day at one's shooting-lodge, and what I have written contains my "Philosophy of Big Bags."

ELLANGOWAN.

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, 1884.

THE Coping Calendar has certain important anniversaries within its orbit and cycle which no one interested in horseflesh, whether as an amateur or professional dealer, or merely an observer, would on any account miss. Lincoln Fair and Horncastle Fair, for instance, are magnets potent enough to draw the philippics in their thousands; and Ballinasloe and Cahirmee are also epochal, though the glory of

the former equine emporium of the far west has for some years been on the wane; but greater by far, and infinitely more absorbing, is the rendezvous of the Royal Dublin Society in those flat meadows through which the Dodder meanders; and a keen connoisseur would as soon think of failing to keep tryst here as the Parisian boulevardier would of missing a premier representation at the Gymnase. It is said, I know not with what truth, that hippic exhibitions are declining in popular estimation, and that the public has lost its keen appreciation of their value as a spectacle, as well as a standard by which to gauge the progress made in horsebreeding and colt "confectioning." This may be true in England, where the *furor* for hunters and chasers is perhaps not quite so pronounced as in the sister isle, and where the distractions offered to the multitude in province and metropolis are infinitely more numerous and varied than on the western side of the ditch of division; but the appetite for horse shows in Ireland seems too grow with what it feeds on; "Age does not wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety," to all appearance, as the following figures prove most plainly. For whereas 400 was a good entry in Kildare Street, the numbers in the present year reached 820. I think it was Gladstone who averred that eviction in Ireland was a sentence of death to the evictee. The corporation of the Royal Dublin Society is a splendid exception to this generalisation. It is four years since the Government evicted them from their premises in Kildare Street, and from that date a career of the most extraordinary prosperity and success has set in to reward their enterprise and spirit of adventure! Of course Government gave a handsome sum by way of compensation for disturbance, some £25,000; and with this capital to start with, and good store of brains and experience to utilise it, the Executive of the Society have developed an annual show which the "Yanks" characteristically style "a world beater" (the acme of laud in the language of New England and bigger Britain). Nor was this crown of success visible to all speculators a few years ago. Pessimists shook their sapient skulls, and declared that the venue alone would prove fatal to the undertaking; that it was at the wrong end of the town; remote from the great dealer's yards; remote, too, from the railway termini of the city. Four years have proved the vanity of these vaticinations. The public are enchanted—the owners of horses are satisfied—and the cashier of the corporation may say with Horace's miser,

"mihi plaudo"

Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contempler in arcâ."

So far from having been badly chosen, the situation of the Exhibition building and grounds is most attractive. To the north and east, and separated only by a small zone of buildings, is part of the Strand of Dublin's beautiful Bay; to the southward is the sierra of the Dublin and Wicklow range, only five or six miles distant; while Merrion Square, the Belgravia of Ireland's metropolis, and Fitzwilliam Square,

its May Fair, are connected with the Exhibition by a number of semi-detached villas of opulent aspect, where that ominous "To Let," which, like the trail of the serpent or the Land League, seems to hang over much of the rest of the city, appears an unknown term! An admirable service of comfortable tramcars makes the journey from most parts of the town an affair of a few minutes, and still fewer pence. All the great Horse Shows of the kingdom, whether held at Islington, Ripon, Shrewsbury, or Bath, have their special characteristics and peculiarities. Nothing could be much better than the agricultural horses exhibited last month in Edinburgh, while the hunters and "leppers" of the modern Athens were poor in number, quality, and performance. The Shrewsbury show of horses was not worthy of the Salopian shire, though Chippendale, among the stallions, helped to redeem the character of the Exhibition; while at Islington some of the harness and hack classes were extremely good this year. The special *signalement* of the Dublin Show is the immense preponderance of *hunting* material—hunters *in esse* and hunters *in posse*—over all similar gatherings. In some few departments Ball's Bridge is positively weak. In hunting quality and quantity it soars far above all other shows; while the Executive have given opportunities to the public to test the merits and demerits of the exhibits which are unknown elsewhere. Hence the absence of what I may call *professional beauties* among the hunters exhibited. Horses are not kept in Ireland to go the round of the various shows, and to make an income for their owners; and hence it is that the same horse is seldom seen at two consecutive shows. Very sudden and quick was the growth and development of the Ball's Bridge Exhibition buildings! Almost as soon as the move from Kildare Street was decided on a great block of brick and granite buildings seemed to rise as if by magic above the level meadows of the devious Dodder. If it cannot be said with accuracy that

"No workman's steel, no pond'rous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung,"

still the work was done with wonderful despatch and promptness, and every year has added some new form or feature to these cavalry barracks. In the present season a sort of fair green has been added, where horses can be galloped and well extended, and then tried on pavement afterwards, to satisfy the most captious critic or cautious of capitalists. Of the jumping, which attracts thousands and proves a financial fascination of the right sort, it may be said truly that nature has been very well simulated, and that "the leps" are about as fair a test of hunting capabilities as could be devised. The double is not unlike the famous Punchestown obstacle. The wall is nearly a facsimile of the Downshire wall, while the artificial brook, with its flaggers and reeds, might deceive a four-season hunter.

Where so much has been done, and well done, by the Executive of

the Royal Dublin Society to encourage horsebreeding and horse-selling at their annual shows, and where all the arrangements approximate so nearly to "the perfect," it might seem captious and hypercritical to censure any department of the Exhibition; and yet it must be confessed that in the judging and selecting for distinction there is still much to be desired. Some classes are too large for the number of judges engaged, and, as a rather pregnant instance of the manner in which even exemplary equine excellence may be passed by unnoticed, it may be mentioned that at last year's show the winner of the Pembroke Cup—representing perhaps the best young animal in the yard—was not even commended by the judges of his class, though afterwards awarded the prize given by the Earl of Pembroke, the landlord of the big bazaar. Familiarity, according to the copybook, breeds certain contempt, but it also creates, when connected with horse shows and horse fairs, a quickness of eye and judgment that are indispensable for correct appreciation of the candidates for honours in a crowded ring. The man whose business it is to choose his horse or horses from a number offered for sale soon gets into the way of speedy selection—of discarding the bad and unfit for his purpose, and hitting upon the suitable and useful; and unless the judges have had their natural gifts sharpened by some such experience they will not only lose much time, but be apt to blunder considerably. Possibly if the judicial bench were aided by a corps of trained "assessors," it might prove a saving of time and labour, as of course the more of the moderate and bad that can be weeded out promptly, the easier becomes the task of selection among the meritorious minority. The judging in the show of 1884 may be said to have been an improvement on previous years, but it was still very remote from what it should be; and it is a matter of notoriety that in one or two of the more important sections the judges seemed to have very different standards of excellence—a case of *quot judices, tot sententiæ*!

Tuesday, the 26th instant, broke rather menacingly; the weather had become intensely cold from extremely hot, and then followed forebodings of rain, but ere nine o'clock the sun of Ball's Bridge was in the ascendant, and eight hundred and twenty, or perhaps more, horses were all in their boxes or stalls a few minutes after that trysting-time. While we write these observations the judging in several classes is only going on, very few have yet been decided, and in one or two the vets' verdict has upset the ruling of the bench. The show is said to be a very good one in both numbers and quality. Among the thoroughbred sires, York, a dark chestnut, by Cathedral from Empress, by King Tom, won first prize. He is 15 years old, much dipped in the back, but his style and quality was good, and he has size and length to recommend him. Pride of Prussia, 7 years old, a dark bay horse, by Crown Prince from Princess Royal, was placed second. He was one of the best and handsomest chasers I ever saw, up to great weight, and of fine constitution. He was hardly in what could be called show-yard condition, but for all that

he looked a patrician. Heart of Oak, by King of the Forest from Penelope Plotwell, who took first honours a year ago, was third—a compact chubby horse, with good back and loins, and likely to prove very useful at the stud; while Herbertstown, by Belladrum, a good-looking specimen of the thoroughbred, and a horse with good racing antecedents, ran fourth.

After a very prolonged examination, the first prize in the weight-carrying hunter class was given by the judges to The Gamester, chestnut gelding, 5 years old, by Speculation, a handsome horse full of quality. Tory, chestnut gelding, by Fairyland, dam by the Coroner, 3 years old, was placed second. A very useful wear-and-tear sort of horse, Success, by Speculation, a bay gelding, 6 years old, was placed third.

Among the thoroughbred blood mares, Phœbe, a chestnut mare, by Favonius, dam Christmas Pie, by Mountain Deer, bred by Lord Howth, and now the property of Mr. W. Pallin, of Athgarvan Lodge, won first prize.

The ponies were a good lot, and some few celebrities were exhibited, but the judges in this class seem to have neglected *action* for *quality*, giving the first prize to a very neat filly, Meg, bred in North Wales, who, half an Arab, had the faulty and rather straight-legged action of her caste, but she was brimful of quality, and ought to gallop. Ranee, a Devonshire pony, the property of Colonel Talbot, R.H.A., a smart little hack with manners, was placed second.

Among the cobs, Rivulet, a black mare rather wanting in style, but a good mover, was placed first; a very useful brown horse of Mr. Pallin's, the Badger, by Rob Roy, was second.

The three-year-old fillies were a good but small class. Mistletoe, by Heart of Oak, a lengthy brown mare with lots of substance but rather plain shoulders, was placed first. Royal Lady, by Brown Prince, dam Mystery, by the Coroner, was second. She is very neat and a fair mover, but lacked the substance of No. 1.

It would be tedious, and withal unprofitable now, to follow the judges in their arduous horse assize, or attempt to go through the various classes; enough if we glance round at the chief features of the show. The general hunting public always takes an especial interest in the matured hunters, and the 15-stoners were confessedly a very good class this year, freer from rubbish than usual, and not burdened with underbred animals, whose weight-carrying powers ought to be turned to traction, rather than pursuit. The judges took a long time to award the ribands of rivalry here, and when they awarded first prize to Gamester, by Speculation, it was usually thought that they had done full justice to *quality* and *action*; though the second prize horse had far more of that almost indefinable hunting stamp about him, that means not only carrying his rider brilliantly, but being fitted to cope with the wear and tear of a hard open season and deep ground. He has been sold since to a capital judge of horse-flesh at a very high price.

The medium-weight hunters, from 13 st. 7 lbs. to 15 st., were hardly, we fancied, as good as usual, though Mr. Donovan showed a very level bay mare that was placed first; Captain Ker's chesnut gelding, a useful plain horse, second; Mr. Kilroy's Mouse, third. There were 128 competitors in this section.

The class for hunters ranging between 12 st. and 13 st. 7 lbs. proved a *corps d'élite*, and a strong corps too, for it formed a squadron of 169. Exile, by Ascetic (a son of the Hermits) from a Harkaway mare, a horse that combined quality with substance and action in a high degree, was placed first; while Victorious, by Victor and by Old Arthur, a very smart grey horse, who might have been a chaser, *was* a hunter, and had looks and manners for a charger, was second. Fox, a cobby dun horse, of rare action, was third. The four-year-old geldings, likely to make 15 st. hunters, was a small class of only 28, but full of merit. Mr. Donovan's brown gelding was placed first, Mr. James McGorisk's Newstone, a grey gelding, by Cambuslang, being placed second, and subsequently awarded the Pembroke Challenge Cup.

About 50 competed in the somewhat lighter four-year-old colt section, and the class was a very good one. Mr. Coleridge was awarded first and second prizes, for Forester, by Woodman, Marquis, by Lord Conyngham, gaining at the same time Mr. Sewell's Special Hunter Prize; but many were the admirers of a chestnut colt in this class, shown by Mr. Featherstonhaugh, by Haymaker, and of Breemount, by Herbertstown, shown by Mr. O'Connell Murphy.

The light-weight four-year-olds were also a smart lot, and eminent among them was Vedette, a chestnut gelding by Zouave, the property of Mr. Usher Roberts, Lord Rathdonnell's Revenge colt—Retire, another chesnut, coming second.

The driving competitions were in most departments an improvement on last year, and here Surgeon Croly distanced his field with the almost matchless Canadian horse Timekeeper, and the indigenous Strongbow, bred by Lord Charlemont.

The tandem-driving wanted a good deal of rehearsal among men and horses; and though Mr. O'Reilly showed a good coach and team of chestnuts, this department was not strong. The pairs rather lacked merit and quality on the whole; but among single-harness horses Mr. O'Reilly's Chicory caught the eye directly, and so did Mr. Hickey's All Fours, and Mr. Steward's Donabate, all good and true-made horses, and well bent and broken.

The car and cab competition is a most useful feature of the show-yard, and fully appreciated by the denizens of Dublin. Mr. Fitzsimons showed a grand Canadian stepper in his well-appointed car, Outsider, and took first prize. Mr. J. Talon appropriated most, if not all, the other prizes in this class, a fact that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught will be pleased, I feel sure, to learn.

The experience of many years has taught the executive of this show that nothing in their programme is so generally attractive as the jumping competitions, and certainly nothing has proved so

financially successful at Ball's Bridge. Hence a special enclosure has been devoted to it, and stands that command it have been erected on a rather grand scale, but, to judge by this last show, ample accommodation must be secured, and something like a Coliseum will be a Dublin desideratum. The weather this year was rather hostile to the programme, but the stands overflowed; and when H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh came to the jumping enclosure, so great was the enthusiasm and excitement, and the anxiety to catch a glimpse of royalty, so rare in Dublin, that, if the wooden barriers had not given way, there would probably have been some severe crushing, and a crop of accidents. As it was, in three days nearly 200 horses competed for jumping honours, and very few acquitted themselves badly. A very *repandu* society journal rather pooh-poohed the "lepping," and scoffed at the riding, but such was not the verdict of the best experts in the land, or of the general public—no bad judges in Ireland. A more finished performance, taken as a whole, was probably never seen before.

The chief prize-winners were Mr. Acheson Ffrench's Jumbo, who carried more than 16 st.; Mr. Thomas Tarbitt's Cahirmee, a four-year-old to whom jumping comes as natural, seemingly, as eating a feed of corn; Mr. Butson's Fox, a cobby dun of great "lepping" capacity and wonderful training; Mr. Humphrey's Brave and Forester, Mr. Owen's Blackthorn, Mr. Daly's Dollie, and Master Murphy's Duchess; while Lord Desart's The Girl showed as good form as anything there, though only a third prize winner.

The promenade in front of the grand stand was as gay as Ascot on a Cup Day, and, indeed, some of the features of the scene wore a look of Sandown, Goodwood, and Punchestown, and society bloomed and beamed in great splendour of apparel, and brightness of bravery.

Certainly the Royal Dublin Society has achieved greatness, and had greatness thrust upon it, but two very great mistakes were made by the executive in allowing horses unsound to eye and ear to compete in the harness and jumping sections. Unsoundness may creep into a show; it should not be invited and encouraged.

THE PROGRESS OF SPORT.

LIKE the Roman Empire itself, sport had its origin in small beginnings. The slaying of animals was, in the first instance, necessary for the purpose of food, and the protection of human life and property. "Let us go out and kill something," was the first intention, not of Englishmen only, who are credited with having too zealously perpetuated the custom, but of every uncivilised people. Killing wild animals, therefore, for food was the earliest form of hunting and of sport generally, and had it never

been a business it is possible that sport would never have become the amusement it is—an amusement that requires time and money; that provides hundreds of people with a means of livelihood, keeps endless newspapers, and affords a never-failing topic of conversation. When hunting was a business, the death of the thing pursued being the aim and object of the hunter, it was a case of “catch as catch can;” hence the means adopted were those reckoned least fallible, having regard to the few resources available by the primitive hunters. As soon, however, as hunting became more of a recreation—which it did as soon as the absolute necessity for it ceased—it was followed in various ways; and, as successive innovations gave the hunter additional facilities, hunting in course of time became subdivided into several distinct sports which, as they became more practised, came to be governed by distinct sets of rules, until at the present day the chief characteristic of “a good sportsman” is the strictness with which he observes the regulations belonging to that branch of sport in which he indulges.

Another point is that hunting, and sporting generally, instead of being the means of extirpating the animal hunted, as was formerly the case, saves it from being numbered in the list of extinct animals. Were it not for foxhounds, the fox would soon become a rarity; were it not for the Devon and Somerset staghounds, how long would the wild red deer be found on Exmoor and the Quantocks? while it may be seriously asked how long would game survive the repeal of the game laws? On rivers outside the reach of otter hounds otters are rarely met with; the cockney sportsman has well-nigh killed every kingfisher on the Thames, and now people are writing to the papers asking that the indiscriminate slaughter of birds and beasts unprotected by statutes, like game, or by custom, like the fox, be checked, lest they be exterminated.

We may begin with hunting, as being the earliest form of sport, and, without seeking for the very earliest verified instance of it, we may be content to learn from that good old Greek sportsman, Xenophon, that the invention of the art of hunting is from the gods; and sportsmen, he says, referring to some of the classical heroes, are a class whom the good love and the bad envy, a state of things not far from the truth nowadays. Xenophon further advises young men not to despise hunting, nor any other training, for “by such means men become good soldiers, and excel in other accomplishments,” a view entertained by the Iron Duke, who is reported to have said, “Give me a hunting man for an A.D.C.”

With regard to the manner in which hunting was carried on, the old Greeks and Romans used their *canes venatici*—and precious mongrels some of them must have been—some of whom hunted by sight, others by scent; and we have it on the best authority that the *ἰὼ κύνες, καλῶς γε ὦ κύνες*, was the very earliest edition of our modern “Yoicks, mind him there; have at him, Rambler; forrard together!” Dogs and hounds, however, were only means to an end. The equipment of an ancient hunter was incomplete

without his nets, of which he had a variety, and it was into a net that the hare, deer, or boar eventually found himself driven. These nets were in use in the times of some of our own kings, though they and their friends had shots at deer as they passed on the way to the nets. Stag hunting seems to have always been looked upon as a royal amusement in England, and to have taken precedence of other kinds of hunting. Where the wild boar was found, that, perhaps, was looked upon as the chief beast of venery. Hare-hunting, however, is the branch of hunting upon which the ancients expended most of their science. Xenophon's *Cynegeticus* was quite the Beckford's treatise of his day, and the contents prove the author to have been a thorough sportsman; in fact, much of what he wrote holds good to the present day. In Xenophon's time the approved method of hare-hunting was to find the hare in her form, by the use of hounds, and then to run her into the everlasting net. Another ancient writer, who would have been the "Nimrod," "Brooksby," or Whyte-Melville of his day, gives us a well-written account of hare-hunting, pointing out all the hare's tactics to put the hounds off the scent, and of her attempts to reach a cover or rocky place whither hounds and men may not follow. One would think, however, that there was not over-much need of strategem on the hare's part, for we learn, from the same reporter, that the hare, having left danger far behind, makes for a hill where, erecting herself on her hind legs—like the hare pursued by the Green Man in the nursery book—she makes fun of her pursuers. Although the ancients may have had dogs they esteemed valuable, the Grecian harriers must have been very different from a pack of dwarf foxhounds. The ancients were also much given to hunting the wild boar, for which big, powerful dogs were used, though here again the net was an important item in the equipment. In reading Xenophon's account of wild boar hunting, it will be seen that in hunting there is really very little that is new, for "when the hunters have come to a place where they suppose that there is a boar, they must bring up the dogs quietly, letting one of the Spartan dogs loose, and keeping the others tied, and go round the wood with the loose dog." Thus it appears that "tufting" as now practised on Exmoor by the Devon and Somerset staghounds, was the common method of drawing a covert in the time of Xenophon. When the Spartan tufter found the boar, "the body of the pack," as we should call them, were laid on, and after that stage of affairs the proceedings bore a very strong resemblance to pig-sticking as practised in India. Failure of scent appears to have been productive of as much disappointment to the Grecian fields as it has to their descendants, for the crafty historian makes some remarks on scent. In his opinion it was best in spring and autumn. He found it poor when Jack Frost held sway, and inclined to the idea that a heavy dew was inimical to scent by keeping it down on the ground. Lastly, it is curious to remark that Xenophon did not believe in the

southerly wind favouring scent. This, we believe, is the experience of most hunting men, in spite of the old song.

Xenophon did not live to see the introduction of coursing; but Arrian gives a very good description of pursuing the hare with greyhounds, which system, it may be remarked, does not differ materially from the mode at present employed when hares are found, instead of being trapped. The ground was beaten, and the dogs then slipped. The judge of the slipping, however, had a worse time of it than any modern sporting official, unless, perhaps, it be the starter of a five-furlong scramble. Patent slips not being then introduced, it took two persons to slip two dogs; and the position of the hare, when seen, determined which two dogs should be slipped; the object being to slip those two that would start as nearly as possible on level terms. To ensure satisfactory slipping, a very firm judge was needed, or else, as every one wanted to see his own dog run, the whole lot would sometimes be slipped at once. As these early sportsmen knew so much, it is curious they never hit upon the expedient of making each man hold his neighbour's dog, just as in orthodox donkey-racing every jockey rides a donkey belonging to some one else.

Modern racing was anticipated by chariot-races, which were in vogue before riding races were thought of; indeed, it is probable that unmounted horses competed before horses ridden by jockeys tried conclusions. Homer was the best racing reporter of the ancients, and has left us a graphic account of a chariot-race which was won by Diomedes; with Antilochus, who was reprimanded for what was suspiciously like foul driving, and Menelaus, running into places. Nor must hawking be overlooked in the list of old time sports. Aristotle speaks of the Thracians going into reedy places and putting up birds which were struck down by hawks flying overhead; but there is doubt about the hawks being tame ones. A probable solution is, that the hawks were wild, and were attracted to the spot by seeing the birds flying about.

Turning from land to water, we find the ancients indulging in fishing. As they made such use of the net ashore, they were not likely to discard the use of it for fishing; and accordingly we find netting much practised, not however, to the exclusion of angling with and without a rod; and it may surprise some people to learn that fly-fishing was practised by the Macedonians, and that coloured wools and the hackles of a cock formed, at that early period, part of the artificial fly maker's stock in trade. It will thus be seen that hunting, racing, fishing, and coursing are no modern inventions; and it may be added that, in certain main principles, the modern mode does not differ from that followed by the ancients. Modern coursers have added little to the sport, nor is the angler of to-day very much more in advance of Izaak Walton than that worthy was in front of Cœcilius of Argos, or Agathocles of Atracia.

So much, then, for a hasty outline of the early days of sport—dry reading, perhaps, and slightly suggestive of school days, but not

unimportant when trying to trace the origin and progress of sport from its primitive beginning, down to its very complete form at the present time.

Leaving the Greeks and Romans, and coming to our own country, we find it recorded by Dio Nicæus, an old writer, that the inhabitants of the north of our island were barbarians, tilled no ground, and lived upon what they killed—leading very much the kind of life led in their native wilds by Farini's Earthmen; and it may be gathered generally that the Britons were all more or less given to hunting. Deer were always captured when possible, but it is a curious thing that the Britons did not eat hares, although "the island abounded with them," Cæsar tells us—a state of things that will probably never again be seen under the Ground Game Act. The historian adds that this abstinence from hares' flesh arose from a religious scruple, "which principle," Strutt remarks, "prevented them from being worried to death, a cruelty reserved for more enlightened ages." By about 1481, however, the aforesaid religious scruples appear to have been overcome, for Dame Juliana Bernes, sister to Lord Bernes, and prioress of the nunnery of Sopewell, wrote in her book that "the hare is the king of all the beasts of venerie, and in hunting maketh the best sport, breedeth the most delight of any other, and is a beast most strange by nature." This renowned dame, who appears to have been thoroughly conversant with the details of all sport—how she would have enjoyed reading some of Ouida's sporting incidents!—also points out, for she was particular about correct technical terms, "we say the hare sitteth, whereas, speaking of other beasts, we say they lie in their retreats, and the reason is, because she ever buckleth upon her leggs, as though nature had taught her always to have her seat in readiness."

It may here be remarked that the preservation both of game and of animals fit to be hunted is often looked upon as an institution of yesterday. That, however, is hardly the fact, for as long ago as the time of the Anglo-Saxons there was a distinction between the higher and lower chase. The former was expressly reserved for the king and his friends, while the latter was only allowed to the owner of the land—there was a sort of Anglo-Saxon Ground Game Act; in fact, our earliest forest laws date from the time of Canute, and they allowed every man to sport on his own land, and Edward the Confessor, who appears to have pretty well divided his time between going to mass, hunting, and hawking, confirmed them. Yet even this mild prince made it a capital offence to hunt on Crown lands, and if a man by accident caused a wild beast to run himself to exhaustion, he was liable to be fined or flogged. If a royal stag was the animal, two years imprisonment was the penalty, or, in the case of a serf, death. Then we have the additional rules of William the Conqueror, Rufus, Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Cœur de Lion, and John, the whole of which were practically based upon preservation, by limiting the

number of persons who were allowed to sport; and, as the royal forests were tolerably extensive, the natural product of bird and beast must have sufficed to have kept up a head of game more than sufficient for the limited number of persons who hunted them; especially as warm corners were then unknown, and the four-barrelled gun was not invented.

But to return to hunting. At the age of twelve King Alfred was reputed to be a skilful and daring hunter, and a proficiency in sport continued to characterise most of our kings. Stag hunting, as we have said, was the chief sport indulged in, and then, as now, much of it took place round about Windsor. The use of the net was still retained, at any rate until almost the time of Edward IV., though, when a royal hunting party took place, platforms were erected in convenient spots, and on these structures the party took their stand, armed with bows and arrows, and as the deer were driven by they were shot at. In the reign of Edward IV. this poaching sort of carrying-on appears to have, to a great extent, given way to a more legitimate system of hunting. When that monarch entertained at Windsor a certain Signor de Gruthuse, he mounted his guest on his "owne faire palfrey," or on what Whyte-Melville would have called the "clipper that stands in the stall at the top," and took him out to see what stag hunting was like. The party soon came upon some deer, and in the course of the afternoon killed half-a-dozen, some with greyhounds and others with deerhounds, so that, whatever breed the latter may have been, there were at all events two ways of killing a deer at that time.

Although hart, roe, buck, stag, marten, hare, and badger, were all recognised beasts of venery, the fox seems to have been despised in early times. He was called "a beast of stinking flight," a mean animal, and only just escaped being known as "rascal," a generic term under which was comprised all animals hunted that were not included in the orthodox list. The first mention of fox-hunting occurs in the reign of Richard II., about 1381, when the king granted a charter to the Abbot of Peterboro', allowing him to hunt the fox, but, so far as can be learned, there was very little fox-hunting done till about 1660. Twenty years later it is all but certain that there was not in England a single pack of hounds kept for hunting the fox exclusively, and it is still a matter of doubt at what date the first pack of regular foxhounds was established.

In Nimrod's 'The Chase' there is an extract from a letter from Lord Arundel, dated 1833, in which the writer says that an ancestor of his kept foxhounds between 1690-1700, and they remained in the family till 1782, when they were sold to Mr. Meynell, then at Quorndon Hall, who, in his turn, disposed of them in 1800, after forty-seven years' mastership of the Quorn. Then, again, an inscription on an old hunting-horn says that with that horn Thomas Boothby, Esq., of Tooley Park, Leicester, "hunted the first pack of foxhounds then in England fifty-five years. Born 1677, died

1752." The late Lord Wilton thought that hounds began to be entered solely to fox about the middle of the 18th century, and perhaps this surmise is not far from right. In the West of England, says the compiler of Hone's Table Book, the first real steady pack of foxhounds was established by Mr. Fownes, of Stapleton, Dorsetshire, about 1730. When the owner was forced to get rid of them, they were sold to Mr. Bowes, of Yorkshire. Their own huntsman and whips took them north, and, after having been duly admired on the flags, a day was fixed for trying them in the field. When the kennel servants arrived with the hounds, great was the horror of the fox-hunting huntsman to find some of his Yorkshire field whipping a gorse covert as if they were looking for a hare. This was stopped, and the hounds drew for and found a fox in the orthodox manner, and a good run ensued. The Yorkshiremen were delighted at the sport, and made a substantial "cap" for the huntsman. If this account is to be credited, it shows that fox-hunting must have travelled north, and was not a sport with which Mr. Bowes and his friends were very familiar, or they would not have disturbed the covert before the hounds came up, nor would the run have caused so much sensation as it seems to have done.

However, when fox-hunting once became a distinct and acknowledged sport, it made rapid strides towards that perfection seen at the present day. There are now hardly any packs of hounds in England that are not at least of average excellence, while the Belvoir, Duke of Beaufort's, Brocklesby, and others, not to mention Peterboro' Hound Show, prove how high is the present standard of hound breeding. Faster hounds require the field to be mounted on faster horses than the old stamp of hunter; accordingly hunters now bring prices that have never been exceeded, not even in the days when four of Mr. Foljambe's realised £1170, and Assheton Smith offered three hundred guineas for Blue Ruin. Nor must professional huntsmen and whips be left out of sight. Circumventing an animal always required the possession of certain qualities, but the duties of kennel servants are none the easier now that large jealous riding fields come out with hounds.

As compared with hunting, coursing, or fishing, shooting is a modern sport, and the want of some weapon as easily managed and as deadly as the gun must have been seriously felt by the ancient sportsmen. Bows and arrows were naturally used as much as possible, and the ancients tried to supply the want of a missile by adopting the use of a lagobolon, a short, crooked staff—a kind of boomerang, probably—that was thrown at hares as they ran. Although gunpowder is said to have been known to the Chinese nearly four hundred years before the birth of Christ, there are no records telling us that guns and gunpowder were used for sporting purposes earlier than quite the end of the 14th century. Archery was of course made the best use of, and the proper thing to do was to strike the bird on the beak with a blunt-headed arrow called a

"bird bolt." By 1446, however, sporting guns were certainly in use, as in 'The Gun and its Development' there is a caricature illustration of a sportsman of the 15th century. "About 1580," writes Mr. Greener, "an Italian work informs us that shooting at birds and animals in motion was first practised, but this could not have been to any great extent." We should think not with the weapons then in use! Shooting flying is mentioned in the 'British Apollo,' printed in 1708; and Pegge ('Anonymiana,' cent. v. 91) relates that William Tunstall was the first person who shot flying in Derbyshire. He was Paymaster-General of the rebel army, and made prisoner in Preston in 1715. He was captured flying, and was himself very nearly being shot flying! Grouse were usually taken by hawking and netting, until shooting flying was introduced, the date of which Mr. Fosbroke gives as 1725. This is ten years later than the time given by Pegge, but it is easy to understand that so difficult an accomplishment did not become general in a very short time, and in 1727 it was enough of a novelty to warrant Mr. Markland, of St. John's College, Oxford, in writing a poem about it.

For a long time shooting was a purely aristocratic amusement. No one, however wealthy he might have been, could shoot unless he possessed certain qualifications as to property. Now no qualification is necessary, and any one can shoot who can get a gun and take out a licence, subject, of course, to an action for trespass should he shoot over land on which he has no right to go. But when the qualification system was abolished in the reign of William IV., many who were willing to shoot were unable to do so, because sixty years ago there was hardly any shooting to be hired. Then, too, the style of shooting has changed quite as much as the conditions under which it was, once upon a time, carried on. Listen to the author of Daniell's 'Rural Sports'—how he warns the tyro never to omit wiping out his "fowling piece" after every twenty shots, or running a feather along the pan and into the touch hole. Imagine the impatience of a party of modern gunners, armed with the latest improved weapon, on being called upon to wait while the rev. gentleman or his disciple went through these these motions, and charged his flint-lock "piece" besides! Those were the days when 76 brace of pheasants in three days was a good bag for two guns; while 25 brace of pheasants, 13 brace of partridges, 29 hares, 30 woodcocks, and 12 couples of rabbits to three guns in one day was considered a bag worth recording in print. With better tools came better workmen. The acme of perfection was considered to have been reached with the percussion-cap, while middle-aged sportsmen can well remember the wordy war that arose on the invention of breech-loaders. Still inventors have gone on inventing, until at the present time the only thing that ever seems likely to put a stop to shooting is the want of something to shoot at.

Those of our readers who can, of their own knowledge, supplement what we have written of the history of sport will know how hunting

in all its branches has gone on growing in popularity ; and how impossible it is for us living nowadays in so populous a place as England to have our amusements of the same wild nature as our ancestors of a thousand years ago could. Persons who object to sport of all kinds, except for the purpose of extermination or food, are really saying that there has been no sport since civilisation, and the invention of butchers, made men independent of hunting for their daily supplies. From the necessarily short sketch we have been able to give, it will be seen that directly hunting ceased to be a business, it became a recreation, and the general public were thenceforth precluded from indulging their sporting tastes. As we have shown, the first step towards preservation was by limiting the number of people who were permitted to kill things ; and when that number increased means were taken to augment the supply of game. In early times, when there was no such thing as turning-down foxes, or rearing pheasants in coops, hunting and shooting were more nearly assimilated to wild sports than they are now, yet even then there was something artificial about them, because they were not undertaken from necessity, and because there was a certain amount of preservation ; and opponents of sport say that directly you preserve a thing from being killed by any one, in order that it may be despatched by a privileged few, you abolish sport, and set up cruelty and artificiality in its place.

In the time of our grandfathers, the only winged game hatched under hens was from eggs that had been disturbed by mowers, and many writers would have us believe that pheasants hatched under hens are so tame that they gather in crowds at the feet of the sportsman under the idea that they are going to be fed. The initiated know better than this, and know, further, that a pheasant reared in a coop flies just as strongly as one that is the natural product of a spared hen.

A very similar mis-statement was made only a fortnight ago by a correspondent to a paper that is not given to take notice of sporting matters. That individual wrote that, in the district in which he lived, foxes were so "tame" that, when they saw any one, they merely trotted away for about forty yards and gazed quietly at the passing stranger ; and, adds the writer, "a friend of mine residing in the 'Dorset Hunt' tells me that there the foxes do the same." Now, whether fox-hunting be or be not cruel, fox-hunters, like all other accused persons, may at least claim to have the case against them stated fairly. Every one with any knowledge of the subject knows quite well that turned-down foxes are never "tame." If hunted too soon after being turned down they of course do not know the country ; but, as a matter of fact, foxes are never turned down except by those who do not allow them to remain on their land, but who, at the same time, contrive to procure a bagman when their coverts are drawn, to save their credit with the neighbours. Cubs are sometimes turned down, but these can never be tame, for they are—or should be—procured from some district in which there is no

hunting, and enlarged as soon as received, in order that they may find their way about, as without that knowledge of country they are useless to fox-hunters.

In fishing, too, an amusement that, curiously enough, is indulged in by many who object to other kinds of sport, we find preservation takes place. There is a close time for fish from salmon down to roach and dace, and this is surely one kind of preserving. True, salmon and trout are not in season for the table all the year round; but, if the capture of living things is only to take place as it did before civilisation altered the aspect of affairs, the mere question of in or out of season—a purely civilised distinction—should not be permitted to interfere with the sporting tendencies of the people. And this reminds us that persons who have salmon and trout-fishing do not throw it open; they keep it for themselves, just as they do their shooting, which is exactly what the early kings did with their forests. Moreover, the stocking of rivers is carried out by means of fish-hatching by artificial means. If it be unsportsmanlike to preserve foxes from gunners, trappers, and poisoners, in order that they may be hunted; if it be unsportsmanlike to hatch pheasants under hens in order to shoot them, where is the defence for hatching the ova of salmon and trout, in order to afford continued sport for the angler? Still, though sport in England is in a sense artificial, that does not necessarily preclude the exercise of a sportsmanlike spirit. To take a lion in a pitfall and starve him to death was one way of getting rid of a dangerous neighbour, but we should not call it sportsmanlike, while there was a great deal more cruelty involved in this wild sport than takes place under our artificial system.

No notice has been taken of illegal amusements, such as baiting animals, pugilism, or cocking; nor of those recreations that, whether cruel or not, come under the head of pastimes rather than sport. Such for instance are pigeon-shooting and rabbit-coursing. But few of our readers have probably ever seen a rabbit-course; but, as a sign of the vitality of this kind of amusement among a certain class, it may be mentioned that during last year no less than twenty-one new clubs were formed.

DO FISH FEEL PAIN?

SOME clever persons, doubtless, are able to answer this question in a very prompt, off-hand sort of way; their answer will of course be "Certainly." But we shall not be quite so hasty; we will argue the question first, hear the reasons *pro* and *con*, and then state our opinion.

The interrogatory, indeed, is not a new one; it has been asked over and over again, and is constantly breaking out in some fresh place. We have before us, as we write, a series of letters on the subject, which have just been appearing in a popular newspaper,

and, in addition to these letters, we are in possession of notes of a few experiments of various kinds, which, as an angler and a writer on the economy of our fisheries, we have from time to time conducted with the view of forming an opinion on the subject. It is not so very long ago that fish were reputed to be animals altogether void of senses of any kind; it was doubted if they could hear, it was asserted that they had no power of smell, their vision also was thought to be somewhat defective, and, as for their sense of taste, it has been oftener than once said, they were palate-blind and would swallow anything, never "thinking" whether it would or would not digest. But now we know better; as a clever angler once said in regard to the latter idea, "Nonsense! see how eagerly they dash at salmon-roe, see them yourself, and then tell me true if you think they are destitute of smell and taste. Pooh, pooh,—nonsense!" That is a fair enough way of putting the case; any one who has fished with the bait in question is in a position to speak the truth; trout take rapidly when offered salmon-roe, which is, however, an illegal bait. Many a time and oft in the long ago, when all our other lures had failed to fill our basket, we have got a fisher's dozen by giving them a taste of the roe; but in our young days those who resorted to "the roe" were rather looked down upon.

The French fisher folks are believers in roe; when engaged in capturing sprats and sardines they bait the ground with prepared cod-roe, which, although somewhat expensive, forms a great factor in the capture of these fishes. With regard to the assertion that fish are deaf, it can be disposed of at once; they are not destitute of the power of hearing, but really hear with great acuteness. This has been proved by numerous well-conducted experiments. Among others who collected evidence on the subject were Doctors Monro and Knox of Edinburgh, who proved the fact of the acute hearing power of fish on many occasions, each working independently of the other. Water is an admirable conductor of sound; it conveys noise to a long distance, at a rate of speed which is almost inconceivably rapid. As to this, we have the authority of Benjamin Franklin, who experimented on the subject. Now as fish have been created to live in water only, is it not quite reasonable to suppose that they obtain the benefit of this power of the water? Besides, have we not all read of pet fish in China being summoned to their food by the sound of a bell, and of others being whistled upon, just as if they were dogs?

It is not, however, to these senses of fish which we are now to give our attention. The question we have asked (the title of this article) is, "Do fish feel pain?" and we shall proceed to answer it. As has been hinted, there are persons who do not hesitate to say "No," and others who answer with equal promptitude "Yes." In letters bearing on the subject, recently printed in a daily newspaper, the most contradictory statements are made, and opposition theories advanced. Those persons who argue that trouts (or presumably

any other fish) are insensible to pain, do so on the ground that trouts have been taken with hooks in their mouths, the hook having a portion of a line attached. Very good. But that fact does not prove the case, as in its very agony the animal, it may be, hopes that it may get rid of its torment; at any rate it is presumably food of which it is in search. Trout, so far as we know, only swallow the hook in consequence of a deception; in other words it is hidden by the bait which is affixed to it. Trout do not swim about in search of hooks, so far as we know, and no fish would be likely from choice to swallow a bare barb, if it knew it to be such!

The following extract from the correspondence already alluded to will show the line of argument:—"When fishing in the year 1870, on the river Inver, in Sutherland, just below Loch Assynt, I saw a trout in a stream with something dark, which I took to be a weed, waving in the water behind him. I threw my fly across him, and he came at once, and I found that the supposed weed was about two yards of coarse hair line attached to a large bait-hook, rusty, and embedded in the gullet of the fish. On another occasion, a year or two ago, I got a Loch Tay salmon in perfect health and vigour, which had a Brown's phantom, hooks and all, chewed into a lump in one corner of his mouth. Either of these circumstances occurring to any warm-blooded animal would have occasioned the most acute pain, and the indifference shown by the fish is pretty conclusive that if they do feel anything, it is more a slight inconvenience and detention than what we know as pain."

Surely the writer of this letter begs the question; he forgets that the fish has been unable to get rid of the foreign matter, and is, therefore, obliged to retain it. He forgets also that the fish, in swallowing the article, had been deceived; it was food the fish was in search of, when it took that hook, and, not being killed, it still felt the sense of hunger, and therefore tried to obtain more food. It is adding insult to injury to suppose that it is for "pleasure" the trout lives with a hook stuck in its throat—who can tell the agonies it may be suffering all the time? It is really absurd to suppose that a fish taken with an old hook in its mouth is fond of hooks, and would rather be hooked than not; but some persons are so deficient in the reasoning faculties as not to perceive the absurdity of their arguments. As one writer says in his contribution to the controversy:—"Your correspondents are out in their reasoning when they argue that because they have caught a fish with several hooks in its mouth or stomach, and sundry yards of line dragging therefrom, therefore fish cannot feel pain. As well assume that because a man with cancer in his stomach walks about his outward daily avocations with stolid, impassable face, and eats and sleeps like other men, he must therefore feel no pain. The fact is, the unfortunate fish with the hooks in its mouth is just like the unfortunate man with the cancer in his stomach; he cannot help it, he must just bear it, and make the best of it." The eye of a trout was drawn out of its socket, but the fish escaped: the eye was put

on the hook, and the trout, seizing it, was captured, and the person who relates the anecdote assumes that the fish felt no pain! Why? Simply because the animal seized a hook on which its eye was fastened as bait—the assumption being that the trout thought the whole matter a real good joke. The writer has seen a trout expire in terrible agony, because of a cut or two that was made to extricate a hook—it positively writhed in what the writer supposed to be great “pain.”

We need not go further with our illustrative matter; it could be prolonged *pro* and *con* through several pages, but it would be throughout only a case of “you’re another.” Fish of all kinds have a very small amount of brain-power, as little as a horse, in fact; a thirty pound halibut will only have about half-an-ounce of brain-matter—the brains of our fishes are only as $\frac{1}{10000}$ th part of their total weight—therefore fishes, it may be said, are not intelligent or intellectual. We have no intention, in discussing this matter, to be too learned, and shall not in consequence ask where the seat of pain is. Some writers maintain that the sensibility of an animal is according to its brain-power; but the horse has a very small volume of brain, yet it feels pain most acutely. In an interesting paper read by Mr. Bently at a meeting of an angling society, the conclusion come to by the lecturer was that “Fishes do not feel pain, because of their small brain and their peculiar nervous systems, coupled to the fact that they are cold-blooded, and this conclusion seems confirmed by their being absolutely mute.” This is an interesting conclusion to arrive at. But do not dumb persons, then, feel any pain? Every living thing must feel pain in some degree, when something is done to it which is in opposition to the dictates of the degree of life with which it has been endowed. One has only to witness the boiling of a basketful of crabs to see how intense the pain is which these animals feel when the water becomes hotter than they are able to bear. Humane persons kill crabs and lobsters with a sharp needle before boiling them, and the boiling of them used to be an act of difficulty, in consequence of their tendency to throw off their limbs when pained. The writer has seen the living flounders in Holland, when being cut and trimmed for the market, writhe in what seemed to be dreadful torture. But fish, being cold-blooded, do not, we are told, suffer pain in the same degree as warm-blooded animals; but what is the degree alluded to? Will they not be pained in relation to that degree, just as exquisitely as warm-blooded animals will be? Because the fish is mute, it does not feel pain! Dogs and cats are animals possessed of considerable brain power, and when they are injured they make known their injuries most effectually, especially the dog. A shark is a creature with very little brain-power; its brain is said to be as $\frac{1}{2400}$ th part of its total weight, and it has been told that one of these animals has seized and eaten a part of its own body which had been cut from it as it was being put to death. Not in the struggles of its death, we presume? as according to the account

of some writers, sharks rather enjoy the tortures which are inflicted on them, and playfully snap with their dangerous mouths at all who are witnessing their enjoyment! Warm-blooded animals, it is admitted on all hands, are keenly sensible to pain. "Man feels pain acutely, because his brain is very large." How large will be the brain of the elephant or the whale? That the latter animal feels pain acutely we know, when the part of its body which is protected by the envelope of blubber is passed, and a sensitive part is reached. But why prolong the argument? Man cannot know the degree of pain felt by the fish which he captures, because he cannot feel it. When a boy is birched at school or at home, he is seldom slow in letting the pain he feels be known, but all boys do not when they are flogged suffer the same degree of hurt; some, indeed, take their punishment with a considerable degree of equanimity, more especially those who are accustomed to the "swishing." Angling is a dear delight, but let not anglers lay the flattering unction to their souls that the hook which they tempt the fish to swallow does not give pain. It is a pleasant pastime, no doubt, to lure the speckled trout from the brook, but it always reminds us of the well-known story of the boys and the frogs—"Sport to you is death to us."

P.S. The case of the diseased salmon must not be forgotten; it is the opinion of the writer that they feel pain. We noticed in the Tweed, two years ago, a grilse rubbing itself against a large tree-root as if it were very unhappy indeed; it was covered with patches of fungus, of which it desired, very evidently, to relieve itself. We saw no wound upon the fish, however, but it was restless and dashed vigorously every now and then at the tree root. Although the fungus was only, to all appearance, a growth on its skin, that member of the salmon family *felt* it was there, and would no doubt have been glad to be rid of it.

GIANT STRIDES.

OLD Gulliver is a great friend of mine. I often dine with him; and after a heavy supper, what is less wonderful than that you should find yourself at the Court of Brobdingnag, in company with giants? And when a little extra indigestion troubles you—oh, those dreadful monsters! how they cruelly overawe you, and threaten to crush the life out of you, if you move a muscle of your inanimate body without their leave! It is only a nightmare after all, but its unpleasant recollection survives the dream, and the reality of Gulliver's troubles in search of adventure are as vivid as ever for long watchful hours afterwards. How many a man and woman, who may have read these remarkable parabolical annals at the time they were written, must have been in ignorance of their true meaning, and said to themselves—"Did Gulliver ever meet with real giants?"

or are there really giants inhabiting the far-off and unknown regions of the globe?"

Dean Swift was a true prophet, dear 'Baily,' for have we not giants in these days? Not the huge sixty-feet eccentricities of Brobdingnag, 'tis true, but in this year 1884, have we not typical enormities in the way of sport that would have been food for many a good chapter in Gulliver's history, had he lived again for our edification now?

Take racing to begin with—the value of a single racing stud has been proved to be little short of 100,000*l*. Lord Falmouth has clearly demonstrated, by the immense sums that he has won in stakes on the turf, that the average of 370 *gs.* for 221 lots of thoroughbred horses sold at his sale is by no means a fancy price.

The value of the best strains of blood is pre-eminently proved by the price given this year for six yearlings by Galopin, viz., 12,200 *gs.*, or an average of 2033 *gs.* each; while the sons of Hermit, a more numerous progeny, are prodigiously valuable. Eleven of them have fetched 14,320 *gs.*, an average of 1302 *gs.* How many a happy thought must this giant of the stud, old Hermit, have brought to Mr. Henry Chaplin during the long years of dignity that he has spent at Blankney, since his memorable Derby Day!

Following well in the track of these two leading giants we have Rosicrucian, Sterling, Hampton, Doncaster, Robert the Devil, Petrarch, Uncas, Albert Victor, and Camballo; and who can deny their enormous value, measured by the price of their stock, and their success at the stud?

Compare these figures with the Lilliputian days of fifty years ago, when Lord George Bentinck's great stud, including Queen of Trumps, only sold for 10,000*l*.

Then look at the value of our races. The old 50*l*. plates have blossomed into 100*l*., 200*l*., 500*l*., and even 1000*l*. plates, which are now almost as plentiful as blackberries in September. To add 1000*l*. to a race is only a matter of every-day imitation. Royal Ascot adds 2000*l*. to one, and 1000*l*. to three others. Manchester gives 2000*l*. to a handicap, besides paying 20 per cent. to its shareholders; and 500*l*. of added public money to big races can now be counted by the score.

Not only this, all our old historic races are about to be capped in value by the 10,000*l*. Eclipse Plate that has already closed, and is to be run for in due course at Sandown Park. These are giant strides indeed, due in almost every instance (except Ascot, Epsom, Doncaster, and Goodwood) to the almighty shilling of the British people. The racing arenas of the present day draw gigantic crowds into their enclosed spaces, and serve to enrich the turf at the expense, perhaps, of its ancient freedom and traditions; and yet who shall predicate that the doings of the present era are not destined to be excelled before another half-century shall have rolled out its coil of enterprise? And is it not a sign of a great future when we see Lord Falmouth, our premier in racing, who but yesterday had bid us

adieu, to-day fain to dash into the arena once again? Not afraid of buying back for a cool thousand or two some of the choicest blood, that will presently found a second stud, far superior to the old cast-off bauble that the whole racing world was longing to possess a few weeks ago. Is not this mounting Pelion upon Ossa?

The time records of our racehorses may be deceptive, but they show little or no improvement in the pace at which our great races are run—howbeit The Lambkin has just done the St. Leger course in the fastest time on record, 3 m. 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs; while Archer has won 185 races at the end of the Doncaster week, a feat never performed before by a jockey scaling 8 st. 7 lbs. as his lowest weight.

And what of hunting? With all our love for Asheton Smith, Meynell, Sir Richard Sutton, Lord Henry Bentinck, and the other great guns of the old school, to whom we owe so much of the science of hunting and riding to hounds, what would they have thought of 117 $\frac{1}{2}$ brace of foxes killed in a single season in one hunt, and at least 5000 brace throughout the country? And yet the hunting season 1883–84 can boast of this giants' work, and more besides. It is not that the hounds are better than in old days—in fact, I think, it must be confessed that they have deteriorated in nose; or perhaps, to put the matter more fairly for them, their difficulties in the way of scent have increased. The country is more cut up with roads, railroads, &c.; and there is artificial farming, and more stock in the fields to bother them. The true reason for the greater success in hunting is the science that is brought to bear on it. Money, too, is lavished on it. It is the pace that kills, as the foxes know to their cost; and while I write the record of 1884–85 is beginning. The sight of three masks on the whip's saddle-bow this morning made me reflect with a sigh, what a pigmy record will this 1884 of ours appear to be when brought face to face with that of A.D. 1900!

One meets now a new creation, the peripatetic hunting man. The following conversation is not uncommon in the bay windows of the clubs: "Ah, well, I don't intend to do much cub-hunting this season—interferes with the shooting and the Newmarket autumn meetings! Think I shall stay at home for the first fortnight of the season, just to do a little covert shooting, to show at the opening meets, and take the kick out of my cattle. Then, perhaps, I shall spend a month at Ci'cester, just to infuse a little more *ride* into Charley Hoare's and the Duke's people. Have got some invitations to the north about Christmas time. Capital balls there, you know, and they go like fun over those Yorkshire ploughs; the deeper the ground the better for a well-mounted fellow, you know. After that I intend to settle down at Melton or Harborough till March; they will have mopped up all their bad foxes by that time, and the grass will be perfection." "How do you manage your subscriptions?" asks a mild sportsman of a different type. "Oh, easily enough!—a tenner or twenty does very well for our un-

fashionable country at home. The Vale is full of money, and cares more for a fellow coming to show them the way than for his coin. Of course the Duke of Beaufort takes nothing, and sometimes gives you his Button, which is worth going for. All the Yorkshire hunts stink of money, and at Melton a pony to the covert fund, and the same to the Quorn secretary, puts me quite on the right side of the counter; so you see I get a deal of fun for my money." Sportsmen, beware! "*Improbe amor (Dianæ), quid non mortalia pectora cogis!*"

Then there is cricket. If we have proved ourselves to be giants here, our neighbours in the Antipodes have shown themselves to be still greater ones. What a farce it is to talk nowadays about the feat of getting 100 runs in a first-rate match! Why, the list of examples of it fill a column in every sporting paper in this month, and two hundred has been accomplished in many instances—even 300 runs, I believe, also during the season; while, when we take the total scores of our leading County teams in a single innings, we find that Hampshire has made 645 runs, Kent 414 runs, Sussex 464 runs, Nottingham 458 runs, Gloucester 484 runs, and Surrey 464 runs (in the same match). Here is proof positive of the mastery of the bat over the ball; provided, as in the present season, that the elements are favourable, and the ground perfect. Your space is too valuable to devote exclusively to statistics, or I would put forward the wonderful figures that the Australians can show us, to prove the giant strides that cricket has made in 1884.

The Australians have won outright 18 matches and lost 7, while 7 have been drawn, most of them in their favour. Their conquerors have been—Oxford University; the Gentlemen of England, at Lords; the North of England, at Manchester; All-England, at the Oval; Kent; the North of England, return at Nottingham; and the M.C.C. and Ground—of these, the latter have the honour of having made the largest score in an innings against them—viz., 481. The biggest Australian innings has been 551 against England in their drawn match at the Oval, and their 402 against Gloucestershire. Pope may be allowed to describe them as

"Above all Greek, above all Roman fame;"

and truly they have earned our gratitude, for they have "pricked the sides of our intent" towards greater strides in the perfection of cricket.

Of shooting, too, we must take a hasty review. Here the giant strides of a few years back, when Lord Stamford, the Maharajah Duleep Singh, Lord Sefton, Lord Aveland, and Lord Londesborough, vied with each other in proclaiming the slaughter of huge piles of game, have scarcely been maintained. Quite as well for sportsmen is it, perhaps, that this should be so. Enough and to spare of winged game abounds, and the partridge season of 1884 will record well with any of its predecessors. It was not a bad bag of grouse, to kill south of the Tweed 1480 brace in three fine August days.

This record has been beaten before at Wemmergill, we know, but then sportsmen grow older, and Lord Walsingham probably could not now repeat this unprecedented feat of grouse-shooting that, as Mr. de Grey, he once astonished the world with. Many sportsmen deplore the "Ground Game Act," and the loss of their proverbial nippy bunny. But even the rabbit is beginning to live again in the protected atmosphere of warrens and parks, and has not altogether received such harsh treatment at the hands of the farmer as prophetic tongues depicted; while hares have been made to afford more coursing amusement than ever, albeit there is a sense of tameness about the new style of coursing which ill accords with some people's notion of sport.

If we take a peep into the Brobdingnagian arena of athletics, we must hold our breath at the array of records that meets our astonished gaze. To run a mile in five minutes five-and-twenty years ago was thought pretty fair work, but now we must trip it in less than four minutes and a half if we mean to excel in running.

Should we desire to excel with the Martini, we must beat Private Rosenthal, of the Hon. Artillery Co., who made the other day 101 out of a possible 105, at 200, 500, and 600 yards; while in collective shooting we have the record of the Scotch twenty at Cowglen in June last, when for the St. Andrews' Cup, Caldwell, of Greenock, made 99 out of a possible 105, and seven other men 97 each, six 96, five 95, four 94, and seven 93. This is an unprecedented thing in rifle shooting, I fancy. In shooting for the International trophy itself, England won with an average of 90·85 points.

We must ride bicycles at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. We must travel from Land's End to John o' Groat's in a fortnight on a tricycle. We must devote ourselves to lawn-tennis tournaments in the most cut-'em-down fashion. We must be one of the multitude of four-in-hand men who handle the ribbons periodically in Hyde Park, and then run the gauntlet of criticism through the renowned barrier-gates at Ascot. We must slay unerringly the trapped pigeons at Hurlingham and Monaco, or be satisfied with their counterparts in clay torpedoed for our amusement. We must play polo like dervishes. We must whisk round the world, or at least through Europe and North America, before we are fit to settle down as country gentlemen. We must dash down one, two, or three thousand for blood stock if we want to be thought worthy patrons of the turf; and if we are to go in for agriculture, we must buy pedigree cattle and beat the Americans, who give 3800 guineas for a Hereford bull. We must give 70,000*l.* for a couple of pictures, if we wish to pick up the Blenheim casts-off.

In fine, we must be able to lecture the masses on political economy; banter the wags at our club; be a *repertoire* of politeness in a drawing-room; devotees to society and letters; and sportsmen in everything. Above all, if we aspire to be debaters of politics in the people's House, we must learn to win an election without

bribery, and to hold the even tenour of our way before the glaring footlights of the British public, whose mirror is the Press.

Poor Gulliver ! Shall we after all, in trying to be all that our fancy paints us, deserve the verdict of the giant king, who thus summed him up—"As for yourself, who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am disposed to hope that you may have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wrung from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

Perhaps, on awakening from our dream of greatness, the "odious" truth of the king's verdict may recoil upon us, and instead of beholding ourselves to be giants, we may relapse into the stature of ordinary mortals, destined to take our sport with the Houyhnhnms and the Yahoos.

In any event, dear 'Baily,' it is pardonable in the humblest disciple of Gulliver to pause on the threshold of unknown regions, while he surveys carefully the situation that is present, real, and appreciable. I have succeeded, I think, in showing that the record of the year 1884 is a brilliant one, a picture standing out from its frame like that of the "Nana"—more highly coloured and fantastic than any of its prototypes. Will it live in history ? Will its colours bear the test of time and wear ? Will it prove a year in our sporting collection, or a bauble only fit to throw before swine ?

Much will depend upon the mode of wear. Giant strides as a rule do not last. They wear themselves out, as it were, by their enormity. Let us pick up then Whyte-Melville's telling metaphor in our world's chase—"Take 'The King of the Golden Mines' hard by the head, let him settle vigorously into his stride ; his rider, Young Rapid, rejoices to put the steam on. Having got a lead, he begins to ride with more judgment—at that last fence he only missed jumping on a priceless bitch by a yard ! He holds up his hand to warn others of a bit of a check. The scent is good, however, to-day ; the whole pack is driving forward again like pigeons, harder than before ; a chained-up gate is in front of him—is it too high for 'the King' ? ; He jumps it in his stride. What a panorama is before him—a downward stretch of a couple of miles—enormous grass fields, separated by long lines of fences, showing black and level on that faded expanse of green. His blood thrills with excitement, and he tightens his lips—"Over the brook for a hundred ; 'the King' never turned from water in his life." A strong pull, a steady hand—the energy of a mile gallop condensed into a dozen strides, and the stream passes beneath him like a flash." (What a giant stride was this !) "Thus fence after fence is left behind. 'The King' scarcely alters his action, or changes his leg. Confound that turn down the hedgerow !—Young Rapid nearly lands in the middle of the pack. One other turn, and there is a confused whirl of muddy backs in a ditch, smothered growls, and

a vibration of busy cluster. 'Who, whoop!' The chase is over. Seven-and-twenty minutes and a kill in the open—not a ghost of a check from end to end."

Such is life—galloping with giant strides from cradle to the grave. Steady, lads, steady, if you mean to see the finish!

BORDERER.

SHALL I?

"WHAT an odd title for a tale!" most readers will remark; and if it was a book that had to be written, no doubt some explanation would be given in an elaborate preface why such was chosen, but in a short story it need only be said of these two simple words of interrogation, "Shall I?" if any one gets into the habit of reflecting for the second or two while he repeats them to himself, he will keep out of a lot of trouble into which undue haste might precipitate others less cautious. Prudence does not mean deficiency of pluck, for how often quiet perseverance shows to the front when exuberant dash has dwindled away, and the steady interrogator "Shall I?" goes by him that has been all "I will."

"Poor old Tom," there he sat in a wagonette with his wife and large small family behind him, on Monday, the 1st of November, 18—, when the Horsemanshire Hounds met at Selby Gate for their opening day. There was a hunting look about the game old brown horse in the shafts, and well there might be, for was it not poor old Harkaway? the sole remnant of as good a stud of weight-carriers as ever welter crossed. A bandage on the near fore-leg told that it was not to be trusted, and thereby hangs a tale to be noted further on. There was a look of sorrow, perhaps, when the keen eye of his driver looked over the pack as they walked by, but that eye, practised as it was, could detect no fault either in hounds or horses, on which the servants of this crack pack were mounted; for he would follow them no more, and those who rode up to greet him noticed with sorrow that he had grown a beard, so they knew that his hunting days were over, for had he not always said that "Hunting was the only thing worth the trouble of shaving for," and now he had given it up. Poor old Tom! We had been at school and college together, both of us came into comfortable competences, and lived together for some years after like brothers, though not related. Till the day he married we were inseparable. In the winter we hunted from our snug little box in Horsemanshire, and no two men had more comfortable quarters or kept a better stud. We had six hunters each, and a joint-stock Qui-tamer that went in the brougham or dog-cart, hacked and carried us or our friends with hounds when wanted, doing about three times the work of any other, and always fit to go. Sometimes he lasted, and sometimes went to pieces, but never cost us much, for we used to pick up Qui-tamer out of the cheap lots at Tattersall's, robbing the cabbies

of their legitimate prey, for no matter if Qui-tamer had a temper, or any little infirmity, he was bound to go, and so long as he had four good legs, hard work kept him in order, for he had no time for mischief. In the summer-time, when we summered our hunters at home, and bought elaborate hacks to ride in the Row, and Polo ponies for the game of which we were fond, Qui-tamer drew the brougham about at nights, and by way of rest at the end of the week towed our barge up and down the river as fancy moved us.

Those were merry days, and our life together was one round of pleasure; till one day Tom fell in love with, as he said, the jolliest girl in creation! He said this almost apologetically to such an old friend, for we had almost sworn to live and die together; but the day of reckoning must come some time, and though so far the self-interrogatory "Shall I?" had kept us out of many dilemmas, for every man falls in love naturally during the summer months when there is nothing else to do, but the golden rule "Shall I?" just at the critical moment, when the fair syren had perhaps hooked us in a corner with mamma watching, had averted danger, till Tom succumbed. They had been spooning about together all through the hunting season, but it was a bright warm June day on the river that did the mischief, when we had been to a picnic on the barge, and, to his honour be it known, that Tom came at once to tell his old friend, but added insult to injury by recommending the same course at the first opportunity. Well it was to put a good face on it! and offer the first congratulations as an old friend to the young lady, who certainly was a clipper, but it is dreadful to lose one like a brother, as is always the case by marriage, for he can never be the same after; though it was hard lines on Qui-tamer for wrath to be expended on him in showers of stones thrown from the bow to make him walk faster and get home, for he had done nothing wrong except mutely helping to tow those young people together.

Once he had made up his mind, never was mortal man in such a hurry to get married. The 1st of July was fixed, and he wanted so much assistance in the way of house-hunting and buying furniture, that we had a very busy time, and, needless to say, he did not bear the brunt of the hard work, for was not she wanting his attendance? So it was always, "I say, old fellow, you won't mind going down to look at such and such a house, just to see if it will do for us?" Luckily, a nice little house, with a few acres of grass-land round it, fell vacant in Horsemanshire, only about five miles from our snug hunting-box, so that was the very thing. It did not require much doing to it, so they could marry at once, go away on their honeymoon, and meanwhile it would relieve my sorrowful dullness to get the furniture in, and have it all comfortable for them on their return.

It was a merry wedding as weddings go, and of course Tom would not trust anyone but his oldest friend to lead him to the altar, and hold his head if necessary. Tom's speech at the breakfast was much as usual on these occasions, for with all his good

qualities he lacked originality, and kept to old lines. Of course he recommended all his friends to follow his example, but did not the fox do the same when he lost his brush? and Tom was rather disconcerted by a wink, for there was nothing especially attractive about the bridesmaids, and when it is said they were a level lot, that is all, so there was no temptation to reflect "Shall I?" on this occasion. However, as a great authority says, "Words were given to us to conceal our thoughts," so the best man had to follow in much the same strain, and no one could guess at the real state of his feelings, which were something like this "Shall I?" No! wait a bit to see how Tom gets on, there is plenty of time yet, and, after all, it may not be very dull living alone; at all events it is worth trying. Tom's pleasant companionship would be a great loss, and there was no other friend amongst a large acquaintance to take his place in the hunting-box.

During his honeymoon he wrote several times, evidently in a state of the highest happiness, of course; wanting to know how everything was getting on at Dale Lodge, his new place, which was becoming quite an elysium for the young couple on their return. Had it not been for the occupation of arranging that house, goodness knows what would have become of me, for it was dull indeed at first without Tom. His only instructions were to spare no expense in decorating and furnishing; get the stables in order, and move his stud in as soon as possible. The stables were all right after being painted, four boxes and four stalls, which just held Tom's six hunters and his wife's two, that her father gave her for a wedding present. They bought a wagonette with a movable cover, and shafts and pole for one or a pair, in which Tom proposed to drive his hunters when necessary, but they would more often use the dog-cart, with perhaps a tandem. Up till now we had always shared stable expenses equally, all except buying or selling hunters, but profit or loss in Qui-tamer was mutual, and one stud groom looked after the lot. Tom had neither room nor work for a Qui-tamer, so magnanimously gave up his share, and Jem Perks, our stud groom, a quaint dry file, who had lived with us for some years, and thoroughly understood his duties, elected to stay on at the hunting-box when we gave him his choice, for he said that was a certainty, whereas the other place was an uncertainty, and showed his sense as subsequent events proved. So Bob Short, our second groom, went to Dale Lodge and took charge of the stud with three helpers, while Jem Perks engaged others in their places, for he soon made good stablemen out of raw material, and was second to none in the art of conditioning hunters. Tom and his wife came home just before the hunting season commenced, and were delighted with their new abode. Never did a prouder or happier young couple set out to meet hounds on the opening day in November, and it was worth going any distance to see Tom, always the pink of perfection, on his favourite Harkaway, then six years old, able to hold their own with the best of us; but Tom's look of admiration at his wife,

as she sat gracefully on her thoroughbred bay mare, set many of us envying his good fortune, and "Shall I?" when a shrill "Tally-ho, away," set blood coursing and thoughts flying in another direction, and for the next forty minutes our delight was concentrated in those dappled darlings, and our sole ambition to maintain pride of place. When the glad "whoop whoop" rang out clear and loud, Tom for once was not there to hear it. There had been no time for looking about even after nearest and dearest friends, but rumour said some mishap to Tom's wife was the cause; it must have been slight, for they came up before hounds moved away, and of course we said nothing. It was generally noticed that Tom was not in his old form, till just before Christmas Bob Short was seen on Harkaway at the meet, and it looked more like old times. "Holloa, Bob, Master sent on?" "Yes, sir, he's riding one of the hacks, so I shall have to go straight home. I never see hounds now, sir." This was said regretfully, for he was a good second horse-man, and had seen a lot of hunting with Tom in former days. He was very fond of his good master now, and was ready with his hunter to be mounted the moment he appeared on one of his wife's horses.

"Morning, Tom; Missis not met with an accident, I hope?"

"Oh, no! she will drive to the meet to-morrow, but did not like the look of the weather this morning." Sure enough they appeared next day in the wagonette; Tom driving his wife's two hunters for exercise, as he said, and she seemed quite content to sit behind them.

There was a lot of frost that winter, and the long evenings were dull enough at home, and in catchy weather it did not do to be always running up to town, for that might lose a day's hunting, so Qui-tamer, shod with india-rubber, had plenty of running backwards and forwards between Dale Lodge, sometimes ridden, but more often driven, and in a sleigh, which was good fun when snow allowed its use, for he hated the bells, and could gallop like blazes when he bolted, which was a common occurrence. Tom was never allowed to risk his neck in the sleigh, so was quite dependent on my visits for amusement and getting all the outside news. Not that he ever grumbled or complained, but one who knew him so well could notice that he was not quite so cheery as formerly, and one day when he was alone in his study, having found out that Harkaway had a doubtful leg, since that time when he first rode him hard, he seemed downright cross, and was casting up his banker's book with quite an anxious face.

The hard winter kept everything backward, and prolonged the hunting season till nearly the end of April, but the best of all things must come to an end, and even on the grass it was getting hard and dry, when the master sent out his cards for "Selby Gate," always the first and last day's meet, so we knew that the end had really come. Selby Gate was five miles beyond Dale Lodge from here, so two horses were sent on, and Qui-tamer could gallop the ten easily within the hour if necessary, but Tom, who had seemed unusually

erratic lately, was determined to enjoy himself on the last day, so Bob Short was to take on his best hunter, and he himself would ride Harkaway to covert as first horse. His last words the evening before were, "Come in good time, old fellow, for Harkaway has a leg! and I value him more than you do Qui-tamer, but we will ride on together as in old times."

Anything to oblige a dear old friend; so next morning breakfast was half-an-hour earlier, and Qui-tamer cantered over the familiar route to Dale Lodge. The open gate and hoof-marks showed that the hunter had gone on; but what meant that rapid clatter of horse's feet down the carriage drive. Had Tom caught sight of my scarlet coat, and determined to be ready at the gate? No, not likely, for he would never let anyone pass without calling. By Jove! it was Harkaway ridden by a stable helper in shirt sleeves. Hunting-saddle, breast-plate, flask-case, all complete, ready for the field. Had he stolen the horse, or what was the matter? All the helper said, as he galloped out, was, "Missus! doctor!"

"Oh, lor! it is four miles along the hard road to the village, and with that leg how will he get there, and what will the horse be worth when he gets back?" Poor Tom, too, to lose the last day of the season. He was best left alone, for no good could have been done by calling then, and the sight of a scarlet coat might have had the same effect as on a bull under the trying circumstances. At the meet it was only right to tell Bob Short that he was not likely to be wanted, and had better go home soon, if his master did not come out. We had a glorious run that day, and on the way home it was only friendly to call at Dale Lodge, where Tom was strutting about proud as a peacock, with new dignity as a happy father of a son and heir, and even Harkaway's break down did not affect his spirits. "You must be godfather, old fellow, and we will teach the young idea how to ride, soon as he can grip a horse." Poor old Tom! he little knew what was in store for him during the next nine years. Nearly every year his wife presented him with another, and it must have been hard work to find godfathers and godmothers for them all. Gradually as his family increased the stud diminished, till now we see him at Selby Gate, ten years after his marriage, with a family of eight, four of them in the wagonnette drawn by poor old Harkaway, that had broken down on that fatal day, and been in harness ever since. Now he seemed wearing out, so it was only charity to give Tom the Qui-tamer to take his place, and easy enough to pick up another.

These ten years had been happy enough for me, what with hunting all the winter, and the usual round of pleasure through the summer, but now between the age of thirty and forty something seemed wanting. "Shall I?" was not answered so promptly as formerly, even with Tom's example as a caution, and after all he seemed happy enough, except when he found himself amongst us fellows with no home ties, then he sometimes seemed to yearn for the old free life. After giving him the Qui-tamer it was necessary

to look out for another, and the first frost gave an opportunity to run up to Tattersall's. "No. 42, a chestnut gelding, has been ridden and driven" looked likely, but there was a cord stretched behind his stall, and "Dangerous" written up, rather unusual, so he had no admirers, notwithstanding his splendid shape; dark chestnut, about 15 hands high, nice short back, long and low, wonderful shoulders, rare clean flat legs, and intelligent head, but a wicked look about the eyes, as if he had been accustomed to be master. A telegram brought Jem Perks up on Monday morning, and he decided to try what could be done, so when the horse came up one bid of 20 guineas bought him. We had a lot of trouble when he first came home, but patience and perseverance worked wonders; and once mastered he turned out the best Qui-tamer of the lot. No day was ever too long for him, hard ground or deep never made his legs fill, and he was rarely in the stable, for he did the work of six. A bad fall that season laid me up for some time, quite a novel experience; but Tom and his wife were most kind, driving over every day with some of the children to amuse the invalid, and Tom rode my horses, so brought home accounts of all that hounds did. Before the season ended, the doctor gave leave for a few days' hunting, and it was a treat to be in the saddle again, but he advised rest and quiet during the summer, and all would be well by next season. No polo, no London gaiety, so time would have been dull if a very pretty easy going little hack had not been found; she was a thoroughbred mare, gentle as a lamb, and just perfect. Qui-tamer, too, came in most useful, both in the dogcart and to ride, and it was jolly to saunter about the country, where every field, lane, and wood was familiar. One hot June day the little mare's head was turned towards Dale Lodge, but the usual signal, cracking a whip, in the carriage drive brought no response. The family was evidently out; hard lines to go without a cool drink on such a hot morning; where can they be?—when a face, and such a face! appeared at the morning room window. A fresh young face, such as one would expect a fairy to be like, half shy, half smiling, and, yes, in those bright sparkling eyes was a look of amused recognition.

"Good morning, Mr. Selim" (how did she know my name?) "Tom has gone out, but will not be long gone, and he left me the keys in case anyone called. Will you take anything while you wait for him, for I know he wants to see you." This was said shyly, but with true feminine instinct she saw her advantage, so I could only stammer—

"You are very kind, so is Tom, but really you have the advantage over me; perhaps Tom told you I might call?"

"No, but we have met before," said she, laughing now; "and the last time you took a liberty and kissed me."

By Jove! I should like to now, thought I, but could not remember how or when such a pleasant event had happened, and my looks must have expressed my thought, for she said, with perhaps a tinge of disappointment—

"Just like you men, you kiss and you ride away. Do you

remember five years ago stopping to pick up a little girl fallen with her pony in a ditch, and you lost a run through it, and looked very cross, though you kissed me and told me not to cry, and you were good to my poor pony, and helped him out of the ditch, till papa came and took me home, but you would not come with him, though it was close by and he asked you. I have often seen you across our place since, and the last time you were leading the field on a brown horse that none of them could catch."

Then the whole scene came vividly before me.

"Well, but my dear young lady, you must remember that five years makes much more difference in you from the little girl that I dared to kiss, for you did cry so, to what it does in a man getting old."

Luckily Tom and his wife came in, so a formal introduction put matters on a better footing. Miss Gertrude Westoning was a cousin of Tom's wife. After leaving school she had gone abroad to finish her education till the age of nineteen, so that was why we had never met. Pretty was not the word to express her looks, and she sang divinely. Was she still fond of riding? she loved it, and certainly showed to advantage on my little mare. "Shall I?" Qui-tamer must have got tired of always hearing this question on the road home, for he took proceedings himself to bring matters to a climax. It was a broiling hot day in July, too hot to take a young girl out riding, so the mare was left at home, and Qui-tamer jogged over alone.

Tom's tennis ground was in a meadow near the road, and nearing it, merry voices were heard, and Tom was seen with a great cup to his lips evidently enjoying himself, for the ice clicked as it was inverted.

"Good health, Tom; leave a little."

"Come quick, then," said he, "or it will be absorbed;" and it seemed so. There was a low stile from the road into the meadow, and Qui-tamer was a good timber-jumper, but he did not reckon for the hard slippery ground, so down we came together like a shot rabbit!

A dull thud and a shrill scream, which sounded almost musical, then all was darkness for a time till a confused feeling of comforting soft hands, cool liquid on my burning head, and sweet scent of eau de cologne made me open my eyes to see the most charming sight that ever man beheld. We were alone, while Qui-tamer stood cropping the dry grass close by. The look from those loving, tearful eyes that met mine put life into me again. "Shall I?" By Jove I did; nor did I let her go till she had promised to be my wife, extracting a counter-promise that I should never again risk my neck, but hunt quietly and enjoy myself with her.

When Tom came back with an improvised stretcher that he had been to fetch with a helper, while his wife rushed off to prepare a bed, there was an odd twinkle about his eyes as if he had scored, and his first remark when he saw me get up was—

"I thought if Gertrude could not bring you round you would

require this to be carried on, but I am very glad to see you are all right, and when you have had your drink that you were in such a hurry for, you will perhaps be better."

I squeezed his hand, and they helped me in-doors, where I stayed for a few days under the best nursing, and as the truth got abroad, receiving the congratulations of all kind friends.

We were married quietly, and our honeymoon passed pleasantly till the hunting season commenced. Then we came back to the hunting-box, enlarged and improved, with the stud just as it was; so we have enjoyed the season; and now that an event is expected, it is Qui-tamer that stands saddled half the day and night with his head where his tail should be, ready to gallop at a moment's notice, for his hard seasoned legs will not break down on the stoniest road, and so long as our stud is complete, we have no wish to emulate Tom and his wife in any way, while our chief pride is that there is no happier or more devoted couple living than ourselves.

D.

THE CLOSE OF THE CRICKET SEASON.

SEPTEMBER cricket does not, as a rule, furnish any great amount of material for the commentator. There is generally a dearth of important matches—and, indeed, the legitimate season, under ordinary circumstances, comes to an end with the close of August. The enlargement of the programme, caused by the increase in the number of representative fixtures arranged on behalf of the Australian team, has this year necessitated the extension of the campaign to a much later date than usual. As a consequence, the month just over presented some few features of interest to cricketers, though many of the principal clubs had completed their fixtures before August had passed away. Only three matches remained for decision by the Australians, and two of these—the two final ones—resulted in their favour. The month opened very inauspiciously for them. Their defeat by the North of England at Nottingham was hardly a surprise to those who remembered the two previous successes of the elevens which had represented the North. Neither Mr. A. G. Steel nor Ulyett were able to play against the Australians on this last occasion, and the North of England, in their absence, could certainly not be said to have had its full strength. On paper, therefore, the Australians seemed to have rather the best of the game—and indeed, when it had been half completed, there seemed little prospect of a win, much less an easy one, for the English players. Heavy rain caused the ground at the outset even to be all in favour of the bowlers, and it was only some good batting by Bonnor and Giffen towards the close which enabled the Australians to reach a total of 100. At the end of the first hands they were able to claim an advantage of 9 runs; and when five of the best Northern wickets were down, in their second innings, for only 53, it certainly looked as if the game was

almost over. The wicket was still very difficult, and this made the performance of Barlow and Flowers the more creditable. The former had not been, on the whole, in anything like his best batting form during the season, and hence he was not likely to play with the same confidence as if he had been full of runs. He has, though, never been seen to better advantage than in this match, and indeed his stand with Flowers fairly turned the scale in favour of the English team. Flowers contributed 90 of the 150 runs made during their partnership, and, though he ought to have been stumped when he had scored 56, his play at the critical point of the game was worthy of the highest praise. Barlow was altogether at the wicket for four hours and a half, and during his long innings of 101 he never gave anything like a chance—a wonderful performance against such bowling and fielding, and on a wicket altogether against the bat. The plucky stand of Barlow and Flowers, as already remarked, had altogether changed the whole aspect of the game. The wicket was playing still more treacherously when the Australians went in a second time, and they found the task of making 247 runs to win altogether beyond their capacity. Attewell and Barlow bowled with such effect that six of the best Australian wickets were down for 23 runs, and it was only a short stand by Midwinter and Blackham which gave a momentary interest to the game. Midwinter's 17, though, proved to be the highest score, and, as the total only amounted to 76, the Australians had to put up with a decisive defeat by 170 runs. This victory was in a very great measure due to Barlow's excellent all-round cricket. Mention has already been made of his fine batting, but in addition he took ten wickets for 48 runs. Attewell, who was singularly successful against the Australians throughout the summer, again bowled with remarkable success. His nine wickets only cost 48 runs—a very creditable record against such a strong batting side.

The next match of the Australians, against I Zingari at Scarborough, redounds very much to their credit. The managers of the Wanderers had been fortunate enough to collect a strong eleven, and at one time they seemed to have the match well in their own hands. The choice of innings was decided against the Australians, and their opponents utilised their opportunity so well that the total was 229 before the tenth wicket fell. The main credit of this performance was due to Mr. W. F. Forbes. He had not been in anything like the best practice through the year, but his batting on this occasion was extremely good, and his first score of 80 proved to be the highest of the match. Things went so badly for the Australians when they went in that six of the best wickets were down for 107, and a follow-on seemed certain. A mistake by Mr. G. B. Studd in letting off Midwinter, as events proved, had a very important effect on the result, and Midwinter, after his escape, showed such good cricket that at the end of the innings the Australians were four runs to the good, a lead for which they were also much indebted to the vigorous hitting of Spofforth at the close. Mr. G. B. Studd, who had been

absent from first-class cricket for some time on account of ill-health, batted well in the second innings of I Zingari, but no one else except Mr. W. H. Patterson lent him much assistance. The Australians wanted 137 runs to win when they went in a second time, but McDonnell's brilliant hitting soon placed the result beyond a doubt. He made 67 of the first hundred runs, and he took what edge there was off the bowling of I Zingari so effectually that the runs required were got for the loss of only two wickets.

It is matter for regret that the final fixture of the Australian tour was not a greater success from a cricket point of view. The executive of the Surrey County Club had granted the whole use of the ground, including the Stands, to the Colonists for a last match, and every one would have liked to have seen a close and exciting contest. The South of England, though, was not so well represented as it might have been, and, to make matters worse, the cricket and bowling of several members of the team was of the tamest possible kind. Mr. W. G. Grace played capital cricket each time, and while Mr. Whitfield and he were in, at the commencement of the second innings, there seemed to be just an outside chance of an exciting game. The ground had by this time improved considerably, and there was very little, if any, excuse for the very moderate show made by the majority of the English batsmen. Spofforth was bowling his very best, it is true, and every one knows how difficult he is to play when he is thoroughly on his mettle and the wicket helps him even in the smallest degree. Still, taking everything into consideration, the English eleven generally batted altogether without confidence, and the form of some of them, notably of Painter and Maurice Read, was far below their usual standard. Messrs. Grace and Whitfield made fifty for the first wicket, but after this no one except Mr. W. W. Read and Wood, the Surrey wicket offered any resistance to the bowling of Spofforth and Boyle; and the Australians, though their total only amounted to 163, won with consummate ease by an innings and five runs. Spofforth, as already remarked, bowled with his all usual judgment, and indeed his bowling mainly conduced to the easy win of the Australian team. In the second innings he bowled Mr. Grace, Painter, and Read with consecutive balls, and altogether in the match the analysis showed 65 overs for 77 runs and twelve wickets.

The conclusion of this match brought the tour of the South Australian team to a close. Judging by mere results, they would hardly appear to be as strong all round as some of their predecessors. No comparison, though, would be at all fair which did not take into account the superior quality of the programme arranged for them compared with those of previous teams. Their task was this time, it must be admitted, a much more arduous one than any undertaken before in this country by an Australian team, and great allowance must be made for the constant tension at which they were held, owing to the continuous succession of important engagements. Just at the commencement of the tour,

several prominent members of the team were actually not in the best condition. Accidents of various kinds interfered materially with their cricket, and, to make matters worse, W. H. Cooper, whose bowling some had thought would be of considerable use, was practically a complete failure. Considering that the whole strain of the tour was borne by eleven men, the success which attended them throughout was surprising. They were beaten, in all, seven times, and more than one of the drawn games ended in anything but a favourable position for them. The importance of their hollow defeat in the second of the three representative matches with England too cannot be ignored. Still, on the other hand, the fact must not be overlooked that they had the best of both the drawn games in the two other fixtures with England. Despite the prevalence of hard wickets, Spofforth's bowling contributed very materially to their victories, and, indeed, this was by far the most noteworthy feature in their cricket. On the whole the tour was a marked success in every way, and Englishmen would be the first to congratulate them on the good all-round play which distinguished the tour.

With the exception of the Australian matches there was little else of special interest. Surrey figured in three matches at the Oval, but only one of the three was actually completed. Rain interfered so materially with the game with Yorkshire that only one day's play was possible, and but one innings was played out by each side. Mainly through the unwearying defence of Mr. W. H. Patterson, Kent was able to convert what seemed to be a certain win for Surrey into a drawn game, though the extension of play for another quarter of an hour would in all probability have given Surrey a victory which would have afforded them some compensation for their ill-success at Maidstone in the first engagement of the season. The Surrey eleven, though, wound up their match-list with a creditable triumph over Sussex, though at the finish there was no lack of excitement. The Surrey captain, though he won the toss, tried the rather risky policy of putting his opponents in. Fortunately, as the game went, it did not prove unsuccessful, and the Surrey eleven were able to secure a long lead on the first innings which proved of very great use to them. Had the Sussex fielding only been fairly good in some instances, there would have been in all likelihood very little to choose between the two elevens on the first hand, and, indeed, Mr. W. W. Read, though he hit very well, was decidedly lucky in having more than one life. Owing to the heavy rains, the ground was throughout all against the bat, and it looked almost a certainty that Sussex would be beaten in an innings. Some free hitting by Mr. Blackman towards the close, however, improved their position a little, although the chief credit of the good show made by Sussex was due to Mr. Whitfield. He went in first in the second innings of Sussex and carried out his bat for 41 out of 109, as perfect a display of defensive cricket as was shown during the season. Surrey, when they went in a second time, had only 30

to get to win—an apparently easy task, though it gave them considerable trouble. Twenty of the number were got with only one wicket down, and the game seemed practically over. Cricket, though, is never free from surprises, and four more batsmen retired before the winning run was made. One of the best features of the match was the bowling of Lohmann, one of this year's Surrey colts. In the two innings of Sussex he was credited with nine wickets, at a cost of only 58 runs, and his excellent all-round cricket in the later fixtures of the Surrey programme justifies the belief that the county possesses in him a young professional of exceptional promise.

The season came to an end with the match played at Lord's under the title of Smokers *v.* Non-Smokers, for the benefit of the Cricketers' Fund. It was a good idea of Mr. V. E. Walker to arrange a fixture in which the principal members of the Australian team could be divided. More than one of those who represented the Non-Smokers, though if not perhaps habitual in their use of the weed, are certainly not abstainers—notably Bonnor and Murdoch. Still, considering the object of the fixture, the arrangement of players proved a happy one, and the match was a great success, as everyone will be pleased to hear, resulting in an addition of no less than five hundred and seventy pounds to the fund. The chief feature of the cricket was the brilliant hitting of Bonnor for the Non-Smokers. While he was in he scored 124 out of 152 runs, and it was mainly to him that the Smokers owed their defeat by nine wickets. Gunn's batting was the best on the losing side, and his second score of 43 not out was an excellent display of cricket. Mr. W. Grace and Barlow both bowled well for the winners, but the best analysis of the match was that of Peate, when he went on a second time in the first innings of the Smokers. His figures after his resumption showed thirteen overs for 10 runs and six wickets.

County cricket this year has left Notts decidedly in the first position. Though technically Middlesex might be accounted second, Yorkshire is fairly entitled to be considered next to Notts, with Surrey only a fraction worse on the season's summary. Lancashire, on the whole, occupies much the same position, while Sussex has shown all round a marked improvement. Kent came out better than seemed likely at the commencement of the summer, and in A. Hearne the county has a young bowler of great promise. Though Gloucestershire only won one match, the eleven proved themselves to be a very strong batting side in August, and had they been well represented throughout the season their record would have been a better one. Derbyshire lost all the ten matches on its card; but it must be owned that the eleven were not in luck, in not being able to win one toss throughout the summer. Some promising young players though have of late been drafted into the Derbyshire team, and there is good ground for the hope of an improvement next year.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE most active racers of the year are ere now relegated to winter quarters, though the season has died hard, and the last few weeks saw several cracks doing battle. The Royal Dorset attracted a quartette of the recent notables, Irex (Mr. J. Jameson), Genesta (Sir R. Sutton), Marjorie (Mr. Coats), and the yawl Lorna (Mr. S. H. Morley), having entered for the principal match. The wind was light, and proved uncertain, and the cutters had all the best of the affair until the greater part of the distance had been sailed, when Lorna, making a lucky slant, headed the lot, and, the breeze dying right away, got home first, the smallest cutter, Marjorie, taking second honours, though the others had been in the van all day. It was a fluky sort of match, and much the same may be said of the Weymouth race, in which the same lot were entered, but Genesta was an absentee, spoiling, to a great extent, the match, though in breezes so fitful it was impossible to foretell what might happen. Marjorie bested Irex and took first prize, Lorna, as of different rig, having second prize secure, but she emphasised her right to the honour by beating Irex near home. In the meantime the Royal Torquay Club were having a pretty match between Genesta and Tara (Mr. F. Taylor), the forty making a very good fight of it in the light wind, besides having the lion's share of the luck, so that she got home within her time allowance, seventeen minutes odd, with two and a half to spare. The Royal Dart Club had fairly good fortune as to weather, and, with the four cracks already mentioned and the doughty forty Tara, a fine match was anticipated. It proved, however, a somewhat disappointing performance, in which Irex, although she seemed to throw away some chances, held a lead, but had to content herself with second prize, Lorna getting home well within her time. Some feeling was exhibited with respect to the minor affairs, in one of which Freda had practically a sail-over, as of the four other entries only Vanessa crossed the line, and she speedily gave up. Much the same sort of thing happened in the tenners' race, Ulerin and Maria starting, and the latter retiring from the match pretty quickly. These results gave rise to a little badinage on the part of the executive, but if owners enter their vessels, and find other competitors also presumably willing to start, it seems that, in case of a fixture collapsing, the grievance is with them. The Royal Clyde concluded a brilliant season with a handicap, for which there was a grand entry of all rigs, Mr. Clarke's famous yawl Wendur giving time to all the fleet, which included Erycina, Annasona, Neva, Lenore, and other well-known craft. The breeze was very changeable, so that Wendur's victory was a lucky performance. It was repeated, however, in the closing race of the Royal Northern, but this time the handicappers were unduly hard on the cracks, and though Wendur was home first, with Erycina, Raven, and Lenore next, they all had to succumb, on paper, to the smart schooner Amadine.

The terrible sufferings of the Mignonette's crew recall the name of Mr. Want, whose temporary acquisition of the Terpsichore gave rise, if we mistake not, to a discussion as to the propriety of hirers engaging vessels in racing, a point on which qualified opinion leaned very strongly to a negative. The horrible calamities which overtook the miserable survivors of the Mignonette are scarcely within our province, but the catastrophe should not be forgotten by intending purchasers of old yachts. There are dozens of vessels lying at Lymington, up the Colne, and elsewhere, which have not

been in commission for years, and, though costing a nice little sum annually for mere looking after, are practically valueless, and the refit necessary to render any of them seaworthy would involve more expense than they are worth. Others, on the contrary, though they appear in the 'Yacht Register' as forty years old or more, are absolutely as good as, nay better than, on the day they left the slips, constant supervision and overhauling having taken place, while a table of renewals and improvements would probably show that, like the boy's knife which had first a new blade and then a fresh handle, there is practically no scrap of the original vessel remaining. A buyer has to discriminate between these very different varieties, and nothing less than an exhaustive survey should suffice before anything like an agreement to purchase be signed.

By the arrival of the French mail we have some details of the Beach-Hanlan race, but as these were wired to Adelaide on the day of the event, no doubt they will be materially supplemented when later advices come in. Hanlan, it seems, led at about a mile, when Beach's steamer bored him, and to avoid the danger of being swamped, he put on a violent spurt and drew well clear of Beach, getting some lengths lead. The exertion, however, settled him, and the Australian, coming up, caught Hanlan out of his water, a foul being given to Beach, who was first home by several lengths. Possibly Hanlan was not quite fit, as he had been entertained and fêted while Beach was commencing severe training, and this idea is confirmed by the report of Hanlan wanting another match at once and being refused, while 3 to 1 on him was offered for the next meeting. It says little for the enterprise of our sporting papers that none of them would plank down the few pounds requisite to get a reasonably distinct explanation of what happened during the race. As full accounts had been received in New York, it seems strange that the rivalry supposed to exist between various journals and press-agencies should not have animated one of the number to invest in a short wire all to itself.

The ditch-water dullness of professional rowing is strongly exemplified by the collapse of the proposed double-sculling match to which we referred last month. The muscles of Bubear and Lorgan are presumably in adequate case, but other sinews are lacking on their behalf, and there is not the slightest prospect of the match, which might have been quite an interesting one, taking place.

The amateur clubs have closed their portals for the season, Thames, Kingston and London having brought off the usual back-end regattas with fair success, though the Londoners find but small inducement to continue their annual gift of a coat, badge, and freedom, as this time the entries were very meagre. At Cambridge the state of the river is again attracting attention, and it may be hoped that ere long something will be done in earnest to ameliorate the condition of the sewer. British experience of international sport, judging from the treatment received at Philadelphia in 1876, is not of a very encouraging character, but perhaps enthusiasts may be found amongst us to partake in the proposed gathering of professional and amateur oarsmen at New Orleans next May, when valuable prizes will be offered, and four days' rowing is proposed.

Last month we hinted at the doubtful character of the amateur qualifications claimable by some of the entries at Bedford and elsewhere. The matter, we are glad to see, has been taken up by the Bedford Committee, and two men, who from time to time took persons out on the water for payment, were very properly disqualified. Round the coast we notice the old nonsense

still continues, and money prizes are constantly offered for so-called amateur races.

Those who met Mr. Risley at Henley during the recent regatta had little reason to fear that this would be his last year of usefulness amongst the executive of that time-honoured institution, and the report of his death was received with regretful surprise by a large circle of friends. The Rev. Robert Wells Risley showed constantly an enduring fondness for aquatics, and on leaving Radley he soon made his mark amongst the oarsmen of Oxford University, who in those days were of a very high class, such men as Arkell, Warre, G. Morrison, Lonsdale and Thorley being his cotemporaries. His efforts while up at Oxford were very successful, and amongst other achievements, he took the 'Varsity Sculls twice. Later he proved a tower of strength to the Kingston Club in their halcyon days; indeed only quite recently, in our August number, we had occasion to allude to the Kingston four, consisting of Risley, Seymour, Willan, and Mowbray, which did so well nearly twenty years ago, though they were not at their best at Henley. For many years Risley, in turn with the late J. G. Chambers, and since with J. H. D. Goldie, acted as umpire at Henley, and his services as a skilled and impartial referee were in constant requisition at all regattas of importance. An excellent judge of rowing, a sport of which in his day he had proved himself an accomplished exponent, his efforts were uniformly directed to the maintenance of a tone of honour and fair-play in amateur contests, and anything which seemed to fall short of a high standard met with his unmeasured reprobation. Popular in the aquatic world, and deservedly welcome amongst his friends, his name will long be remembered in connection with rowing as a manly, honest sport.

Visitors to Shepperton will hear with regret of the sudden death of George F. Purdue, the well-known boat-builder and care-taker, whose civility and attention rendered him generally liked by boating men.

"OUR VAN."

THE INVOICE—By Sad Sea Waves—On Town Moors—In Piccadilly.

WE think we have before alluded, in the pages of the "Van," to the great pleasure it gives us to assist at much that is going on in the world of sport, pastime, and social doings generally in an imaginative way. We have often thus enjoyed, with keen relish, a race meeting from our easy chair, especially if the weather has been what an old coachman, long since off the road, used to call "scandalous." We have been at wet "Lord's"; got up at some ungodly hour for the Boat Race, and thoroughly delighted in the east wind, the sloppy decks of the steamer, &c., &c., all, our readers will please understand, in an imaginative way. We have been at Henley downpours, and Wimbledon hurricanes, have enjoyed a wet night (admittance one shilling) at South Kensington, and found our supreme bliss in the back rows of an Eton and Harrow.

So now as then. Between Filey Brigg and Colborn Nab, thence to Huntcliff, we spent the latter days of August and the opening ones of September, and at the same time felt we were participating in the sweet rusticity of Alexandra Park, the picturesque surroundings of Huntingdon, the sterner realities of Derby. The gift heretofore supposed to have been

the exclusive property of Sir Boyle Roche's bird has been bestowed on the Van Driver. Sitting on the summit of Whitby Scar, under the shadow of "the grey majesty" of St. Hilda, we felt in the spirit with those dear friends then on what we believe is called "the Portholme." How we longed to be there! The description of the hard ground, and the platers who ran thereon, was almost too much for us. As the gentleman in genteel melodrama, who has detected the manoeuvres of the transparent villain, says, "We saw it all," from the win of Kate Reilly on the first day to that of Insignia on the second, and a very cheerful time the bookmakers appear to have had of it. We own to a slight feeling of envy as we read how favourite after favourite had won. We pictured to ourselves the geniality that pervaded the returning G. N. special in the compartments devoted to backers. How full of joke and jest would be our esteemed friends Pool, Punter, Poker & Co.! How lovely would look the country! What rejoicings there would be over the harvest, with here and there a proper regret on the failure of the green crops! We distinctly heard, mingled with the murmur of the surf, the triumphant shout of a leading member of that faithful and devoted band which follow the fortunes of Danebury, as he offered to lay "2 to 1 on Jenny." We fear the triumphant shout was not heard when Fair One carried the scarlet and white hoops—but no matter. The followers, too, of what we have seen called "the Rothschild banner" must have felt happy over Beva and Trombone, though the latter was an expensive luxury, only to be indulged in by those who buy money at a price. But we need not go through the rather dull record, albeit a winning one. We have not seen Huntingdon in the flesh now for some years. It has had its vicissitudes as a racing fixture, and has now become a gate-money meeting, as we presume every race-course in the country will soon become too. Whether the Messrs. Frail will restore its fortunes, and not impair their own by the transformation, we can hardly say. Judging from the accounts we heard, the meeting was a success financially. It has had to contend, and will have to do so, against the elements, for a wet season generally wipes the Portholme off the face of the earth; but if the Messrs. Frail do not mind that, we do not see why Huntingdon should not succeed. It is a capital course, not too far from London, and the meeting consequently does not entail an hotel bill. We remember, by the way, once stopping in the town for the races, but we never did it again. Huntingdon hotels were—well, we will say primitive. Our most pleasing recollections of the meeting are when we did it from a charming home not a hundred miles from St. Neots, a pleasant drive of about an hour, with delightful companions, where we buried "the book" directly we left the course, and any one who talked racing at or after dinner was speedily brought to his bearings. The company was fit, though few; "the nights were alive with music," and when the morning came, we remember we wished Huntingdon races at—but never mind.

But these are old recollections so purely personal that we must apologise to our readers for recalling them. Taking up the thread of our discourse, which, if they have attentively followed us, they will know we dropped between Whitby Scar and the Portholme, we will resume. This time, if they please, we will be seated by the flagstaff that looks down on Robin Hood's Bay, and we will be also at Derby. We are very fond of Derby. Everybody is fond of Derby. The keen regret we felt, as we contemplated the white rollers breaking on the rocks, that we were not really there is more than we can tell. But again, "we saw it all." We were in the

Pullman breakfasting at Bedford, or rather there found our breakfast awaiting us. We were bowling along past Leicester, and the ridge and furrow, and were gradually concentrating our energies for the fray as we "slowed" into Derby station. The breakers—it was a nor'-westerly gale—were at the same time telling us a tale of what we should have done, and what left undone. We could see the ever-courteous C. C.; Mr. Ford, book in hand, ready to answer any and all questions. We could hear Mr. Boden asking us if we had had any luncheon. "The good grey head" of him whom men call "The Mate" hid our view of that grand finish in the Hartington Plate between Laceman, Despair, and Knight Errant, in which Watts covered himself with honour, and in which race we should, of course, have backed the winner. And, by the way, it is a very remarkable fact that when we are *not* at a race meeting we always back the winners there. This remarkable circumstance is not confined to ourselves by any means. When Jones meets Brown in or near the Strand, "the tape" at the Victoria having just announced the victory of Tiglath Pileser in the Little Pedlington Foal Stakes, both utter, almost simultaneously, "Ah! I should have backed him if I had been there." Both know that they are liars, but still the lie gives a momentary gratification, and, if uttered in the presence of awe-struck listeners, improves the shining hour. Well, we should have backed lots of winners if we had been at Derby, in fact *did* back them. Were we not on Portnellan (more power to the red jacket and blue sleeves), and didn't we send a special commission to back Merry Duchess? Go to, go to! What is the use of being in Robin Hood's Bay, watching the rollers, and listening to what the wild waves say, unless we back winners? The roar of the ocean and the roar of the ring blend together. Truly, an enjoyable time.

But the hour is coming when we must put the curb on our imagination. Doncaster cannot be viewed from afar, nor through glasses, however roseate, that are not our own. So we tear ourselves away from scars and nabs, and, lingering for twenty-four hours beneath the shadow of St. Peter's Minster, wend our way gradually to that cleanly looking, but evil smelling, town on the Don, and give ourselves over to the shearers. For they still shear, even closer indeed than of yore, we think, and with reason. Doncaster, in the matter of company within its walls, is not what it was twenty, ten, or even two or three years ago. Those evil disposed bodies the railway companies have played, and will continue to play, what is called "the dickens" with Doncaster profits during the Leger week. So admirable is the special train service between this place and all the other great northern towns, that there is not that inducement to pay ten, twenty, thirty, or more guineas for the privilege of sleeping four nights within the walls of the "vile lewd town," and partaking of the dubious fare a Doncaster landlady may set before you. People now, be their home forty or fifty miles away, or even more, reach it with ease by dinner-time. Men have found that the good city of York is only one hour from Doncaster, and that at the Club, the Station Hotel, and in the many comfortable lodgings round about the Minster, there is good living, peace and quietness, and the shearing is of the mildest. We believe the York Club was crowded during the Leger week, and no doubt the Station Hotel profited by the excellent train arrangements of the Great Northern. So also with Leeds, Hull, Bradford, Sheffield, and all the great hives of industry that contribute to swell the ranks of the vast multitude that wends its way to the Town Moor on the Leger morning. The consequence is that Doncaster suffers. Said a worthy citizen to us on the

Tuesday morning in the race week, "Doncaster has become a railway meeting, sir," meaning that the grist flowed into the railway mill, and not into those of his fellow-citizens. Still we cannot affect to regret it. The town has had a high old time for years. Our personal experience of it has been, up to very lately, that of discomfort and extortion, and once upon a time we remember we had to use a more downright word than the latter. Doncaster is certainly reaping as she has sowed.

But there are bright spots among Doncaster lodgings; there are landladies who are not harpies, landlords who do not thirst for your blood. There are, too, attendants pleasing and comely, the neatest of neat-handed Phyllises, who do their spiring gently, and soften whatever asperity, if any, there may be in Doncaster life. In company with a friend we were fortunate enough to find such surroundings, and, as the weather was fine, the celebrated Bollinger a good tap, and we had a little bit on The Lambkin, we took a more Christian view of Doncaster and its ways than we had done for some years. It was a brilliant meeting, as far as company went. Burke, Lodge, and Debreth had emptied their contents apparently into the series of erections composing the Doncaster Stand. We do not remember such a gathering of late years. Not a nobleman's palace or country squire's hall but had their quota of guests, and all of them came to Doncaster not on the Leger day only, but on each of the four. To say who was there would be to cull columns from the *Morning Post* after a big Marlborough House or Belgravian ball. Bentincks, Fitzwilliams, Somersets, Osbornes, Gordons, Talbots, Howards, Bourkes, Lascelles, Lumleys, and Lowthers, their name was legion. Mr. Christopher Sykes had the honour of entertaining the Prince of Wales, and a splendid Amphitryon he made. The Duke of Portland filled Welbeck, or tried to do so, and had two specials each day from Retford for his many guests. The number of private specials—fourteen we believe was the total—was one of the most wonderful feats that the managers of the G. N. traffic department performed during the week. By the way, is Mr. Cockshott still at the head of affairs at Doncaster? Probably he has been made a K.C.B. by this time, and has retired. He used to be the shining light of the G. N., and his mantle (supposing him to have been promoted) has fallen on worthy shoulders, for the enormous traffic was admirably done, and not a single hitch we believe occurred. It is wonderful how they do it, but they do.

And yet the occasion of this great assemblage was hardly worthy of it. People came from the four corners of Yorkshire, from German spas and Alpine health resorts, from brunnens without end, from pine forests and vineyards, from their grouse and partridges to see—what? Truly not much except each other; and as a good many of us had been doing that for some time well-nigh daily, and as all of us had only parted company six or seven weeks previously at Goodwood, it seems strange that we made such a point of being there. But Doncaster is one of our old racing institutions, one that through good and evil report holds its own, and happy are we to record that fact. There may be poor racing there; we cannot always help that. The quality of the Leger field may be but moderate, that also is beyond human control; but the traditions of the Town Moor will live as long as the English Turf exists—and so we come to Doncaster.

Dull and heavy was the atmosphere of the day that ushered in the meeting, and so positively hot did it become as the afternoon drew on, that there was a casting away of overcoats and an abandonment to liquid refreshment that recalled Goodwood. In the previous week many of us who were in the far north had telegraphed for winter clothing, in the firm belief that winter was

upon us, and now we were earning (?) our racing bread in the sweat of our brows. The bread, by the way, was not much to speak of, and the first piece we cast upon the troubled waters of the enclosure—and they were *very* troubled waters that afternoon—did not return to us. Toastmaster, in the Fitzwilliam Stakes, was the general selection, a thing good enough for even money, when, lo! the uncertain Modred, ignoring his previous performances, came, and beat Lord Zetland's horse in a canter. Neither did the Great Yorkshire do us of the Southern division any good, for we went for John Jones, many of us, in our haste, taking 7 to 4 about him, and then had the satisfaction of seeing him go back in the market, and Lawminster, ridden by Johnny Osborne, take his place. Yorkshire was on to a man, and really, if we had only had our wits about us, we should have been on too. For he had here no turned-loose horses to beat as in the Great Ebor, and the hand canter he settled Hauteur in showed us what a good thing we had let slip. Then both north and south had a great disappointment in the Champagne. We spoke in last "Van" in terms of high admiration of St. Helena, and expressed a hope and belief that she would, from what we had seen of her at Goodwood, Stockton, and York, take the race in question. She would have to beat Royal Hampton, and apparently that was all. There were rumours that Langwell was a much-improved colt, and would run much better than he had done at Ascot; but the market told a different tale, and his clever trainer was not, we believe, much in love with his chance. The race was a match between the two favourites, so every one thought, and when St. Helena stopped at the bend directly something came to her head, and dropped out of the race as if she had broken down, we could hardly make it out. There was the little fact, however, and when, at the distance, Langwell proceeded to overhaul Royal Hampton our surprise was complete. Langwell won rather cleverly, so what we heard of his trial previous to his running in the New Stakes at Ascot, and of his superiority to Rosy Morn, was not far wrong. To be sure he had not run up to his private reputation since, though he did defeat the Chopette colt at Goodwood. However, here he wore down Royal Hampton fair and square, and much we fear the handsome St. Helena has a soft spot in her. It is just possible she may alter the Champagne form, and we hope she may, but her exhibition was a sore disappointment to her noble owner and Enoch, which her numerous backers shared in. For the plungers, however, there was balm in the shape of the North Wind colt for the Glasgow Plate, one of those red-hot good things that could not by any possibility be beaten unless it fell down, and even then the betting seemed to hint there would be time enough for him to get up and win. Nothing else was backed, we mean for any money, and before the flag fell 6 to 4 was laid on him. In the early spring he had won the Walton Plate at Sandown Park, beating, among others, Burgundy, a filly of Mr. Chaplin's that her owner greatly fancied. He, moreover, thought well enough of the winner to give 720 gs. for him, under Lord Exeter's conditions, and with the field the colt met in the Glasgow Plate his owner had little difficulty in getting back his money.

The Leger market was disturbed this afternoon by the coming again of Superba, for whom there seemed a genuine commission, though in the opinion of some it was only covering money. Be that as it may, we believe the mare was a good deal fancied by her owner, and though she had previously experienced such rough treatment at the hands of the bookmakers, they were evidently afraid of her as the hour drew near. At one time she had the call of Scot Free, but settled down into a firm second favourite before the close of the afternoon. Of the rest, Sir Reuben appeared the horse of Captain

Machell's stable, still he was a bold man who would take upon himself to affirm that. There were nibbles at Harvester, and there were people to be found who said the mare would prove the best on the morrow, but we don't think much attention was paid to that. The Lambkin was firm, and his trainer declared that he only feared Sir Reuben. Curiously enough, Mr. Vyner's horse was first favourite in the place market.

Surely this Leger day, among its other memories, will be associated with the abnormal weather that ushered in the Doncaster week. The return of summer—or what some writers, with a strange confusion of ideas, called "the second summer of St. Martin"—was as great a boon as it was a surprise. We are accustomed to cold, wet and misty Leger days, but not to heat and sunshine, so it was little wonder that more people came to the Town Moor than ever—emphatically "the people," for, curiously enough, the receipts at the Stand showed a falling-off from the previous year. But the non-paying populace were there in thousands, and the sight just before the great race, when the course was cleared and densely-packed humanity lined the rails far down beyond the bend, was one that, familiar as it was, was yet wonderful. There is nothing thought of and talked about but the great race on the great day, and there is generally some sensation reserved for us to give a fillip to whatever there may be of dullness in the proceedings, and the sensation this year was the coming of Harvester. We were, most of us, startled on arriving on the course, to hear offers of 4 to 1 on the field, and to find that Harvester was nearly as good a favourite as Scot Free. We had been puzzling our brains to discover under which thimble the clever director of the stable had put the pea, and most of us, fortified in that opinion by the tone of the market, concluded it was Sir Reuben. The coming of Harvester at the eleventh hour, due principally, we believe, to some investments of Sir John Willoughby's, was certainly unexpected and rather confusing. The training accounts in every newspaper had, for the past week, put him out of court. A horse that was doing a mile one day, no work another, and a mile and a half on the third, could not possibly be supposed to be undergoing a Leger preparation. He might be preparing for a horse show, but such absurd work as we have described could not win him a Leger. True he had run a dead heat for the Derby on little work, but the two races cannot be compared with each other. Untrained, or rather half-trained, horses have won the Derby before this, but the Leger is a different affair. Still no doubt some one was backing Harvester as if they knew what they were about, though at the same time the market status of Sir Reuben was not affected. So we were to pay our money and take our choice as far as that stable was concerned. But we don't imagine any one who knew the circumstances and the truth about Harvester backed him. If they did, they must have felt when they saw him in the paddock that, good horse as he may be, he could not win. Then there was Superba, too, undoubtedly a first-class mare, but still one who had been stopped in her work to an extent that forbade us to hope she could take the prize. A disappointing circumstance was it that the two really good horses who should have met in the Leger, Busybody and Superba, were destined not to fight their Epsom battle over again. Both sound and well at the post, we should have seen at least two of the very first class, and though perhaps the result would have been a repetition of the Oaks, the contest would have been close, and one that would have roused the enthusiasm of Yorkshire.

But this was all over. We had to put up with a field of moderate horses, bar one, and that one under suspicion. Looking round the paddock, it was impossible to get away from Superba, dull in her coat as she looked. Neither

could we deny the claims of Scot Free either on his form or appearance. To us he looked a thoroughly-trained horse full of muscle, and went in his canter without a fault being found with him. After the race, in which he cut so poor and unexpected a figure, there were plenty of people found to declare that he was "overdone" and "stale," but we are bound to say we did not hear these criticisms when he was cantering. Next to Mr. Foy's horse the two that struck us as most thoroughly fit were The Lambkin and Sandiway, but as Archer had elected to ride Cambusmore, it seemed useless thinking of the latter wiry little mare, and the offers of 40 to 1 seemed to correctly indicate her chance. The Lambkin was, however, a genuine article. Not the look of a Leger winner about him by any means, plain and much of the commoner in his appearance, there was no denying that he was trained to the hour, and that he would stay the course both his owner and trainer did not for a moment doubt. In fact Matthew Dawson said he only feared Sir Reuben; why he omitted Scot Free we cannot say. He had, of course, ample opportunities of seeing and knowing the work done by both horses, and it is possible that Scot Free's running was not the surprise to him it was to most of us.

By the way, there was another sensation besides the coming of Harvester, but a slight one only. Soon after arriving on the course it was rumoured that Captain Machell had objected to The Lambkin's running on the ground of improper nomination. The first impression caused by the news was on what grounds Captain Machell stood when he made the objection, seeing he had no horse running in the race? He might have objected on the part of Lord Manners and Sir John Willoughby, and probably did, though this did not appear. The objection was a trivial one, and the Stewards made very quick work of it. The card said: "Mr. R. C. Vyner ns the late Mr. Vyner's b c Lambkin;" and we believe Captain Machell's contention was that Mr. Vyner could not name a deceased man's horse. There was really nothing in it, and so petty an objection had much better not have been made. Sir John Willoughby's objection to St. Gatien might as well have been omitted, and this was more trumpery still. But, however, the Stewards very speedily quashed it; but the circumstance showed the Machell stable had got the measure of The Lambkin's foot and were afraid of him. They had reason. Their or the Captain's mainstay (it was said he had a heavy stake on Sir Reuben) did not altogether please the best judges who saw him; he looked fit enough, but had not grown since Ascot except in the wrong direction, and looked smaller behind the saddle than he then did. So likewise Royal Fern had dwindled away to nothing, and of Doncaster Cup, Hermitage, Corneille, and Queen Adelaide, why, what shall we say? Who believed that any of them was a Leger winner? We once, as we think we have remarked above, believed in Queen Adelaide, but one glance at the handsome, soft-looking mare told us that if she was ever to become what we once thought her, it would not be that day.

The changes in the market were, with the exception of the coming of Harvester, unimportant. The offers of 4 to 1 on the field were continued until the flag fell, Superba was second favourite, and the stable companions Harvester and Sir Reuben were at 11 to 2 each. The Lambkin was at the price he had been for the last few weeks—a point shorter indeed, and anybody who could get 10 to 1 jumped at it. The staying blood of sire and dam made him an exceedingly warm favourite for a place, in fact there was a perfect furore about him, and even money was gladly taken. The public had made up their minds about that coming off evidently, whatever their ideas

as to the actual winner. And about that, by the way, a good deal of Yorkshire had made up its mind. Mr. Vyner is well-known and liked through the broad shire, and we found, two days before the race, that the good city of York had pronounced, and that there was not a guard or porter on the G. N. R. who had not put their maximum on the son of Camballo. The great majority, however, of racing men, the men who bet on every race from the Lincoln Handicap to the Houghton, would not have him at any price. They went as a rule for the winner of the Two Thousand, the winner of the Derby, and the second in the Oaks—and who shall say that they were wrong in so doing? If there is anything in what we call "public form," they were of course right. But even "public form," for which we are great sticklers, deceives us sometimes, and it was destined to administer a heavy blow to most of us now. The race is a thrice-told tale by this time, but we may refer to one or two of its salient features. The first was the apparent inability of Scot Free to take his place with his horses, then the dropping out of the race of Harvester, and with him the retirement of such small fry as Royal Fern, Cormeille, Somerton and Hermitage. Then came a collision between Scot Free and Sandiway, but we fancy the favourite was out of the race before this happened. It was said to have materially affected Scot Free's chance, and there are people who profess to believe that, but for it, Sandiway would have won. That is not our opinion. She made up her ground and ran well, much better than her stable thought she would, but she could never have beaten the winner. That might have been done by Superba if she had been all right, and even running under difficulties as she was she looked very formidable for a moment or two, and only faltered in the last hundred yards. The Lambkin shook off Sandiway easily, and reached the chair amidst great demonstrations of enthusiasm. A Yorkshireman had won, if not a Yorkshire horse.

Truly not a great St. Leger by any means. The form we knew must be moderate, and even, moderate as it was, that form was to be further discounted before the week was over. For the failure of Scot Free we have heard no explanation. His colliding with Sandiway we attach very little importance to. He was keenly watched by many glasses, and the general opinion was that he was out of the race before the collision occurred. Harvester was an infirm horse; Superba we shall not see again. Putting aside these two, the field was composed of what we must perforce believe to be as moderate a lot of horses as ever ran for a Leger. The Lambkin won because he was thoroughly trained and could stay. That if the two mares fit and well had been in the race his number would have gone up we hold to be impossible. At the first blush people said Sandiway ought to have won, and John Porter was condoled with on his ill-luck. We think that fallacy, however, soon exploded. Archer doubtless felt chagrined that he had elected to ride the big Cambusmore instead of the wiry little mare, but we doubt if even his jockeyship could have altered the judge's decision. By Mr. Foy striking Scot Free out of the Cesarewitch, he appeared to endorse the opinion that a distance of ground is not his horse's forte. When he won the Two Thousand in a canter and leaped into the front rank of our three-year-olds, the fact was overlooked, or disregarded, that Harvester had been galloped off his legs in a trial the previous day, and that Superba had been doing badly through the winter and early spring. What else did he beat? If we are wrong in the opinion we have formed of Scot Free by his Leger running, time will convince us of our error.

If the badness of the Leger form wanted confirmation, it got it on the Friday with a vengeance. Backers had not had a peculiarly rosy time of

it, and the winners on The Lambkin were the comparatively few. The personal friends and acquaintances of Mr. Vyner had supported the horse, and, as we have before said, a good many Yorkshire people also, but the general public stuck to public form. So Friday was to be a day for getting back, and men who would have none of Lambkin for the Leger had a dash on him for the Cup. It certainly looked like putting down money to take it up again, the laying 14 to 8 on the Leger winner. The traditions of the Cup all pointed to the fact that the young horses always beat the old ones, and a first or second in the Leger were good enough to beat some of the most celebrated Cup horses twenty, thirty, or forty years ago. So the money was put down on Mr. Vyner's colt, and the only other horse at all backed was the three-year-old Pizarro. It was impossible to believe in Ossian, who has turned a roarer, and Louis d'Or had been beaten about a fortnight previously at York by Crim Tartar and Cornist, so what chance could he have?—but, to the dismay of the plungers, the old horse, inside the distance, challenged The Lambkin, and, staying the longest, won by a neck. Whether the Leger winner was quite himself, or whether Watts if he had been on him could have done more with him than Flatt could, it is hard to say. That he failed to carry his 7 lbs. to the front, and to beat such a moderate performer as Louis d'Or, makes out the Leger horses to be dreadful bad, and what the horses of old would have done with the winner and his field we can hardly tell. The Cup used to be booked to first or second in the Leger as almost a matter of course, in the times we speak of. But we do not breed such horses now. Still, there might have been reasons for Lambkin's defeat, and we will wait until we see him run again before condemning him. His defeat here caused a sensation, and as previously neither Cambusmore nor Quilt could win the Doncaster Stakes—the first-named running no better than he did in the Leger—and the North Wind colt could not stand up before King Monmouth in the Prince of Wales's Nursery, here was a succession of facers that made it a black Friday indeed. But worse was to come, and before the G. N. special took the disconsolates back to town, Cherry and Queen Adelaide had gone down before Belinda in the Park Hill; and Montroyd, after opening at 5 to 1 in the Westmoreland Stakes, and going back to more than double these odds before the start, came and beat Brag and the Sweetbriar horse in a hack canter! Now we all knew Montroyd was a good horse, and we presume his clever owner knew it too, and yet the cause of his decline in the betting was, we are told, his stable not fancying him! Mr. Peck declined to back him, it was said, under the idea that he could not beat Brag, but we don't believe another 7 lbs. would have stopped him. The result of the race afforded food for reflection as we journeyed south, one prominent thought being that if we did not back a horse we would not run him, in case of accidents. And so ended Doncaster—a rather unsatisfactory week as far as sport was concerned, a lot of favourites upset, and a lot of bad horses. That, however, did not prevent the meeting from being a social success, and we repeat we have rarely seen so brilliant a gathering. How we are to get better racing, above all better horses, for that seems to be the complaint under which we are suffering, we must leave to wiser heads than ours. That racing is over-done we are sick and weary of saying. Besides, everybody knows it, and yet still we go on in the weary round. When the volume of 'Races Past' issues from Old Burlington Street at the close of the year, we venture to think a duller record will rarely have been published by that celebrated house. Bad racing—bad horses!

To dwell on the sport at Ayr and Manchester would be only tedious.

The fields were poor, and for once even Manchester money failed to attract horses. Five runners for 1000 sovereigns is much worse than five runners for 500 ditto, but that was the strength of the fields for the September Handicap and the Ayr Cup respectively. A five furlongs handicap attracted the biggest field of the week at Manchester, and yet stayers, so it is said, abound. Meanwhile racing, or rather race meetings, die hard. This present month is crowded, and the rivalry in added money goes on. Leicester makes the boldest bid for the patronage of owners, with its stakes of 1000 sovereigns, &c., and seems determined to take the wind out of Brighton and Lincoln sails. Where is this piling up of large sums of added money to end? As soon as one meeting advertises a 500*l.* prize, a rival gate-money meeting comes out with 1000*l.* Then a third adds another "thou.," and so the game goes on. But this is not sport, and we much doubt if it will end in being pastime to the promoters. As our readers know, we do not share in the dislike of gate-money meetings expressed by many of our friends, holding a gate-money meeting, liberally conducted, to be a boon to the race-going public. But we regret to see one meeting outbidding another by the bait of extravagant and, but a short time ago, unheard-of sums of money. There must be a limit to this. Every meeting has not the population of Cottonopolis and its neighbourhood at the back of it. It would be well for the promoters of some of these new ventures to pause and consider this.

The season of horse shows is over—it may be said to have gone down in a blaze of glory—and for the next seven months or so the noble quadrupeds whose careers have given rise to so much satisfaction—and discontent—will enjoy repose, instead of being stabled in strange quarters and horse-boxes. The penultimate exhibition was a new venture at Bath, whose citizens bestirred themselves with a will to make the affair a success. Patrons are, of course, more or less ornamental functionaries, but the committee was essentially a working one, and the judges—Lord Coventry, Mr. Walter Long, M.P., and Colonel Kingscote—were strong enough to command universal respect. The only chance of failure was that, owing to the season having run its course, and the merits of the various horses being known, the entries might be poor. This, however, was not the case, partly, no doubt, owing to the fact that the Cardiff show was fixed for a few days later, and could be reached fairly easily from Bath. At the latter place there was some keen competition for first place in the class for 14 st. hunters, as Mr. Brown's Grenadier, who at the owner's sale brought 450 guineas, Mr. Maughan's Royal Monarch, Mr. Keevil's Garrison (the four-year-old winner at Islington), and Lady Meux's Lincoln, met to do battle. Mr. Thomas's Gendarme was entered, but rumour had it that he had been sold for 1000*l.* to the King of Italy, who intends to use him as a charger. The judges preferred Mr. Brown's to any of the others, and gave Royal Monarch a reserve ticket. The judging in the class for horses up to not more than 14 st. resulted in something of a surprise, as Pioneer was placed after Mr. Goodwin's His Highness, a horse that has not been seen out before at any important show. The practice of giving prizes, the competition for which is confined to local horses, is to be commended, and at Bath there were upwards of twenty entries in the local hunters' class. The first prize went to Mr. Lougher's The Prince, a moderate grey, and the second to Mr. Smith's The Colonel, a nice horse enough. Then the winners in the hunters' classes came out to be judged for the championship, when His Highness scored a victory over Grenadier. In the riding classes, plenty of old friends turned up. John Robinson sent Apology, Lady Julia, and Princess; Mr. Frisby

was represented by his excellent bay, Cardiff; while some very nice horses were to be seen in the ranks. A man who does not admire the grand steppers that Robinson always has must indeed be hard to please; but we admire them in harness. Not for worlds would the Van Driver undertake the task of riding one of these horses eight miles within the hour, unless his liver were in a state of rebellion, and demanded strong measures. For a high-class riding horse, a certain amount of action is, of course, indispensable, but one can have too much of a good thing; and the ideal hack should afford the greatest amount of comfort to the rider, who should never know what pulling is. Cardiff fulfilled these requirements, and was very properly awarded the first prize. In the smaller class, the invincible Magpie added another winning flag to her already large number, and must by this time have won as much as Mr. Pope gave for her, viz., 350*l.*, though both she and Maritana, who was second, are more fitted for harness than saddle work. The competition among the ponies and three- and four-year-old hunters was none the less interesting because there were none of the champion show animals engaged, unless we except Garrison, the four-year-old, whose bad hocks must always keep him out of the front rank. Had the full strength been present, Mr. Way's grey, Pomfret Rose, would hardly have been credited with a win in the pony class, nor would Captain Thomas's Amble Lad, a moderate animal, have been ranked first among the four-year-olds. The horses in single harness were so good that the whole of the class was commended. As the only condition was that the competitors should not be under 14.2 hands, there was practically an amalgamation of two classes, so that the judges had to decide between the merits of Marvellous, Movement, Peacock, Lady Shrewsbury, and Lady Julia. Lady Shrewsbury was driven by Mrs. Robinson, and the spectators, like juries in breach of promise cases, sympathised with the woman. For a different reason the judges decided in favour of Lady Shrewsbury, and awarded her the first prize, whereupon the groom who was driving Marvellous gave vent to his own opinions in language that, if an attempt were made to transcribe it, would have to be represented by a series of blanks. This sort of thing should never be tolerated for a moment, and it is not too much to expect that gentlemen will for the future see that the grooms and helpers sent by them to shows are not the foul-mouthed persons the man in question proved himself to be; or, if they are, that they will copy the typical villain of "transpontine" melodramas, and "dissemble."

Time—which, by the way, travels a deal faster than the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway—has again brought us to the Belhus Sale, and on Thursday, the 18th ult., we were once more in the well-known paddocks. The pecuniary result of last year's venture was disastrous, the loss having been variously stated at from 1000*l.* to 2000*l.*; but, undeterred by bad luck, Sir T. B. Lennard again spent his spring and summer in scouring the country for horses for his tenth annual sale. The luncheon must be a heavy item in the total expenditure, and one that might surely be cut down without any detriment to the business part of the day's proceedings. If Sir Thomas likes to give probable buyers champagne and other delicacies let him do so by all means; but there is no possible necessity for him to feed that large army of loafers he entertained the other day; or at any rate to find them in anything more than bread and cheese and beer. On the 18th there were dozens—nay, a hundred or two—who sought out the owner of Belhus and secured a lunch ticket, who would not have bought hunters had they been sold for a tanner a-piece. Mr. Carnegie, the Master of the Essex Union, was on the ground,

but did not get another bargain like that of last year, when he secured a big grey horse for about half the price that had been paid for him. Essex was further represented by Mr. C. Page Wood, who became the purchaser of a good-looking dark chestnut mare, Colonel Howard, Colonel Makins, and Mr. E. Ind. Lords Londesborough and Savernake both made purchases, while among others present were Miss Wood, Sir Lumley Graham, Mr. Boord, M.P., Mr. Harding Cox, Mr. Oakley, Mr. Pease, Messrs. J. Cannon, Waugh, and Jewitt, trainers, the dealing interest being represented by Messrs. Dyer, Newman, &c., while a few horse-dealing veterinary surgeons were on the ground. Mr. Tattersall having made a few remarks introductory to Sir T. Lennard's annual "Pickwick," the serious part of the day's proceedings began by the offering for sale of The Johnian, a somewhat heavy horse, deficient in hind action; but as he was up to 14 stone, and had the reputation of being fast, clever, bold, and fit for any difficult country, he could hardly be called dear at 80 gs., at which price Mr. Longuehay secured him. Elector was much of the same stamp as The Johnian; but Herbalist, No. 3 in the catalogue, was a horse of more quality, and, being bought by Mr. Dyer for 70 gs., may be reckoned fairly cheap. The weight-carriers of the sale were, generally speaking, a little too solid, and gave one the idea of their being slow. The Prime Warden, for instance, though up to carrying the sort of men of whom "ten go to a ton," was heavy all round. Had he been possessed of more breeding, his price, instead of being 150 guineas, might have been four times that sum. The same remark applies to Lady Psyche and Nimrod. Blackmore is a gigantic animal, said to be 17 hands $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch, and, on the principle of extremes meeting, was bought by one of the lightest men present, Lord Savernake, at 85 gs. Umpire, a whole-coloured chestnut, was terribly heavy and rather short in front, and could be considered no bargain at 220 gs. The best of all the weight-carriers was undoubtedly Harbinger, a bay, up to 16 or 17 stone, and well made. His weak point was that he was short of muscle, but if he be indulged with easy work this season, Colonel Loraine may have no cause to regret the 145 gs. he gave for him. Of the 14-stone horses, nothing looked more like business than Lot 14, Claudian, who looked all over a hunter, with his strong loins and great flat legs. There was some competition for him, but he eventually fell to Mr. Mannington for 180 gs. For 105 gs. Lord Londesborough bought Circe, a brown mare with a good deal of quality, and who would make a good wheeler in a team. Melbury was a horse with great bone, and an excellent reputation, and to a 14-stone man would, perhaps, be worth the 220 gs. Mr. Harding Cox, a light-weight, paid for him. Nor must Lord Henry be overlooked, as he seemed a horse of good quality and a fine fencer. The 13-stone horses were, perhaps, the best in the catalogue; and the pick of this division was Creole, whose previous career included the winning of a Dublin jumping prize, a farmers' steeplechase, and the running into a place in several other cross-country events. Creole was a stylish-looking animal, with lots of quality, good shoulders, and high-class jumping capabilities, and brought the longest price of the day, 360 gs. Next to her must be ranked Pembroke and The Dervish. Taken all round, perhaps the first-named was the best, but the fired hock of the latter knocked a good deal off his value, so, if he only stands sound, 110 gs. was not an extravagant price, as, though he pulls a bit, he is a fine jumper. It is, however, said that he is not the quietest horse in the stable. The total sum realised was 5395 gs., giving an average of 128½ gs. and a fraction over for each horse. On the whole the animals may be said to have sold well. W. thought that in point of quality they were below the standard of previous

years. It may well be that Sir Thomas, seeing but few Leicestershire or Northamptonshire men come so far east as Belhus to pick up a horse, left their requirements out of his calculation, and catered only for slower countries. With "provincial" packs, no doubt, horses are found that could go in any country; but over old grass, where stake and bounds, and thick thorn fences exist in great numbers, you do require a different class of animal to that which suffices for woodland or plough countries, and this "horse for Leicestershire" was not found at Belhus, except in a few instances, in the 13-stone class.

On Saturday, the 20th, Mr. Maughan, who has given up the Haydon country, sold some hunters, cobs, and the hounds, at Grove Park, Hendon, where the combined attraction of horses, a fine day, and, of course, a free lunch, drew together a large company. Some of the animals were part of the hunting establishment, while others had been bought for the purpose of of this sale, so that they were naturally of unequal excellence. The highest price, 460 guineas, was given for Abbotsford, a grand blood-like 16-st. horse, over 16 hands high, by Ouragan II. Abbotsford was fit to carry a man anywhere, and some spirited bidding took place. The final struggle lay between Lord Lonsdale and Mr. Burr. The former went as high as 450 guineas, when he stopped, remarking that the horse was not of his colour, so for another 10 guineas he became the property of Mr. Burr. Gay Lad, a thoroughbred chestnut, brought 280 guineas, and being up to 15 st., with a reputation for speed and jumping abilities, was not particularly dear. For 245 guineas Mr. Ross bought Rose of Athol, a good-looking bay mare, standing 16.2. Her off hock did not seem quite right, but this may have been fancy, as she has taken nineteen first prizes and two seconds in twenty-one exhibitions, besides being awarded five special prizes as being the best horse in the yard. "Fred Archer," a rich dark bay, showed plenty of quality, and moved and jumped in such first-class style that Mr. Toynbee took him at 275 guineas, and will probably pass him on to some "Leicestersheer swell" before November. Moorcock, a bay that seemed a trifle heavy in front, but in other respects a well-made horse, brought 225 guineas; and this completes the list of the horses whose price exceeded 200 guineas. For a man of middle weight, say about 13 st., The Flea, a seven-year-old bay, would be a capital mount, though perhaps 160 guineas was quite his value. "Charles Matthews" was an old-fashioned sort of a horse, by no means as active or neat as his celebrated namesake, from whom, however, he further differed in that he is very quiet and steady. There were no very particular bargains, but, perhaps, the cheapest lots were Gambler, a big strong bay, standing 16.2, that went for 95 guineas to that good sportsman Mr. Tom Nickalls, Master of the Surrey Stagbonds; and Sir Richard, a well-made bay, with excellent quarters, that was not dear to Mr. Balguy at 90 guineas. For the small sum of 30 guineas Mr. Burr picked up a little thoroughbred mare, said to be 15 hands—she looked more—on whom an 11-st. man ought to see most of the fun. For the same price Mr. Fletcher became the owner of a slack-loined chestnut, who at the eleventh hour was found to make a slight noise. Thirty guineas is not much to pay for a 15-st. horse, but when once the wind is touched, we doubt whether a hunter is cheap at any figure. The thirty-three hunters brought 4113 guineas, giving an average of 124½ guineas each, or 4 guineas less than the Belhus average. On the whole, we should say that the best of Mr. Maughan's horses were better bred, and rather more saleable, than the best of Sir Thomas Lennard's stud, but taking the thirty-three all round, they were a more uneven lot. The cobs, nine in number, were nothing out of the

common, at any rate when compared with the show animals. By the time they were offered for sale many buyers had left, and as those remaining did not seem particularly anxious to have animals of this class, they went fairly cheap. Twilight and Punch went for 26 guineas each, while for 2 guineas more Mr. Toynbee got Ladybird, a good-looking chestnut, but rather stale on the legs. The highest-priced cob was Peter, who had the best hind action of all, and, besides being up to weight, goes in harness, and was not over dear at 80 guineas. When the time came for the hounds to be shown, Mr. George Nurse, who is, or was, the Master of the Colline Dale Stag-hounds, was the only man on the ground with the slightest use for a hound. Mr. Maughan has been unlucky with his hounds, and had to fall back on drafts, consequently the pack was not a very level one, nor were they of one stamp, though, as there was some good blood, a few nice couples could have been picked out. Mr. Nurse made a bid of 15 guineas, and at that price had the lot, twenty-one couples—the cheapest hound sale ever known, we should say.

A man of mark and note in the hunting and racing world some forty or fifty years ago has lately crossed the border-land, and it is only right and proper that the name of William Fitzhardinge Oldaker should have a fitting memorial in the "Van." To the young generation his name will sound strange. To the veterans still alive, and to others turned of middle age who have commenced the *facilis descensus*—the men who can remember the days when Billy Bean, Jem Mason, John Elmore, and Joe Anderson rode over the Vale hard and keen; and when Ginger Stubbs, Capt. Skipworth, and last, though certainly not least, Robert Grimston, were all well to the fore—the name of Fitz Oldaker will be a familiar sound. He came of a sporting stock. Born seventy-four years ago, he was the son of the celebrated Tom Oldaker, who hunted the old Berkeley country, and who, in 1810 (about the time "Fitz" was on the stocks), was huntsman to "Billy" Capel, the well-known Hon. and Rev. of that name, the hounds being then kept at Gerrard's Cross. He was subsequently, if we remember rightly, huntsman to Mr. Harvey Combe. The subject of this memoir was, we believe, his youngest son, named William Fitzhardinge, and his father appears to have brought him up to the business of a saddler. Young Oldaker soon made a name for himself, and his hunting saddles gained a great reputation. A hunting man himself, entered to hounds as soon as he could cross a pony, he had the rare advantage of experience to teach him what was easiest for a horse to carry, and for many years not a M.F.H., or indeed any man who had once tried them, used any saddles but Fitz Oldaker's. He had a place of business at Finsbury, and another in Upper Brook Street, but he managed while attending them to have plenty of fun, both between the flags and in the hunting-field. Old calendars show us that in 1838 he rode, in a steeplechase at Romford, a horse called Jackey my Lad, on which he was second to John Elmore's Nigger, ridden by Jem Mason. There may be earlier records, but this is about the first the diligent search of a kind friend has discovered for us. Aylesbury and its famous Vale was his happiest hunting ground, but he was equally well known in Hertfordshire and in the Brocklesby country, the latter especially, where he made his mark riding against Capt. Skipworth, Charles Nainby, Field Nicholson, &c. In the Vale he was the right-hand man of the Rothschilds, Barons Lionel and Nathaniel, when they started their staghounds. Mr. Fitz Oldaker managed everything. He went to Cheshire, bought a pack of hounds and some deer of Sir Charles Shakerly, and secured Roffey, a

son of Mr. Jolliffe's well-known old huntsman, to hunt them, and from that time and ever afterwards bought the horses, and superintended everything connected with the stables and kennels. He was wonderfully keen and hard, would stay out until moonlight, in fact never left the bounds until they went home. Great nerve and rare judgment stood him in good stead. He rode against the best men and the best cattle of the day. In 1842 he won a sweepstakes over the Vale on Baron Rothschild's *Oliver Twist*, but was unlucky the same year on the Baron's Consul, both at Northampton and Chelmsford, but then he was beaten by Gay Lad and Jem Mason, and he rode him in the Liverpool when Tom Oliver steered Vanguard to victory.

Mr. Oldaker was good at many things; no sport or pastime came amiss to him. There is a story of a running match made at Horncastle between Mr. John Darby, now of Rugby, and himself. The former was backed by Mr. Joseph Anderson and won, a circumstance worthy of note, as the winner now finds walking a difficult task. Some twenty years ago, Mr. Oldaker lived at Newbold-on-Avon, near Rugby, and hunted regularly with all the packs within reach, but about five or six years since he went to live at Woodbank, Gerrard's Cross, where he was born, and there, on the 6th of September, he died very suddenly, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He kept up his riding well to the last. Few men were better known, none could be more popular or respected, than William Fitzhardinge Oldaker.

To take a jump from equine and canine to the human species, Have our readers seen Farini's latest show at the Aquarium? If not, let them go and see the "Earthmen," some of a dwarf tribe found in the Kalahari desert, and brought thence by Mr. Healey, junior, who was dispatched on his mission by Farini at forty-eight hours' notice. The party consists of a chief and his wife, who stand 4 feet 6 inches and 4 feet 6½ inches respectively, and are giant specimens of their race, whose average height is about 4 feet 1 inch, the stature of two young men aged respectively nineteen and twenty-four, but who look about half those ages. Then there is a little boy six years old, son of the chief and his wife, and a little girl aged twelve, the daughter of parents who deserted from the party. Though these little people are small in stature, they are exceedingly well proportioned, and there is nothing of the "monstrosity" in the show. The exhibition consists of representations of their desert life. The little girl personates a lion that is tracked, and finally shot and skinned in orthodox fashion. Then follows ostrich stalking. Two of the party put on ostrich skins, and, taking the head and neck in their hands, walk about, and pick up imaginary food from the ground, the walk and movements of the bird being imitated with such fidelity as to delude the wild article into the idea that there is a feast at hand. When the birds are within range, the men shoot them with the bow and arrow that has been kept concealed under the skin. The language of these "Earthmen" has hitherto defied the interpreter, as it consists of little else but clicks, but, to atone for any shortcomings on that score, the family are all masters of the art of pantomime. One of the best things is when the chief relates the incidents of his journey to the Aquarium. The railway whistle, and the puffing of the engine, are well imitated, and the chief shows how his reflections on shipboard were disturbed by an attack of sickness. The way they live, too, is peculiar, and few of the untravelled spectators are prepared for such an example of "overcrowding" as takes place in the model ant-hill at the Aquarium.

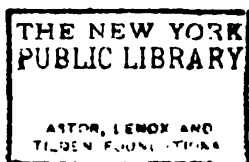
The spell of dullness and bad business in the theatrical world which set in with the hot weather and the Healtheries was broken towards the middle

of last month, when people began to come back to town, and some of the closed houses reopened their doors. Mr. Wilson Barrett restored 'Claudian' to famishing London, and added to it the equally solid food of 'Chatterton'—rather an over-burdening of the palate, we thought; but the appetite of a Princess's audience is of the ravenous kind. We are sorry to say that Mr. Brookfield, excellent as was the programme he had provided at the Haymarket—and 'Bachelors' was a most amusing piece, admirably acted, and in which Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Stewart Dawson distinctly scored—found himself unable to cope against the heat and the emptiness of town, so closed doors about the time that Drury Lane, the Court, &c., opened theirs. Autumn seasons at the Haymarket have rarely been prosperous ones. Messrs. Willie Edouin and Lionel Brough hit upon a more successful vein when, on the departure of the Daly troupe, they imported a burlesque on the old story of the Babes in the Wood, with the wicked uncle and other pleasing accessories. The telling of the story was undertaken by Mr. Harry Paulton and Mr. W. C. Levey, but how much of the original text Messrs. Brough and Edouin have allowed to remain, and how much original "gag" is nightly imported, it would be difficult to say. Sufficient that what there is, if light, is sparkling; that Miss Alice Atherton makes a most delicious babe, romps with *abandon*; and, when she puts on her Kate Greenaway pelisse and hat it is almost too much for the feelings of the stalls. On her and Miss Grace Huntley, together with Mr. Lionel Brough and Mr. Willie Edouin, the task of extracting fun from the piece is laid, and they perform that task apparently to the satisfaction of every one, for the little house is filled nightly, and most of the elegant extracts who have wandered back to town, or are only "passing through," are to be found there.

The second revival of 'New Men and Old Acres' at the Court has proved a judicious and happy thought of Messrs. Clayton and Cecil. And yet, so comparatively recent is its first revival under Mr. Hare that it is somewhat surprising good audiences should be found for a comedy with which we should have thought play-going London was thoroughly permeated. But the old story still charms; the old love-making—and it has found many imitations and imitators—still keeps us spell-bound, and we laugh at the vulgarity of the "new men" as heartily as we sympathise with the falling fortunes of the "old acres." Much of this is due to an impersonation as effective as any that have preceded it. With the remembrance of her gifted sister in the part of Lilian Vavasour so fresh with us, it was impossible not to be touched with the charming sincerity of Miss Marian Terry in the part. The love scenes between her and Mr. Clayton, who now takes the character of Mr. Brown, hold the audience. There is the true ring about the sentiment in actor and actress, and few can see it unmoved. That Mr. Arthur Cecil gives a most finished picture of the ruined gentleman, Marmaduke Vavasour, was only to be expected—one of the cabinet portraits of which he has exhibited so many. Mr. Anson resumes the rôle of Mr. Bunter, and has Mrs. John Wood for his better half. Some criticisms have been passed on this clever artist's delineation of Mrs. Bunter, and fault has been found with her for over-accentuating the vulgarity of the character. There may be something in this; indeed, we think there is. A slight toning-down of her exuberant fun would be advisable. It makes the thoughtless laugh, but sure we are Mrs. Wood does not wish the judicious to grieve. She is such a *comédienne* in her own unrivalled line that she should not descend to broad farce. Both the Bunters, indeed, are more farcical than they were in the last revival. Is it not possible for them to

return to the better reading of the two characters? Miss Le Thière is dignified as Lilian's mother, and there was a very clever sketch of the German "prospector" given by Mr. E. D. Lyons.

There is a tendency just now, and one, we think, to be much deprecated, to drag religion, or rather religious characters, on to the stage, and to place them in a ludicrous or contemptible position. 'The Private Secretary' seems indebted for its popularity to the ridiculous picture it presents of a much-suffering clergyman, who is made the butt of everybody, and endures persecutions that convulse audiences with laughter. Mr. H. A. Jones, of 'Silver King' fame, has made a departure in another religious direction. 'Saints and Sinners,' the new comedy at the Vaudeville, deals not with the Established Church, but with the highways and byways of Little Bethel. In a story singularly trite and commonplace—a story of injured innocence and heartless seduction—Mr. Jones has interwoven the life and manners of a Dissenting chapel and its congregation. They are not pleasing manners by any means. Only two figures, one that of the minister of Little Bethel, the other that of the honourable lover of his erring daughter, stand out lovable and straightforward from a mass of hypocrisy, low cunning, and brutality. How far this is anything like a true picture of Dissenting inner life we cannot say, but the probability is that Mr. Jones has made a mistake, and a serious one. The play is interlarded with scriptural quotations in the worst possible taste, which, on the first night of its representation, provoked the anger of a not too critical audience. Unless excised, they will probably provoke a more decided hostility. What Little Bethel will think of the picture the dramatist has drawn we cannot say. "Chapel people" are not playgoers, we believe, and therefore it will perhaps not much matter to them. But there are a great many other people who, without any especial zeal for religion as propounded by Church or Chapel, yet have a decided objection to sacred things being introduced on the stage, and a yet more decided dislike to their being held up to ridicule. 'Saints and Sinners' may be a clever play, but it is an unpleasant one, and all the good acting—Mr. Thorne's gentle pathos, Mr. Conway's superb villany, and Mr. Henry Neville's manly virtue—fail to obliterate the picture of that very undesirable Little Bethel life that Mr. Jones has depicted. We should much doubt the play taking any hold on the public taste.





John Mayall photo

Joseph Brown, Jr.

Hanning

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

EARL OF HARRINGTON.

THAT the Stanhopes have been men of "state and grandeur" in Derbyshire and Notts from a very early period of English history is well known. Ennobled in two separate branches of the parent tree, furnishing to the State soldiers and able generals, statesmen and politicians, men of culture and genius, the name has been ably and widely borne. The representative of the branch long settled at Elvaston Castle, Derbyshire, Charles Augustus, eighth Earl of Harrington, is a descendant of the first Earl of Chesterfield, a gallant gentleman and firm supporter of the Royal cause, who was raised to the peerage in 1616, and advanced to an earldom by King Charles I. in 1628. The Elvaston Stanhopes have contributed their quota of good citizens to the State, one of the most celebrated of the ancestors of the subject of our present sketch having been William Stanhope, a distinguished soldier and statesman, who from 1715 to 1729 was engaged in diplomatic missions of great importance, and who in the latter year was created Baron Harrington of Harrington, co. Northampton. Subsequently he became principal Secretary of State, and in 1746 was appointed Viceroy of Ireland, he having been previously raised to the dignity of Viscount Petersham and Earl of Harrington.

The present possessor of the title was born in Ireland in 1844, and was educated at Queen's College, Belfast, and at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1869 he married a sister of the present Lord Carrington, and on succeeding to the title on the demise of his father settled down at Elvaston, and devoted himself to the life of a country gentleman. A thorough sportsman, hunting perhaps his grand passion, he became Master of the South Notts, and, hunting the pack himself, has given the greatest satisfaction in the field. Lord Harrington is fond of a little racing too. His colours are often seen, sometimes worn by himself, at Derby and other meetings. He is a good landlord, and very popular.

INVALIDED SPORTSMEN.

BY AN EX.-M.F.H.

HAPPY are they who, in full vigour of health, enjoy the hunting season in old England, and care little for the vicissitudes of its severe spring. They at least will take little interest in the perusal of this brief narrative, dedicated especially to those whose failing health, or that of a member of their family, necessitates a temporary exile to a more genial climate.

Attention is directed to the south-west of France—prominently to Pau and its vicinity. The climate is not perfection ; it lacks the sun of the Riviera, and is liable to occasional visitations of severe cold and frosts. Its principal advantage for out-door exercise consists in the absence of wind, combined with a mild but somewhat damp atmosphere ; and especially grateful are the Basses-Pyrénées as a refuge from the searching influences of March and April east winds. The maladies it appears best suited for are those connected with the chest and throat, and delicacy resulting from the effects of severe colds or hardship. It also enables invalids whose illness has not reached a serious stage to take a fair amount of fatigue, without feeling bad effects, provided ordinary precautions are taken against chill, and the rays of the sun. An enumeration of the following Masters of the Pau hounds, who within the last fifteen years or so were able, when in delicate health, to fulfil the somewhat trying out-door duties entailed, gives full evidence of the correctness of this statement ; their initials run thus, viz., Colonel A., Mr. H. W., Major C., Lord H., and presumed Mr. T. B. Apart from the negative influences against cold-catching, sufferers from gouty cough and catarrh receive great relief from perspirations when hunting in so mild a climate.

If the chase prove too trying an ordeal, ample inducements for every-day riding are afforded.

The varieties of scenery are endless : to the north and east every phase and feature of English country life may be easily brought up to the imagination ; while the grandeur of the panorama leading to the mountains, is it not fully described in Murray's Guide, and through the glowing pages of the 'Sun Maid' ?

Turn we then with a sportsman's eye to the woods around Lescar and Sauvignac, or to the broad rides (so charming to view a fox over) and dense underwood of the Forest of Pau, each giving so full a promise of a happy October's morning cub-hunting.

Perhaps riding to hounds is the favourite hobby ; then one may dwell pleasantly on the fenced hill-sides of Gardère, and down the green valleys of Ousse or Nay, over whose broad enclosure horse and hound may speed at their best pace.

If Isaac Walton's more sober disciple desires to recall reminiscences of happy hours, he will find them in contemplating the waters of the Gave, that flow *ta bribente ta clarente* (so swift and clear),

or he may wander along the banks of the less pretentious Luys or Gabas, very models of tempting trout-streams; then, away to the north, the Coteaux sides and moorlands are studded with brakes of holly or bracken, that give token of a resting-place for the migratory woodcock. The sedgy banks of the treacherous rivulets of the Pont Long, that have engulfed many an ardent pursuer of the chase, offer shelter for the wild duck or snipe.

Delusive, alas! their temptations for the stranger; still they recall many a happy day's pursuit in the chase, and well-earned trophies with rod and gun. Romance, however, must give way to reality. Our hunted fox at Pau is a captive; our hounds follow on the fleeting footsteps of Perey, the dragman; the salmon of the lower Gave refuse the angler's tempting lure; the trout appear on our breakfast-table, rarely at the end of the line; woodcocks, after an early frost, hang in hecatombs in the Pau market; all betoken the constant labours of the population, much given to what may be mildly termed a little poaching in stream or woodland—a heritage that has descended to them from their great monarch Henry IV. Records of his prowess and zeal for sport are amply testified. Many a mile along the hog-backed Coteaux does his hunting road run, away to the Forest of Benejacques and towards the distant Pyrenees. The great king treated an immersion out hunting with full *largesse*; tendered to the Béarnais peasants of a mountain commune a free gift of the wide expanse of the Pont Long Landes, to commemorate their extracting him from under his horse in a treacherous *marais* (*Anglice*, bog).

In his youth and early manhood we read—

“ Qu’ arveytabe la lèb au bèt esguit deu die
Tantost cabbat lous bruis traynabe l’arronsec,
Ou, ta gaha callotz courrè coum l’eslambrec.”

Lines which, freely translated, explain how he was in the habit of personally netting the trout-streams; how he arose at daybreak to meet the hares at certain cross-roads, on their return from the feeding-grounds; and his lightning speed of foot enabled him to knock over the young quails before they were well on the wing.

The Béarnais are a pleasant people; their personal appearance and general manner are engaging; they are hospitable and courteous, and on the latter point expect to be treated with full reciprocity; their ancient language is a compound of Roman, Spanish, French, and Latin; the grammar (save in the pronouns) presents no serious difficulties: verbs have only three conjugations, and the task of conversation with a teacher is easy enough; very different, however, flow the erratic idioms from the mouth of an excited peasant, and little does he understand of what you are struggling to explain to him. The poetic literature is graceful and witty, largely devoted to incidents of the history of the country, and especially happy in the pastorals and sonnets on the episodes and loves of shepherd life.

To treat of more important subjects. It has indeed proved a happy event for hard riders, that the Béarnais is inveterate in his determination to surround every one of his fields with a fence. Wide tracts, divided by imaginary boundaries between properties, do not exist, as in other parts of France; these obstacles referred to vary considerably; their principal character is a straight-cut bank, with a ditch on one side only. The amount of blind growth and trees often met with on the fences require clever negotiation on the part of horse and rider. The proprietor also insists on having a narrow lane, often fortified with steep banks, to approach his cherished fields; these lanes present the principal opportunities for a quick, determined horseman, when hounds run fast, to get well away to the front, and are at times most acceptable to the invalid pursuer on the roads, giving him an opportunity of seeing many a mile of the chase. One great characteristic is the *tuyot*, or short prickly gorse and heath combined, that largely intersects the country, either in wide landes or in small fenced enclosures that have run out of cultivation; this *tuyot* often brings the flying pack to nigh a stand-still, and is very severe on hounds' feet.

The well-known French law of subdivision of property is, to a stranger, quite inexplicable in the Basses-Pyrénées; around Lescar as an instance, enclosures are so small that they run occasionally to nigh thirty to a statute mile; while to the north-east, and in localities already mentioned, broad pastures, larger fields, and homesteads with every appurtenance for extensive farming, present themselves.

Where so many independent proprietors exist, horsemen ram-paging over the country do not, naturally, meet with full sympathy; the damage, however, they may commit is most satisfactorily arranged through the medium of an official termed the Hunt Expert, or valuer. His task is not always an easy one, as in the example of the proprietor of a holding, some six acres in extent, complaining that his wheat had been *bouleversé* by the chase; that two of his gates had been broken, and that his family were deprived of milk, through an intrepid *chasseur* jumping on and seriously injuring his cow as she reposed under a hedge:

In a country where foxes are treated as vermin, and make their abode in districts unsuited for hunting, a full excuse is given for taking them, and turning them down before hounds; they may be described as belonging to three distinct families: the pure mountaineer is a very poor creature, his fraternity of the landes and marshes are termed *charbonniers*, from the dark colour of their breasts, and occasionally run well; the Coteaux or country foxes show decidedly the best sport. The most popular records of Pau hunting are connected with their pursuit before noisy, slow hounds. In their captive state they cannot stand long in front of the fast, silent, thoroughbred foxhound, that forms the class now used. Wanting in experience to be aware that they are even pursued by hounds, these foxes generally hang about on being first liberated; a slight touch of artificial scent on them (if they are inclined to run)

allows them to receive twenty minutes' start or more; and places a long distance between them and their pursuers.

On the other hand, without the artificial assistance of scent, hounds that have been racing on a hot drag for thirty minutes, often under a burning sun and in a dried-up country, are incapable of immediately hunting the cold scent of the natural animal, whose want of perfume even for a month at a time prevents hounds running fast in England.

Ancient records of the hunting may be briefly passed over. About the year 1840 the Messrs. Standish kept a pack at Bordes, ten miles from Pau, and hunted the country legitimately; old Baker, a venerable fossil well known in the Blackmore Vale, officiated as huntsman. Subsequently many difficulties arose, and the legitimate sport waned. Efforts were from time to time made to revive it in a meretricious form by running drags from coverts, and accounts of splendid runs appeared in print, that represented the dragman's track and the death of a gallant bagman, who had not run a mile. Thus glorifying the sport savoured strongly of the counsels and results of the immortal Jorrocks, with his faithful huntsman James Pigg, and in French are illustrated through the gallant Tartarin de Tarascon, who slew the blind tame lion in Algiers, sent the skin home, and on his return received an ovation due to the bravest *chasseur* of his day. The present system of running a drag, and turning down a fox at its conclusion, without any mystery, has for some years been faithfully adhered to. Of course the sagacity of the hound and the skill of the huntsman are fully discounted by artificial scent and the pursuit of a frightened bagman; nevertheless a fast drag, and a good fox after it, represents more exciting sport than the chase of the uncarterd stag in England, provided the hounds open, and throw their tongue on the drag scent; unfortunately their *complete silence* at present is a sad drawback, it is one that can be remedied if the huntsman were an adept at hound-breaking, and used the proper drag scents. Hounds require to be brought out very fit, carefully fed to run together, and their feet thoroughly hardened to face the ordeal of the "tuyot." With an efficient pack, and the weather tolerably favourable, the Master is complete dictator of the drag sport; he has a wide scope of country, and a great variety of it to run over; as three-fourths of the field are moderately mounted, he ought to use discretion in choosing the lines. It is on "the pace" that the difficulty or facility of keeping up with hounds greatly depends. Let it be moderate, and the invalided sportsman on a trained horse can thoroughly enjoy himself; his nerve-spasms are generally created by a too protracted inspection of the small blind fences and the thudding sensations produced by drops into roads. If these palpitating trials prove too strong to make cross-country work enjoyable, an enlistment with the road-riding fraternity can be easily accomplished; they are usually made acquainted with the drag line, and the whereabouts of its finish. A cheerful resource moreover may be found in the

routine of hunting life (half the sport is it in England to many a wearer of the scarlet); the hunting kit fully laid out is a pleasing sight before rising; the solid breakfast may be attacked with impunity; rides to covert are enlivened by boring patient friends with opinions on hunting; the meet has its ceremonials, hounds move off, and a healthful day's exercise is secured that leaves its good effects behind for half the week.

Let the pace be real fast, the country rough, and it takes good hands, quick discernment, and plenty of nerve to chance the blind obstacles, straight banks, and treacherous galloping at full speed. Such trials have of late years thoroughly educated foreigners, especially French and Americans, for the hunting field and steeplechase course. Some of the latter gentlemen are second to none in riding raw untrained thoroughbred horses over this intricate country. For the last few years the management has fallen upon them, and they have naturally promoted the class of sport that pleased them best—running very long drags over remarkably fair lines. They lasted a prodigious time, from forty minutes to an hour, and traversed vast tracts of country. A constant pursuer of the pack had the privilege of jumping more fences over this close country in a season's hunting than fell to the share of any hunting rider in the United Kingdom in three days' hunting per week.

Drag-hunting is occasionally a necessitous substitute for the chase, and is on the increase in many countries. The following notice of a pack put together a few years ago, for Pau hunting, may contain some useful hints, and assist in somewhat raising the dubious character of the sport.

It were a pure matter of detail to procure a lot of tall unentered dog hounds, to have them broke to dash, rake away, and put in English kennel condition, in order to secure a pack that at least for one season* would distance the horses over all trappy, blind, tree-fenced countries; the object however in view was to secure a perfect scenic representation of a pack of hounds hunting a fox; they were required to open and give tongue freely on the drag, and that point was most thoroughly secured. They were to lose the flighty, flinging, raking drive of the regular drag-hound, and to hunt close, to turn quick, and run together.

The original Pau hounds were drafted to a few couple; fifty-four fresh couple were purchased, thirteen from the Woodland Pytchley, twelve from the New Forest—packs that were being broken up; the remainder were entered drafts from the best Irish packs.

The new lot were under the charge of Cox and T. Hastings, well-known huntsmen, who gave full assistance to the Master in breaking them to the drag before going out to France; ranges of grass and rough mountains, with a certain amount of woodland, were available from early in May to the close of August. The results mentioned were arrived at by great care in preparing the

* Most hounds lose the English definition of dash and speed under the influences of climate, and from constantly running artificial scents.

proper scents (details that cannot be entered into); the worry or lure at the end of the drag was so put together that it covered every hound with blood, and excited them most thoroughly; by running the drag constantly at angles, the line was at length rarely overrun; hounds were made to stoop and hunt as closely as beagles by the use of very light scents. The drafting of wild, mute skitters and slack hunters was vigorously carried out, and the new pack were reduced to some twenty-seven couple. Four Masters of hounds witnessed the scenic representation of a run with foxhounds, and expressed their astonishment at the correctness of the performance, and at the cry the hounds gave. On going out to France they were under the kennel management of Hastings, who the winter previous acted in the same capacity with the Fife Hounds, under Colonel A. Thompson; in the field Pascal, the French huntsman, held the control—a servant possessed of many excellent qualities and a good rider, but unequal to the task of breaking hounds in to open on the drag.

The drag-hunting was of course a matter of detail. The hounds ran very faithfully up to the programme prepared for them; the fresh blood imported, combined with their superior condition, made the pack altogether too strong for the Pyrenean captive foxes.

At the close of the first season the mastership was changed.

Those who remember the dimensions of a Pau field some twelve years ago have realised the great reduction that has taken place.

At the close of the period, when slower hounds were used that showed infinitely superior sport with the foxes, and drags were run shorter or dispensed with, Pau hunting was an institution popular with the great majority, and the support accorded to it was so thorough that a hundred and ten men were counted at an Andoine meet. It is said the hunt could once muster from forty to fifty red coats. The field has been gradually reduced by upwards of one half, entirely through the introduction some ten years ago or so of fast hounds and fast drags. These exhibitions are very acceptable to a select circle of good riders, well mounted, but the great majority of all the nationalities were moderately mounted, or inexperienced riders, and totally unequal to the task of keeping up, most of them on hirelings, paid for at the rate of a franc a minute for the privilege of their riders catching from the rear in fast runs occasional glimpses of the happy half-dozen men in the front—of the hounds they saw or heard nothing.

This class of pursuers are cast in a far happier lot after the fox in England or after a slow drag. Ringing foxes, or a bad scent, place them on a par with the best mounted out. In a good run they toil bravely in the rear, buoyed up with the chances of a covert, a check or a lucky turn enabling them, as it often does, to see the death of a gallant fox, and thus they go home happy.

The prospects of making the south-west of France a centre for cosmopolitan hunting are far stronger than twelve years ago. The inclination to winter abroad is increasing in England. In some

Irish counties hunting is at an end, in others it is seriously threatened; horsebreeding and equestrian sport all round have made great progress in both America and France.

With one difficult obstruction to contend with the procedure of restoring the hunt to its former flourishing condition, and at the same time meeting the views of the separate interests, appears a facile task: to hunt two days a week with slower hounds that clearly opened on the drag, to curtail its length, and to keep a separate lot of fast mute foxhounds one day in the week for the hard riding community.

The obstacle rests in the deterioration in the quality and numbers of the hunting horses let out for hire. The few good ones available are eagerly secured, and those left are worn-out old warriors, who are certainly as clever as quadrupeds can be made. The Anglo-Arab, or thoroughbred horse of the country, is weedy, and up to little weight, but active to a degree, and able to gallop on all day. Until many years of hardship have passed over him he is troublesome to ride. A few years ago excellent hirelings of English and Irish breeds were available. Latterly the long drags have committed such havoc and wear and tear on horseflesh that the stablekeepers decline to invest. With slower hounds, and easier days on horses, no doubt they were again induced to increase their number of hunters. Hunting can never flourish until a good class of horse as formerly may be hired by visitors. More fortunate will they find themselves in securing steeds for every-day riding. Until the spring sojourners present themselves plenty of excellent hacks are available:

A temperate nature, activity, and a total absence of cart blood, are necessary attributes in a Pyrenean hunter. For immediate use experienced Irish horses are clearly the most acceptable; those, however, from banking countries in England or Wales may be ridden with confidence. Several horses from time to time have figured between the flags in Ireland, and for bold horsemen desirous of engaging in first-flight competition an ancient Irish chaser, that can really travel fast over a natural banking country, is a good investment.

This season an English Master well known over the Vale of Aylesbury hunts the hounds himself.

One day in the week is to be set apart for sport under the old *regime*, and it is anticipated the drags on the other two will be reduced in length, while the pursuit of the wild fox may be occasionally resorted to.

THE OPENING HUNTING SEASON.

“CHILL October!” Yes, chill indeed on the canvas of Millais, and cheerless to those who dread an English winter, but invigorating to those who enjoy a disturbance of the cubs, the merry ring of hound music through the thick coverts, the gradual

conditioning of their horses; the progress of the young entry, the prospects of sport, and the outlook of a glorious season.

To the hunting man October is full of interest; in every department he is preparing for a successful *debut*, and is casting forward cheerily and steadily. It will take us all our time to beat the glories of our last season. And we begin with dry hard ground, and a chronicle of bad scent that can hardly be wondered at after such a fine summer and brilliant autumn, that has showered benefits on the shooters without stint. Cubs, nevertheless, are decidedly plentiful, and have been discovered by the score in many hunts. In fact, dear 'Baily,' the massacre of the innocents has become such a recognised practice that a few words on their behalf may not be out of place. By all means blood your hounds, and be satisfied to do it by fair means. It is far easier and better to kill a cub out of covert than in it. He lies down over and over again in its thick recesses, and eventually stains it with his blood.

How sorely it hurts the feelings of many a good sportsman nowadays to hear nothing but crackings of whips on every side; and, when a fine cub breaks covert, to see him deliberately headed, and ridden down! Depend upon it more foxes are cowed, and made short runners for life by this system of heading them in their first experience of hounds, than by any other means that can be devised for making them cowards. Huntsmen make up their score now, much to the disadvantage of the season hereafter. I have heard of four, five, and even six foxes slain in a morning, fifty couples of hounds in the field, and some of the best gorse coverts stained with blood, which might easily have been avoided, had the orders been to "let 'em go," with the second or third fox that broke away. "It's no fun, sir," was the dry remark of an eminent huntsman to me last week when we were discussing this murderous system. When the regular season begins Masters will be grumbling about outlying foxes, and turnip fields will be requisitioned for a find. No wonder, after the hallooing, heading, and worrying that the adjacent coverts have been the scene of, while the owners thereof have been on other pleasures bent, vainly looking forward to seeing a first-rate November gallop from their pet plantations.

But to business. To cry over spilt milk is a baby's cry. The damage of over-cubbing for this year at least has been done before these pages will see the light. "Life is half spent before we know what it is." The returns are remarkably unanimous in their complaint of bad scent and hard ground, which will surprise no one who has ventured a trial. On the other hand, foxes have bred well, and, notwithstanding the calls made upon them last season, have come up to time wonderfully. There is scarce an M.F.H. whose epistle does not breathe of hope and confidence; and ere this brief record will have been published, nearly all the new pinks will have been aired, many a gorgeous opening day will have been enjoyed, and many a bumper drunk, "Success to the sport of kings!"

The *Albrighton* have no changes to report. Plenty of foxes and lots of blood; in fact, too many foxes killed some mornings to please old sportsmen, who are waiting for the ground to be rideable.

Badsworth.—James Counsell promoted from second horseman to second whip, vice W. Gray, gone to York and Ainsty. Scent bad, but foxes plentiful.

Beaufort, Duke of, changes not, but reports a bad scent and hard ground so far. Lots of foxes, and young hounds doing very well.

The *Belvoir* go on as usual. They commenced operations on the 21st of August, and for five weeks had excellent sport, since which it has been fairly good, though the ground has been too dry for riding to hounds. Foxes, with the exception of a few places on the Lincolnshire side, are plentiful.

Berkeley, Old (Mr. Longman's).—No change. No scent; too hard to hunt. Fair show of cubs. Been out four times, and killed four foxes up to October 8th.

Bicester and Warden Hill.—Lord Chesham succeeds Viscount Valentia as Master, and S. Watson is promoted to first whip. Scent very bad. Lots of foxes, and entry done well, with plenty of blood. The new Master has got together a nice stud of horses, and there is very little fear of this good hunt suffering in popularity in his hands.

Blackmoor Vale.—Mr. Merthyr Guest is the new Master, with the old staff. Prospects hopeful, and a fair show of litters.

The *Blankney.*—No change. Hunted twelve days, and killed seven foxes up to October 10th. Country well stocked, but scent on the whole bad, and the ground as hard as adamant.

The *Blencathra.*—No alteration. Prospects fairly promising.

The *Border.*—No change. Out nine times; killed eight foxes. Prospects good for a successful season.

Braes of Derwent.—No change.

Bramham Moor.—A new second whip from Cheshire, J. Hutchings. Very dry weather, and scent bad. Cubs plentiful where owners have honest servants, and give honest orders to them. One case of foxes in good covers very scarce, and obstruction to hounds for some weeks. Another case of fine woods on a large estate almost without cubs. Nevertheless, efforts are made to keep up the sport. The Darwinian theory proved practical when five foxes emerged from his drain!

Brocklesby.—William Dale is the new huntsman. Hounds have done well, considering the state of the ground. Several good mornings for hounds; plenty of blood. Foxes plentiful, and young entry doing well.

Burston.—No change. Weather too hot and dry for much cub-hunting. Prospects fair.

The *Burton.*—No change. Good prospects. Hunted twenty-one times, and killed as many foxes. Young hounds enter well.

Calmady, Mr., has no changes to report. He has every prospect of a good season. Cubs are plentiful and very strong, but scent has been very bad up to the first week in October.

The *Cambridgeshire.*—Mr. Lindzell has Charles Littleworth, jun., as his huntsman, and George Jones and Wm. Cobb as whips. No report of sport or prospects.

Castistock.—No change. Cubs strong and plentiful; every prospect of a good season. Entry fourteen couple, well blooded; scent fair.

Cheshire.—No change, except Harry Jones to be second whip. Very good prospects of sport; plenty of foxes, but very bad scent.

Cheshire, South.—Mr. Corbet has William Neat as a new second whip. Reports a very good show of foxes everywhere, and scent fair until the ground became hard and dry. Ground Game Act has decimated the rabbits. Foxes consequently work the poultry to such an extent that it is next to impossible to keep pace with the demands for poultry damage on the part of the farmers.

Chiddingfold.—Kennels removed from Park Hatch to new kennels at Hyde Hill, Bousbridge. A good lot of cubs, but no scent. Mr. Gosling intends hunting five days a fortnight, part of Mr. Coombe's country being added.

Clarke, Mr., from North Devon, only changes his second whip to William Hornabrook.

Cleveland.—No change. Hunted eight days, killed $3\frac{1}{2}$ brace. Foxes plentiful.

Coombes, Mr., has given up his pack, and the country is now divided between the H.H., Mr. Garth, Chiddingfold, and Hambledon.

Cornwall, South, have found cubs plentiful.

Coryton's, Mr.—No change. Every prospect of a good season. Cubs plentiful and strong; young hounds never entered better. Seventeen days' hunting to 17th October. Killed nineteen foxes.

Cotswold.—No change. Capital prospect for season. Good show of cubs and very fair cub-hunting, but ground terribly hard. No scent in coverts, but as a rule pretty good in the open.

Cotswold, North.—No change, except Jack Hicks new second whip. Prospects good.

Cottesmore.—Charles Dove, as second whip, is the only new servant. Bad scent all the cub-hunting, and ground as hard as iron, is Mr. Baird's report.

The Craven.—Under Sir R. Sutton, Bart.; have no changes this season.

Crawley and Horsham.—W. Field, a colt, takes the second whip's place. Cubbing has been good; scent very bad in covert. A capital entry of young hounds, very keen, and have been fairly blooded. Prospects very good.

The Groome.—Mr. Walter Greene has taken H. Price on as whip. Plenty of foxes and a good entry. Every prospect of sport.

Cumberland.—Some of the east side of country given up, and one day a fortnight knocked off. Had very good cub-hunting. A capital run on the 4th October with an old fox; thirty-five minutes, over capital country. Plenty of cubs everywhere. Young hounds have entered well, and killed six brace.

Cunard's, Sir Bache.—No change. Foxes very plentiful. Young hounds had plenty of blood, and prospects excellent.

The Dartmoor.—Admiral Parker reports that he has found cubs plentiful, and has been lucky in killing some, though scent moderate. Foxes are plentiful, especially on the moor and the eastern and central part.

Dorset, South.—Charles Chub, as whip, is the only new servant. Cubs plentiful; scent hitherto very bad.

The Dulverton country is vacant. The hounds were sold for a big price to the Earl of Guildford. This is a rare opportunity for a large-hearted sportsman to begin hunting life amid the hills and moorlands, where the Rev. John Russell so thoroughly learnt the mysteries of the noble science.

Durham, North.—Still under Mr. Maynard. Richard Freeman is hunts-

man; and Fred Johnson first whip. Scent bad; foxes plentiful. Entry (8½ couple) doing well.

Durham, South.—Sir W. Eden, Bart., succeeds Mr. Ord, and James Hughes succeeds George Batten as whip. Good show of cubs, but hounds have been stopped by the want of rain.

Essex, East.—No change. Mr. Coope reports a fair prospect, and that, in spite of hard ground, he has been fortunate in blooding his young hounds, and killed a cub each morning. This is as it should be.

Essex and Suffolk.—Mr. P. G. Barthropp has taken the mastership; George Morgan first whip, G. Buckle second whip. Considering the state of the ground, cub-hunting up to the present date has been most satisfactory.

Essex Union changes not, but, owing to the hardness of the ground, has had little cub-hunting; there is nevertheless a good show of foxes all over the country.

Emmoor.—No change. Killed 9½ brace. Splendid prospects for the coming season.

Ferrers', Earl of.—No change. Good show of cubs. Scent very poor.

Fitzbarding, Lord, reports H. Baker promoted to be second whip, and up to the 8th October he had killed 28½ brace. Every prospect of a good season, and no complaint of want of scent.

Fitzwilliam's, Earl of.—Frank Bartlett succeeds W. Dale as huntsman, and C. White takes Will Goodall's place as first whip. Have had some good hard mornings, with blood. Scent moderate in cover, but fair in the open. Entry doing well. Foxes plentiful and prospects good.

The Fitzwilliam.—The Hon. T. W. Fitzwilliam takes the mastership and W. Barnard is the new whip. Sport very fair; ground very hard. Hunted twenty-three times, and killed 12½ brace.

Garth, Mr., goes on, like "the river," with no changes, but confesses himself beaten by the hard ground, and has left off. Still prays for more rain.

The Glamorganshire.—No change.

The Glendale.—The Hon. F. W. Lambton, M.P., takes the mastership, Mr. George Grey, the former Master, takes the horn, and John Raby is second whip. Bad cub-hunting, owing to hard ground, but lots of foxes, and everything fair for a good season when rain comes. Mr. Grey was presented, a week or two ago, with a testimonial by the supporters of the hunt, showing their appreciation of his last four seasons' sport.

Goodwood.—Champion has found a very fine show of foxes, and has every prospect of a good season. Scent in the big woods bad. Charles Firr new second whip. 13½ couple of young entry, doing very well.

Goaling's, Mr. R., killed 3½ brace and ran one to ground in eight days. Stopped eight days by hard ground. Scent moderate.

The Grafton change not. Notwithstanding the hard ground, cub-hunting has been most satisfactory: foxes are plentiful, and prospects of sport excellent.

H. H.—Mr. Arthur Hardy Wood succeeds Mr. Deacon as Master, Richard Turner as huntsman, R. Mullows as first whip, and A. Gray second whip. Scent has been very bad; cubs plentiful, ten brace killed up to October 8th. Hampshire prays for rain, and that Mr. Wood may prove a worthy successor of their old friend Deacon.

Hambledon.—No change. Plenty of cubs. Young entry of eighteen couples very smart and doing well. Covers thicker than usual, and scent very bad. Eleven brace killed; eight brace to ground up to October 1st.

Hargreaves', Mr. John.—Cubs plentiful, but scent miserable.

Herefordshire, North.—Mr. Lutwyche is the new Master, with Overton, from Wheatland, as huntsman. No report of sport or prospects.

Herefordshire, South.—Captain Freke Lewis and Mr. Harold Halme joint Masters, Captain Lewis taking the horn. Fair stock of cubs. Scent has been miserable, and the covers unusually thick.

The Hertfordshire.—E. Brooker and C. Turner are the new whips. Prospects nil, until Jupiter Pluvius condescends a bountiful downpour.

Heythrop.—No change. They have found plenty of foxes. The scent has been bad—prospects good.

Holderness.—George Ash is the head huntsman. Sport good up to now, with plenty of foxes in the country.

Hursley are in *statu quo*. Their country is well stocked with foxes, which in the lower or wooded portion take a lot of catching; in the upper part some sharp gallops have been had in the open, and well-bred horses only could live with them. Prospects good.

Isle of Wight hounds.—No change, except Martin Cox as kennel huntsman, and Walter Dale as whip.

Johnstone, Captain Harcourt, has a good entry of young hounds. Plenty of foxes, but want of rain has prevented their doing much. Scent has improved lately, and there are prospects of a good season.

Kent, East.—Mr. Sworder complains that the country has been too hard and dry, and scent very indifferent, but hounds have had plenty of blood. Foxes plentiful. The Ground Game Act is turning small farmers into poachers, as well as their labourers, and the farmers think more of their gun than breeding a young horse or riding to hounds. Foxes frequent their poultry-yards, and hunting is doomed in the southern counties.

The Ledbury.—W. Jones is kennel huntsman and first whip. In consequence of the want of rain, Mr. Knowles reports the usual want of scent. Foxes are plentiful and strong, and prospects never better. Young hounds have entered remarkably well.

Langibby and Chesham.—No change. Scent on the whole fair, though variable. Foxes plentiful and very strong. Killed eleven brace.

The Ludlow.—No change, except that Johnson has taken the horn for the present; plenty of foxes, but scent on the limestone hills next to nothing, and cubs very difficult to catch.

The Meynell.—No change. Sixteen brace killed, and good prospects. Several good runs already, especially one from Chartley by Blithfield, killing in the open at Hamstall Ridware, a nine-mile point! Time, one hour.

Middleton's, Lord.—No change. Scent bad all through cub-hunting. Eighteen brace killed up to October 20th. Prospects good all over country.

The Monmouthshire.—Sam Roberts takes the horn from Captain Hanbury Williams, the Master, and the pack keeps up its prestige.

Morpeth.—No change. Good show of foxes. Country very dry, and no scent after 9 a.m.

The New Forest.—No change. Prospects are good, and very good show of foxes all over the country, but scent very bad owing to dry weather. The young hounds, 14½ couple, have all entered well, and everything promises for a good season.

Norfolk, West.—Cox, from Oakley, new first whip. Began cub-hunting 26th of August, and did very well till drought and mildew came, when scent failed. All best country well stocked with foxes.

The Oakley.—No change except in whips.

O. B. H.—George White is second whip. Plenty of cubs. Very bad scent. Ground very hard.

Pembrokeshire has no alteration to report. Very bad scent owing to dry weather, and will not last for many weeks.

Pembrokeshire, South.—No change. A good show of cubs. The weather has been too warm and dry to do much.

Penllegare.—No alteration.

Percy's, Earl.—H. Kenneth takes place of C. Booth as second whip. Scent on the whole has not been good, but hounds have been lucky in getting blood after a lot of hard work. Plenty of foxes and every prospect of a good season.

Portman's, Lord.—The same as ever. Plenty of foxes. Generally very bad scent.

Portsmouth's, the Earl of.—No change. Scent has been very bad. Entry doing very well. Foxes in plenty. Every prospect of a good season.

Powell's, Mr. W. R. H.—No change. Have had two fine runs over best open country.

Pytchley.—John Isaacs, from Cottesmore, the new whip. Good sport and plenty of foxes.

Pytchley (Woodland) has excellent prospects—24½ brace of foxes already killed. Scent for the first three weeks was good, after which Lord Lonsdale stopped owing to the drought. Foxes exceedingly numerous.

The *Quorn*.—Lord Manners succeeds Mr. Coupland after a long and successful mastership, such as will live in Quorn annals. Foxes are plentiful, and cub-hunting has been pretty successful considering the weather. Rain still wanted. The country looks more like Midsummer than October. We want frost to fetch off the leaf.

Radnorshire and West Hereford.—No change. Prospects fair; scent variable. Some litters stolen from the Radnor side of the country, said to have gone to another portion of Herefordshire. Masters turning down foxes should be careful in finding out where they come from.

Rayer, Mr., is going to hunt part of the Tiverton country hunted by Mr. Froude Bellew; no change in servants. The cub-hunting has been very good.

Rufford.—Mr. Harvey Bayly has promoted C. Champion as second whip, and says that his country is fairly stocked with foxes, but that, owing to the ground being as hard as iron, scent has been very bad throughout cub-hunting.

The *Shropshire*.—Mr. Heywood Lonsdale succeeds Lord Hill as Master, and has had a successful cub-hunting, notwithstanding the dry weather. Found plenty of cubs north of the Severn, and had plenty of blood. The young entry work well, and there is no lack of music in covert.

The *Sinnington*.—Mr. Robert Lesley succeeds Mr. Tom Parrington as Master. The ground so dry, no scent; no sport. Foxes plentiful.

Somerset, West—No change. A fair scent during cub-hunting, considering how dry it has been. Prospects good, as foxes are plentiful.

Somerton, Lord, succeeds Lord Radnor in that nice little down country round Salisbury.

Southdown.—Mr. Brand has no changes to report, but regrets a bad scent and hard ground for cub-hunting. As usual, plenty of foxes.

Southwold change their hunting day from Friday to Saturday. Cub-hunting bad. No rain for many weeks, and wolds like iron. No cry for young hounds to go to, and few foxes killed. Fair stock of foxes.

Staffordshire, North.—No change, except that the second whip, Chandler, has left. A very fair season so far; scent not good. Killed eleven brace up to October 6th. Hope to enter our new mistress, the young Marchioness of Stafford, in due form this season.

Staffordshire, South.—No change, except as to second whip. Good sport through cub-hunting, accounting for their fox every day. Wonderful show of foxes at Maple Hayes, Lysways, and Beaudesert.

Stainton Dale.—Mr. Christopher Leadley, Master; Thomas Harrison, huntsman. Prospects very good; plenty of young foxes.

The Surrey, Old.—No changes. Fair show of foxes. Ground too hard to do much; flint and chalk positively burning.

Sussex, East.—Mr. C. A. Egerton has resumed the mastership, with C. Orvis as his huntsman. Fair sport; good show of foxes. Young hounds enter capitally and have been well blooded. Every prospect of a good season.

Taunton Vale.—J. Leake, huntsman; Jack Carpenter, first whip. Had splendid sport with the cubs. Prospects very good.

Tredegar, Lord, has no change. A good supply of foxes, but a bad scenting season for cub-hunting.

Tickham.—John Addison, from Taunton Vale, goes on as second whip. Though scent has been very bad, and cubs not too plentiful, the young hounds have been well blooded, and the entry of fifteen couple go to work well.

Troy Side.—No change. Have done capitally; blood almost every day, besides several run to ground. No chance to mob them here.

The Tynedale.—Mr. John C. Straker is the new Master, with Stephen Goodall as huntsman and Harry Goddard first whip. A good show of cubs all over the country.

The United.—No change. A very killing pack of hounds this season, and taken good account of the cubs.

The Vine.—Very fair sport, but prospect of foxes not so good as it ought to be, in consequence of foxes having been poisoned; dogs also have fallen victims. Perhaps poison was laid for them! N.B.—Equally illegal.

Warwickshire, North.—Mr. Lort Phillips hunts the hounds himself, and Tom Carr is his first whip and kennel huntsman; Edward Parker, from the Shropshire, second whip. Foxes more numerous than last year. Entry of eighteen couple, young drafts from Pytchley, Lord Lonsdale, Badminton, and Blankney. Fifty couple of puppies sent to walk this year. Learning on the *qui vive* for sport.

The Western.—No change. Good show of cubs, but very little scent. When the fern dies back, and autumn rain begins, prospects will be good for the season.

Whaddon Chase.—Mr. William Selby Lowndes, jun., succeeds his father in the mastership, with twenty-five couple of old hounds and eight couple of puppies, and Bentley continues as huntsman. This is the best two-day-a-week country in England, and we trust the son will long maintain its prestige.

The Wheatland.—Mr. Allen undertakes the mastership, with Mr. Friend as assistant in the field, and the old pack belonging to the county. Ground at present unrideable, but farmers are patient and hopeful.

Whidborne, Mr., has entered a colt in Martin as second whip, and laments the worst cub-hunting on record. Scent has been vile. John Whitmore continues as huntsman.

Wilts, South and West.—Captain Helme is now Master. The country is well stocked with foxes, and out of twelve mornings have killed seven brace, some after good runs.

Worcestershire.—Griffiths, from North Warwickshire, goes on as first whip; James Morgan second whip. Ground very hard. Scent good the first fortnight in September; since bad. Prospects good.

Wynn, Sir Watkin Williams.—Goodall has killed a good many cubs, and has found plenty. Sir Watkin will be unable to take the field, but he will have two keen and able deputies in his nephew and his bride, and there is no fear of this great hunt's shadow growing less at present.

York and Ainsty.—Fred Pitman new first whip; W. Gray, from Bads-worth, second whip. Killed $8\frac{1}{2}$ brace up to October and. Good show of foxes, but country very hard and scent very bad.

Zetland's, The Earl of.—No change. Very moderate sport up to the present time.

P.S.—Scotland and Ireland have necessarily been omitted from our list, but I trust that they will not escape mention as the season proceeds. As this article is being set in type things look black indeed. Who of us can recollect an opening week fairly check-mated by hard unfrozen ground? Some packs have yielded to circumstances and stopped hunting. Accounts of horses killed and lamed, and a stag-hunter killed, are sad. Is it wrong to pray for rain? Jack Russell would have done so ere this, I am sure.

BORDERER.

THE BIRD OF THE BATTUES.

ALTHOUGH it is legal to shoot pheasants on the first of October, it is not till cheerless "chill November" is well advanced that sport in the preserves becomes anything like general. By that time the noble country mansion-houses of this dearly beloved old England of ours are crowded with guests, and "the tale of Society," interrupted for a brief period at the close of the London season, again goes forward with renewed emphasis. Than the assemblages in some of our fine old country places nothing can be more agreeable—there can be no better society—refined, cultured, social; men of wealth and learning, women of high refinement; the thread of the love-story is taken up at the point at which it left off about Goodwood time, and probably, ere the party breaks up, ends in the expected happy *dénouement*. What would a large country castle be without its succession of love-stories? Political problems are also, of course, discussed after dinner, and easily solved; county matters get talked over and arranged; contests in burgh and shire are foreshadowed; poachers, as usual, come in for some emphatic denunciations; the rector of the parish appears on the scene, and is warmly welcomed and well entertained; whilst "my Lord the Bishop" benignly smiles upon the scene, talking the Duchess or the Marchioness, as the case may be, into active patronage of one or other of his schemes of benevolence. Filled with more than a

score of gay and agreeable guests, the house presents a bright aspect. The day may be dull enough without, as it is the rule for days in November to be, but within all is joyous. Ladies, young and old, add their charms to the morning, and, clad in the silks and satins of the drawing-room, render the evenings delightful—so delightful that it is not till a late hour that the men make their escape to the smoking-room.

The day's work may be briefly indicated. Prayers being finished, breakfast—always a delightful meal in a country-house—and the post-bag passes away an hour. Just at that time in particular, the noble mansion takes, for the time being, the character of a great hotel. Breakfast when you please; eat or drink what your dainty appetite may crave for—you require but to order what you desire; there is a crowd of well-drilled servants at your command, each and all of them ready to obey your behests, while larder, and cellar, and fruit-stores seem ever to be inexhaustible. Forenoons soon pass away. Some take a turn on the stubbles or in the turnip-fields, and so have a shy at the partridges; some, having letters to write, seek a quiet table in the well-furnished library; others make a round of the kennels, or inspect the stables, and, as a matter of course, one or two lounge with the ladies in the charming morning-rooms of the mansion; the exquisitely-dressed women—and no woman in the world looks better at the breakfast hour than the elegant bright-complexioned young Englishwoman, in her dainty morning dress and pretty shoes—are an attraction which few men can withstand.

Billiards too, if the morning prove wet, are patronised; pyramid pool is the delight of two grand-looking soldiers; “a hundred up,” on another table, satisfies the rector and an old college chum. Meantime the hospitable *châtelaine* and her daughters do whatever they can to entertain their lady guests. Pony-carriages are at their command; well-broken riding-horses are waiting to be mounted, there are ornamental dairies and pretty aviaries to be visited, as well as “my Lady's school” and the village hospital, and so life goes on apace till the luncheon-bell at half-past one rings out its welcome and sonorous peal.

Luncheon over, the serious business of the day comes on. It is comprised in two hours' hot work in the home covers, about a mile and a half from the place. McFlint, the head-keeper, with his assistants, are in waiting for the arrival of the party. The guns are marshalled in proper order, and sport at once begins. Signals have reached the outposts with great rapidity, and the birds begin to be heard at no great distance. The details of the battue, thanks to the life-long experience of McFlint, have been cunningly arranged. The pheasants are plentiful, but the head-keeper keeps them coming slowly in order that all may get a chance; he has three battalions of beaters at work, all acting from different points, but so arranged that the birds converge at the exact place at which they are waited for; one squad begins half an hour before the other, so that the supply continues uninterruptedly for about two hours and a quarter,

during which period a dreadful carnage goes on, the birds falling around in hundreds, hardly a pheasant being missed—cocks being, of course, the most numerous of the slain. A friend tells me that he once shot ninety-seven birds within the two hours and a quarter, missing thirteen or fourteen; but a better record than that many a time rewards the practised battue shooters.

The pleasures of "October shooting" have often proved a theme for those who write about sport, and have therefore been so frequently described that I may pass them by on the present occasion. As a matter of reality, and as has been already hinted, pheasant-shooting, except in the very outlying places, does not come on till later in the season. The stubbles in early October have just been cleared, which gives more room and greater zest to partridge killing, so that sportsmen can well afford to give the pheasants a little longer time to ripen for the gun. Besides, there are plenty of hares to pop away at, and if a hare-drive be got up, that event is sure to cause considerable excitement—at all events the men find plenty of work, even if they have to resort to the rabbit-warrens; it takes a confident shooter to do much among "the coney;" they are not quite so easily killed as some folks think.

Although many persons are aware that the beautiful pheasant—one of our finest table-birds—is annually shot in tens of thousands, very few of them know how the supply is kept up. Every now and again the public learn that, at my Lord the Marquis of Blank's battue 1319 pheasants contributed to swell the bag, or that 2849 of these birds fell to the guns of the Duke of Canterbury and his friends in the course of two days' sport; but the public have almost no idea of what is involved in these brief details. They are utterly ignorant of the pains and labour which are involved in producing such a supply; of the daily and nightly worry of the head-keeper and his assistants, or of the large sums of money expended by his Grace in providing means for the gratification of those friends who assemble under his hospitable roof from the first day of October to the end of December.

The pheasant has been at home in England for a period of twice five hundred years, but it is a bird of foreign origin, a native of Asia Minor, and according to naturalists has never in the time indicated changed its habits. The common bird (*Phasianus Colchicus*), which is the one we are best acquainted with, is to be found, with some few exceptions, all over Europe, and it is perhaps needless to add that wherever found the pheasant is a favourite; its brilliant plumage makes it a bird of beauty, while the excellent flavour of its flesh renders it very acceptable to the *gourmet*. Probably nothing finer ever comes to table than a plump pheasant of Bohemia, unless indeed it be the golden bird of China, which it is said might be food for the gods. The silver pheasant of the Celestial Empire is likewise a most beautiful animal, and is as good at fighting as a British game-cock, if not better. These birds (golden and silver) are frequently seen at gentlemen's seats, and in various aviaries, but

they are somewhat uncommon in this country, although many attempts have been made to rear them, intermixed with the more common bird. The greatest success has been obtained with the golden variety, the silver pheasant being far too pugnacious to live with the others; it may perhaps be stated in passing that nearly all the common pheasants of the period have sprinklings of other blood in their veins, most broods being the produce of a cross of some sort, which is by no means a bad feature, seeing that it tends towards the strengthening of the individual birds.

The common pheasant has unfortunately acquired a very bad character as a mother; no person that knows it is able to speak of it in favourable terms, and in consequence of its bad behaviour thousands of eggs are every season left unhatched, while thousands of chicks annually help to swell the bills of pheasant mortality. In a wild state the bird is so careless of its maternal duties that not much, perhaps, beyond one half the eggs laid produce chickens, and only a small percentage of the young birds attain dimensions fitting them for the gun. Many misconceptions prevail as to the egg-producing power of the pheasant; these have in part arisen from the now well-known fact that two, and sometimes even three birds have been known to use the same nest, and in consequence as many sometimes as thirty eggs have been found in one frail depository. We have read of nests which contained seventeen eggs, and of coveys numbering from ten to fifteen birds, and, although such numbers may be correct, we have never ourselves seen them. Mr. Tegetmeier, who as an authority in such matters is worthy of all credit, says that the eggs laid are "usually about eight or nine in number." Another writer places the number laid at from eight to fourteen. Gamekeepers whom we have interviewed on this subject give the number laid at being usually fifteen or sixteen. An intelligent keeper told the writer that pheasants in the open can be tempted to lay a greater number of eggs by occasionally depriving her of some of those she has already laid! During the nesting season he visits alternately all the wild nests he has discovered and, watching for a favourable opportunity, purloins an egg from each of the nests, placing the eggs thus acquired under a barn-yard fowl to be hatched. Treated in that way the pheasant lays a very large number of eggs, but the greatest possible care is requisite in carrying on these thefts, as old hen pheasants often under such circumstances "forsake" their nests; young layers, however, are not so particular. Care has also to be exercised in beginning these thefts almost at the very beginning of the nesting season, so that the eggs in the nests may be kept as long as necessary under the number on which the hen would begin to sit, which she might do on an accumulation of nine or ten eggs after once or twice being robbed.

To take eggs from the laying hen is, say some keepers, a really meritorious action, because in all probability the sitting pheasant would not hatch above two-thirds of the number laid, nor can she cover comfortably a nest of sixteen eggs. Many curious specula-

tions have from time to time arisen about the powers of laying possessed by pheasants and other wild birds. A hen was shot by accident while sitting on nine eggs, and on being dressed for table her ovary was perfectly clean, whilst another one, also killed by accident, and which was known to have laid before its death seven eggs, was found to contain twenty-three eggs in every stage of promise, from one or two just ready to lay to others about the size of a bean. Other pheasants at the beginning of the laying season have contained large numbers of eggs in various conditions of progress. These facts have been mentioned to more than one person who ought to have been able to explain them, but failed in doing so. The point to be elucidated is by what principle the laying power is regulated—is the bird provided with a “lachter” (ovary) containing only a given number of eggs to be laid from day to day, or can the bird go on creating eggs for any length of time; if so, by what rule is the rate of production governed, and at what stage of their growth are the eggs rendered fertile?

Leaving this phase of pheasant life, we shall now say a few words about the manners and customs of these birds in their natural haunts, which the writer is fortunately able to do from personal observation. It is a somewhat curious fact in the daily habits of this bird that it seldom flies from choice, but prefers evidently to remain safely on old mother earth—perhaps it knows instinctively that when it flies it is in danger. It runs about, seeking its food among low wood in an active way, never using its wings till the last moment. After rushing along at a great pace for about a hundred yards or so, it will then essay flight, and if it fancies itself in danger will take refuge in a tree or big bush of some kind; both cock and hen seem great believers in their leg power. Cock pheasants are of belligerent disposition, and have a tendency to pick quarrels with other birds, and, as the saying goes, a male bird would fight with his shadow rather than not fight at all. We have seen several fights between pheasants and “midden cocks,” in which the former had usually the best of the struggle, the cock pheasant always, after making a few dabs at his opponent, taking to his wings and fleeing to some place of refuge where the other could not follow, and so in the end the longtail wore out his antagonist, and won the battle. The male pheasant as a rule is neglectful of his own wife, but is very attentive to the wives of his friends, and is fond of loafing about with his brethren. Domestic affection of any kind he scorns. As soon as the nest of his mate is filled with the necessary complement of eggs he takes his departure, and would certainly not know his own children were he to fall in with them. It need not then give much cause for wonder if under such circumstances the hen also becomes careless and leaves her nest before the eggs are all hatched. Cases have been known in which pheasants have walked away with five or six birds, although in an hour or two the remaining eggs would have been hatched, and the chicks have been ready to accompany her in her wanderings. A wild bird as a rule will not

bring above the half of her brood to maturity; hens are often seen after a time with only three or four chicks. In crossing a drain she will sometimes leave half of her brood behind her, and after a few impatient calls will march off, never heeding whether her young ones follow or not.

The nests of these birds are constructed in a very rude style, consisting usually enough of a hole scraped in the ground: there the eggs are deposited; they vary in colour, but it may be said, "they are of an olive complexion"—as a matter of fact the shades range from a kind of green-grey to a brownish-green, or *vice versa*. Birds'-nests of all kinds are usually so cunningly contrived and well placed as to be almost undiscoverable by the untrained eye; persons not versed in country craft have been known to pass nests for which they have been seeking time after time, and when they have discovered them have been greatly surprised that they did not at once perceive them. In the case of the pheasant the nests in numerous instances are easily discovered, and the eggs in consequence, too often in such cases, become the ready prey of the poacher. The hen pheasant sits from twenty-two to twenty-five days, and chicks have been known to break the walls of their fragile prison even on the twenty-first day; and by the twenty-third day all the eggs in a nest, provided the mother has had the necessary quality of patience, have been hatched. The young birds feed with avidity on insects of all kinds, the eggs of the ant, maggots, &c., and soon begin to grow and exhibit colour; and, as all sportsmen know, on the first of October they are deemed ready for the gun.

The foregoing sketch of this fine bird as it exists living under natural conditions is probably rather bald, but it has the quality of not being imaginative, and is written from personal observation. Some particulars may now be given of the handling of the birds by the keepers, and of the plans adopted in breeding for the battues, for which an almost incredible number is required. On not a few of the great residential English estates pheasants are annually reared in literal tens of thousands—as a matter of fact in numbers which would seem to be imaginative, were it not that we know them to be shot every season in wholesale quantities. About pheasant-shooting as a sport it is not our intention to say much. It is a pastime which is not "in the hunt" with grouse-shooting; it is nothing like half so good as stalking the partridges in the turnip-fields, or on the corn stubbles, or by the hedgerows on a fine September forenoon. For a person to have the bird driven up to the muzzle of his gun, and then pull the trigger, is not a great feat. During the battues the sportsman has all the excitement attendant on slaughter, but that is all. No demand is made on the staying powers, the nerves are not strained—as a rule there is nothing to do but fire and kill. The air in many instances is so thick with birds, that a man might fire with his eyes shut with the certainty of killing one, if not two.

Shrewd Davie Rothsay, a pawky young Scotchman who had

been taken off the heather to be an under-keeper in the Earl of Peckham's preserves, in the county of Norfolk, used to astonish some of his friends when he came north to Perth with his homely narratives of the November bird slaughter: "Shootin'! yon's no shootin'," said Davie; "it's sheer killin' in a wholesale degree. The bonnie birdies are driven up between two rows of men, each bein' provided with a couple of guns, one in hand and another bein' loaded; ye couldna miss if ye were to try. I've seen the birds that thick, that there couldna be fewer than sixty in the air at once, and they come tumblin' doon by twos and threes at a time." There may be a trifling degree of exaggeration in this statement, but the birds, as all must know who have participated in the sport provided at a battue, will, when they are plentiful, rise in large numbers, when they are rushed upon by the beaters. But the chief element of all true sport is a-wanting at the pheasant battues, which is that the animal attacked should be allowed some law—should have a chance to escape. Who would shoot a hare on its form, or kill a partridge in its nest?

An English gamekeeper on a nobleman's estate, who was recently applied to for some facts and figures about pheasant breeding, stated that he would be able this season, between wild and home-bred birds, to bring at least six thousand to the gun before Christmas Day! The rearing of so many birds is a troublesome industry for all taking a part in it. The quarters of the keepers are turned for a time into a pheasant factory. There will probably on some estates be as many as two hundred barn-door hens employed in the business of hatching; and what with bad eggs, refractory hens, delicate chicks, gapes, gripes, and the other ills which pheasant flesh falls heir to, the head keeper and his women-kind are kept constantly in a state of anxiety. McFlint is kept at work from dawn to dark; and his wife too, from June to the end of September, is quite as industrious as her husband. The Duke is anxious that his friends shall be well provided with sport; he does not grudge the expenditure necessary to keep up the supply, whilst the Duchess also takes a keen interest in the work, his Grace the Duke of Plinlimmon's battues being famous all the world over. McFlint has ten or twelve assistants to aid him in his work, and it takes the entire band to keep things moving in the proper grooves. Poachers are of course the horror of all concerned. These persons, as we all know, are most unscrupulous, and leave no device of their abominable trade untried whereby they can baffle the keepers and gain a little money. They have learned to be ingenious. It is not the first time that a keeper has bought from some outsider a few score eggs which were laid in his own preserves; one ingenious member of the blackguard fraternity, indeed, in order to be revenged on a person by whom he had been prosecuted, not only sold him—through a third party of course—his own eggs, but had taken the pains previously to boil them!

When pheasants are bred in such large numbers as has been indicated, the obtaining of good eggs often becomes a work of great difficulty. From whom can they be obtained with safety? There

are, of course, persons whose business it is to provide them, and young birds as well, who "work" aviaries for the purpose of supplying eggs to persons who breed largely. We have visited one or two of these places. The birds are of course kept in confinement, in little communities, each five or six hens having a male bird with them. By means of good feeding, these confined pheasants lay a large number of eggs—as many as forty each, we were told. The birds are not employed to sit upon their own eggs, the hatching being accomplished with the aid of barn-door fowls, each of which, as a rule, would bring out fifteen chickens. None but good fertile eggs are used, the nests being frequently inspected, so that barren eggs could be at once removed. Great pains are taken in the breeding season to have all the birds in a high condition of health. The eggs sold bring a shilling each, whilst excellent prices are obtained for well-grown chicks. A wonderfully large number of eggs are thus annually produced, as also thousands of chickens. In Scotland, too, pheasants are bred in considerable numbers, both in the Scottish "Dukeries" and on estates of less magnitude.*

* With regard to the rearing of pheasants in Scotland, and the number of eggs sold to country gentlemen throughout that portion of Her Majesty's dominions, we have just interviewed an intelligent dealer who holds an agency for one or two of the larger English aviaries. He tells us that eggs are now in great demand, and that there are scarcely any gentlemen who have an estate who do not breed a considerable number of these lovely birds. My informant supplies every season a large number of persons with from fifty to five hundred eggs; in some cases, however, the order reaches a thousand, and in one or two instances twelve hundred. The price charged in the earlier part of the season is at the rate of 5*l.* 10*s.* per hundred; in May the figure is a pound or thirty shillings less. After that date prices lower as the season advances. The eggs supplied are all fresh, and frequently produce ninety per cent. of birds; with each lot a guarantee is given that at least seventy-five in each hundred will prove fertile. My informant tells me that the English eggs which he supplies are much liked in Scotland, because of the opportunities they afford for crossing the breeds. "Keepers can go round the wild birds' nests, you see, and drop in one or two of my eggs, taking out one or two of those they find, which they hatch under farmyard fowls, so that in the course of a couple of years the breed is strengthened and improved. You never hear of 'disease among the pheasants' other than those infantile ills which all birds fall heir to."

These remarks will doubtless commend themselves to the readers of this magazine. So far as Scotland is concerned, pheasant breeding is now practised far and wide, even in the remote highlands and on the islands of the Atlantic which belong to the county of Argyle or some other shire. I hear, too, of a game ranch which has been started in Ayrshire with a considerable degree of success, under the direction of a local nobleman, and from which pheasants' eggs are sent out in large numbers, to the extent, indeed, of some thousands per annum. I am told that, in addition to the number of these birds which breed in the preserves in a wild state, probably twenty-five thousand will be reared from eggs obtained from England, or from the game farm I have alluded to. I cannot venture on a calculation of the total number of pheasants shot in Scotland in the season, but it will not probably be less than eighty thousand birds, all of them of fine quality and "good for food" in a high degree. As a matter of fact, the battue has become an established institution in "the land o' cakes," and from the twelfth of August till New Year's Day "shooting" goes busily forward, diversified with deer-stalking, hare drives, coursing, &c. This season there have been several most successful hare drives, and a large number of pheasants may already be seen in the windows of the poulterers' shops. ¶

On a great estate like Plinlimmon, the home park of which contains an area of over two thousand acres, all crowded with game, and especially with pheasants, the keepers are required to be constantly on the watch. Every part is mapped out, every nest is well known and carefully watched, but, despite the greatest possible vigilance, scores of eggs are stolen during the season by persons who well know where to dispose of them with advantage. The laying birds are always guarded by watchers, every egg being protected and utilised, as indeed would require to be the case when such a number of birds is required for sport. Careful keepers and their female helps become by long practice very successful in what may be called "artificial hatching," and by care and constant attention the mortality is largely reduced, although it is still considerable—probably year by year not less than fifteen or sixteen per cent., including eggs and chicks. Some aid is now, we understand, being derived from the incubators which have of late come into use, and in time keepers are hopeful that they will to a large extent supersede the use of hens. Under natural conditions of hatching it is questionable if more than fifty eggs out of a hundred ever become table or reproducing birds. When one thinks of the enormous number of pheasants which are annually slaughtered, it becomes somewhat interesting to consider how many birds must of necessity be left at the close of sport for breeding purposes.

There will in all probability not be less than two thousand estates in the United Kingdom on which these birds are bred for the gun in greater or lesser numbers, let us say in quantities ranging from one hundred to six or seven thousand. No statistics are taken of the number of pheasants which are brought every year to market, but it is probable that not less than five-sixths of all that are shot in due time reach the poultry shops. That the number offered for sale is at all times considerable, and in some seasons enormous, a casual glance at the poultry shops in the month of November will at once reveal. They sometimes reach the wholesale dealers in Leadenhall market in daily thousands, and the market on some occasions becomes so glutted that nominal prices have to be taken. It is on record that the buyer for a well-known Regent Street restaurant bought on one occasion a hundred fine birds at a shilling each. But this is a matter which does not require further argument, and if it be assumed that on each of the two thousand estates on which pheasants are cultivated for the gun, there are only sixty birds, that number would indicate a total of 120,000 pheasants; taking it for granted that 70,000 of the number are hens, each of which will bring to maturity five birds only, a total production of 350,000 would be thus represented. "A rather rough-and-ready plan of coming to a conclusion," the reader will perhaps say, and so it is, but it is the only way in which an idea of the pheasant supply can be readily obtained. The cost of each pheasant brought to the gun on a nobleman's estate, taking the supply overhead, will not perhaps be much under three shillings, so that after all the sport is less costly than that of grouse-shooting.

Following the aristocratic bird to the table, we decline to eat it as in the days of old it used to be served. It has some time since dawned upon cooks that it is quite a mistake to keep this exquisite bird till it is—it is a vulgar word, but must be used—*stinking*, or becoming putrid. We are not learned enough to know how the bird was used in the olden times of epicurean Rome, but that it was well known at Grecian and Roman tables is on record. Modern experience has shown that the pheasant is most delightful when it has not become “high”; let it be eaten, therefore, within three or four days of its being killed; let it be roasted, of course, and served on toast—in almost no other way can the bird be rendered more palatable. Some people would smother all things in sauces, and so disguise them that all traces of natural flavour shall be lost. Look at the oyster, for instance. How do most people eat the oyster? They spoil its fine *goût* of the briny deep with sprinklings of pepper and dashes of vinegar! Now, in the writer’s opinion that is a most woful blunder, because when so eaten the flavour of the mollusc has vanished. That mode of eating the oyster was devised sixty years since, when shell-fish travelled but slowly to the seats of population, and when received would have proved unsaleable but for the sophistication that had been devised by the cunning dealers. That man, or woman either, who would enjoy the succulent oyster fresh from nature’s own *cuisine* must have it opened on the deep shell, and coax it therefrom with bated breath into his mouth. But to return to “our muttuns”—it is satisfactory to know that nowadays people are even finding that it is pleasant to partake of venison before it has been allowed to become putrid, and in need of being served with the conventional red-currant jelly. How we do suffer, to be sure, from all kinds of cookery conventionalities! “Use and wont” in the kitchen has been the death of ten thousand stomachs; let us then reform our cooks! A time will doubtless come when the natural flavour of our meats will suffice for all refined palates; as for used-up epicures, they may be allowed to follow the dictates of their fancy, and instruct their cooks to disguise their foods past all recognition. We counsel all who read this magazine to avoid gout-giving sauces and highly-spiced foods, which ruin the stomach, and devote those who partake of them to everlasting dyspepsia.

And, having thus spoken, we must now for a season bid farewell to the pheasant, “the bird of Colchis,” and we here place on record our sincere thanks to the good Jason for his kindness in bringing it to Europe; in doing so he conferred upon us a favour which shall live in our memories for ever.

J. G. B.

NOTITIA VENATICA.

By the time these pages are in the hands of 'Baily's' readers, several packs of hounds will have commenced their regular hunting season. "Men who hunt and don't like it" can always manage to keep out of cub-hunting. Should they be the lessees of grouse moors, or owners of yachts, they can with perfect propriety plead that, as the cost of each is so heavy, they cannot afford to make too short a season of either for the sake of indulging in an amusement the best part of which comes with Christmas. If they neither shoot nor go afloat, the exigencies of social matters may account for their absence; while, if neither of these explanations can be pleaded, they may take refuge behind the fact that, after all, cub-hunting is for the young and very enthusiastic, and that this season the ground has been so hard as to be unfit for any horses, save those that are past praying for. With the arrival of the regular hunting season, however, every one who sets up as a hunting man must, if he would keep up his credit, think about making a beginning. To the majority this is a labour of love; but about the only fun hunting affords to the man who does not like it, is the pleasure of putting on his pink and tops, driving to covert, and perhaps showing himself at a railway station.

The great M. Ude is reported to have expressed his opinion that there was no fruit so fine as an olive, if you could only acquire a love for the taste of it. Something similar may be said of cub-hunting. The early-morning air is inexpressibly exhilarating—to those who do not prefer the more stuffy atmosphere of their bed-chamber. Should the taste for genuine sport have been acquired or be inherent, it is more than pleasant to watch the growth of hunting: first the undisciplined attempt of the young entry to run anything and everything; then the gradual sobering down, and the coming out in the flesh of what is bred in the bone—that is to say, a taking kindly to the work. October brings with it more normal hours; cubs are getting stronger, and a pleasant scurry in the open now and again rewards those who like to double their fun by enjoying both hunting and riding. To the cub-hunter, too, the supply of foxes in the country becomes accurately known; while, should he have walked a puppy or two, their behaviour in the field will be to him a subject of interest; in short, a man who has both the inclination and the opportunity to follow his pack through all the stages of hunting, will welcome the arrival of November more gladly than he who plunges in *medias res*; and, what is more to the point, when he hands over his buckskins at night to the care of his bāt-man, he will not have drawn off more leather than he put on in the morning.

In many respects, the season now commencing is a memorable one, and we think that, when the history of hunting comes to be written, the season 1884-5 will be found to be either a turning-point, or a period from which a renewed vigour may be dated. Last

season the whole of the sporting, and much of the daily press, contained sundry articles on the relationship, real and ideal, between hunting men and farmers; and, not to blink the matter, the interest not only of fox-hunting, but of every other kind of hunting, will seriously suffer in the future if the warning so universally given be not heeded. A twelvemonth ago we dealt with the questions of damage and subscriptions, so we need not discuss the matter in detail over again; but we may just direct attention to a few circumstances that happened after our article appeared. More than one M.F.H. issued a manifesto to his followers, enjoining them to career less madly than before, and to study agriculture to the extent of being able to distinguish grass from clover; seeds from fallow.

The Master of the Pytchley—a hunt with which large fields are as common as they are unknown with the Coniston or Sinnington—professed himself anxious to diminish the numbers of those who met his flying pack without contributing anything, or adequately. Later on it was stated in another quarter that the damage to farmers would, some day or other, have to be calculated and made good under some more satisfactory system than paying for a fox's depredations out of a precarious poultry fund. One suggestion was that remuneration should take the form of a kind of rent. The upshot of all this is that the conditions under which hunting is carried on *must* be modified. There must be a great deal less free-lancing, to begin with; secondly, men must calculate their expenditure on a new plan. Instead of reckoning how many horses they intend to keep, and then squeezing out the minimum subscription towards the expenses of that particular hunt in which they have their temporary habitation, and eking out the rest of the week with neighbours, they will have to come down with a good round sum; should they have to economise, it will have to be in the stable, and not in the matter of subscription. Thirdly, the subscriptions to one pack will have to cease entitling the subscriber to hunt gratis with neighbouring ones. If a man pitches his tent at the junction of two or three hunts, he will, sooner or later, have to subscribe to each or stay away. What farmers complain of is not that so many men hunt, but that so many hunt for nothing; and people of influence could not do hunting a better turn than by setting the example of sticking only to those hounds towards the expenses of which they subscribe. This is taking no pessimist view of the situation. Farmers are now, if possible, better sportsmen than they ever were. With bad times, and corn-growing a non-paying speculation, farming is now a less remunerative occupation than it ever was, yet one hardly ever hears of a farmer opposing hunting on principle. They don't even object to hunting as a sport in Ireland, nor, in that unhappy country, do personal reasons enter into the opposition to hunting. The body of South Tipperary farmers who have agreed to poison their land, just as they poisoned hounds last year, are doing so, not because they object to hunting, but because they are "patriots." In other words, politics, and not hostility to sport in itself, have dictated the un-

sportsmanlike course they have resolved to adopt. In England, as a matter of fact, landowners raise far more objections to hounds crossing their land than farmers do ; though neither class, as a whole, are otherwise than very strongly in favour of our national sport. Truth is not always palatable, but the real state of the case is that, in England, there is practically no hostility to hunting, and the greatest enemies to the sport are hunting men themselves. It is because we think that the time has now arrived when the matter we have referred to will have to be settled one way or the other, that we fancy the present season will be remembered as one memorable in the history of hunting. But now for more cheerful topics.

The Shires at present, as in days that are past, are the metropolis of fox-hunting, and in the doings of the famous packs that hunt over the historic area men who, instead of sitting over grass, indulge in their weekly allowance of hunting in the stickiest and worst scenting ploughs take more than a passing interest. Sir Bache Cunard, the Pytchley, and the Belvoir go on much as of yore, but the change of mastership in the Quorn Hunt is an event that cannot be passed over without notice. For fourteen years has Mr. Coupland ruled over its fortunes, and for fourteen years has he been successful in demonstrating what a master of hounds can achieve if he be only gifted with the necessary qualifications. Under his guidance everything in connection with the Quorn has prospered, including of course the hounds themselves. With subscription packs it too often happens that a change of mastership involves the sale of the hounds, the new master finding himself the proprietor of a scratch pack, with which, under a new huntsman ignorant of the country and strange to the hounds, he is expected to show as good sport as his predecessor.

Mr. Osbaldeston and Mr. J. Villebois—two pretty good judges—were accustomed to say that no man who had to start with drafts could get together a good pack of hounds under eight years, and if he succeeded in doing so in that time he must reckon himself among the fortunate ones. If it took eight years in Squire Osbaldeston's days, we may fairly put on a year or two now, when perfection's requirements are so much more exacting. The Squire did not live to see the institution of a Peterborough Show ; nor was there in his time, as now, one universal standard by which all hounds were judged. The earliest scientific breeders of foxhounds are said to have been Mr. Meynell, and the first Lord Yarborough. The former hunted the Quorn country from 1753 to 1800, and the history of Lord Yarborough's hounds commences about 1747, so perhaps scientific breeding was not taken in hand before about 1770. Mr. Osbaldeston took the Quorn in 1817, so that systematic hound-breeding was then only about fifty years old. If it then took eight years to reach a moderate degree of excellence, the task can be no easier now. The judgment of Mr. Osbaldeston is proved by the prices his hounds fetched. In 1830, his drafts brought 25 *gs.* a couple, while in 1842 thirteen lots, comprising one hundred and

twenty-seven hounds, brought 6511 gs., or on an average more than 102 gs. per couple! Some doubt, however, has been cast upon the *bonâ fides* of this sale.

But this is a digression. Mr. Coupland has had the Quorn nearly twice the period mentioned by Mr. Osbaldeston, and those who have seen the pack will know how good they are. Lord Manners, the new master (and where could a better have been found?), starts with the results of his predecessor's labours and experience, and has Tom Firr into the bargain. The masters of the Quorn have always been remarkable for something. Besides Mr. Meynell's other characteristics and good qualities, the fact of his luncheoning off tincture of rhubarb on hunting days is, of itself, enough to entitle him to a place in hunting history. His successor, Lord Sefton, will be remembered for the lavishness with which he carried on, as having introduced—for he was a welter weight—the custom of having a second horse out, and for having two packs of hounds and two huntsmen. Asheton Smith, Osbaldeston, Lord Southampton, Sir Harry Godericke, and M. Holyoake, need no words to be expended in their praise. Mr. Hodgson was remarkable for having worn a brown instead of a scarlet coat, Mr. Greene for his popularity. Sir Richard Sutton, Lord Stamford, and Mr. Clowes sustained the reputation of the pack, while the advent to power of the unfortunate Marquis of Hastings only went to show how unfitted he was for the task, and to serve as a foil to the good qualities of those who came before and after him. These are the men whom Lord Manners succeeds. To have ridden the winner of a Grand National is a certificate of riding qualifications, while an inherent taste for the sport, and the opportunity of getting the best advice, should it be needed, will without doubt enable his lordship to add his name to the list of honoured and successful masters of one of the first packs in England.

The only recognised division of hunting countries is the Shires and provincial countries; but inasmuch as the latter vary exceedingly in degree, we may interpolate a third kind, into which the advantages of the Shires may fine away, and from which the best of provincial countries may spring. These we may call eligible countries. As a very large proportion of the men one sees at the covert-side in the Shires are merely sojourners, it follows that only those who have at command a certain amount of money—or credit—can visit those happy hunting grounds. Consequently, therefore, the effect of what the late Mr. Russell was wont to term “tightness of the chest,” is not so much felt as in those countries that have to rely to a greater extent, or altogether, upon residents for their supplies. Every one is said to find times bad now, yet the prevailing shortness of money does not seem to have had any visible effect upon the list of hounds. The Coniston, with their nine couple of hounds, the West Kent with their ninety; the Cheshire, with their eighty; and the Pytchley, with one hundred couple, go on as before, though whether this may not be due to the self-sacrificing zeal of the masters and guarantors

we will not attempt to say. There is one thing that cannot fail to strike the eye of any one who peruses the published lists of hounds, and that is the increase in the number of amateur huntsmen ; eight masters have this season ousted professionals, while only two of the latter step in to supplant amateurs. From one point of view this is encouraging, as it indicates a growing interest in the scientific side of hunting. On the other hand, a too great increase in the number of amateurs may not prove an unqualified advantage. It is unlikely that amateur whips will flourish to any great extent—there is very little glory and renown to be got out of that office—and for that post professionals will always be required. Every whip hopes in time to become a huntsman, but as the proportion of amateurs to professionals becomes greater—there are fifty-four amateurs and ninety-three professionals now carrying the horn with English foxhounds—promotion will, of course, be slower ; and, should amateur huntsmen be the rule, and professionals the exception, there may one day be a difficulty in finding good whips. By the way, talking of amateur huntsmen, it is curious that Mr. Warde, “the father of fox-hunting,” though master of hounds for so many years, never tried his hand at hunting.

Anti-staghunters will no doubt derive great consolation from the fact that two packs of staghounds have been given up since the close of last season. Finding that he was left to pay more than his fair share of the outgoings, Mr. Chaston, once upon a time well known between the flags, has given up the Suffolk, and, also through want of money, the Colline Dale go to the wall, after an eleven seasons’ existence. To flourish properly, staghounds must hunt in a country that is not first-rate riding from a fox-hunting point of view ; their country must be within easy reach of London, or some populous place ; and there must be a popular man at the head of affairs. It is not absolutely necessary that all these conditions be found with the same pack, but most of them are. The Surrey, Warnham, and Mid Kent, for instance, are accessible from town ; so are Mr. Petre’s and Mr. Rothschild’s. All have popular masters, though the countries of the two last-named packs are fine fox-hunting ones. As a rule, where the field is not recruited from the ranks of workers in a town, staghounds are not very much in favour, as country residents prefer fox-hunting, as being a higher form of sport than “stagging.” This, we take it, is the reason why the Easingwold and Norfolk establishments were given up some years since. To compensate for the loss of the Suffolk pack, however, the soldiers at Norwich have started staghounds, and intend to do the thing well ; while in the West Lady Meux’s hounds will henceforth desert hare for stag.

Although riding after the carted stag may not be the very highest form of sport, many of the scribes who have spoiled much paper in crying it down have only succeeded in exposing their own lamentable ignorance of their subject. Most of the gentlemen appear to know no more of stag-hunting than they have been enabled to pick up from the inside of a Windsor fly or a railway carriage. It has altogether escaped these glib writers that even fox-hunting is an artificial sport—

at least in a sense—because foxes are preserved; and in writing down stag-hunting as they do, they practically say that the late Assheton Smith, Lord Derby, the present Lord Cork, and a host of other well-known men, are no sportsmen. Just one word about the “tame-ness” of the deer. If any one thinks that the Queen’s, for instance, hunt an animal that is nothing more than a pet, let him attend at Swinley paddocks any Monday or Thursday, and get permission to go into the hut when the deer selected for the next day’s hunting “fights the shield;” or, if he can live through the run, let him be the first to attempt to secure the deer, and he will speedily find that the quarry has not wholly forfeited his claim to be considered an animal *feræ naturæ*. Moreover, it is somewhat of a paradox that people should assert that the cruelty involved in hunting the carted deer exceeds that of wild stag-hunting. The occupant of that hearse-like vehicle that contains, as Tom Hood said, “the deer alive, and not the deer deceased,” is always saved from destruction. A run is generally finished by the deer taking refuge in an outhouse of some kind, and few stag-hunters have ever seen the hounds draw blood from a deer, or, for that matter, get hold of him at all. Where, then, is this excessive cruelty? When foxes were somewhat scarce in North Devon, one of Mr. Russell’s neighbours used to hunt bag foxes, of which he kept quite a collection in two yards. The common order of things was reversed. Instead of trying to kill them, the object was to save the fox alive, and this novel sort of fox-hunting gave a great impetus to hard riding. Nobody, however, condemned this as more cruel than killing the fox. The wild deer is necessarily run till he is pretty well tired, but not so the carted stag; so that it really seems as though cruelty, using the word in the sense of inflicting pain, was on the side of that wild and genuine sport that the maudlin sentimentalists profess to admire so much.

The mention of stag-hunting reminds us that the hunting-without-paying system has reached so far west as Exmoor, and it has been found necessary to explain to visitors that, so far from the hunt being endowed, it depends entirely upon voluntary contributions. It is certainly strange that folks who are honest enough in other matters should be guilty of the meanness of planting themselves in some desirable locality, with the intention of participating in the sport afforded and then declining to pay something towards expenses. What would be thought of a man in a good social position spending a month or six weeks in the country and declining to give anything to a free and open church—supposing him to be a regular attendant—or making use of a reading-room, the management of which made no charge, but left it to the visitor to give what he thought fit? In these and similar cases, an omission to give something would probably be recorded in the local paper.

Not entirely unconnected with hunt subscriptions is the question of tips to hunt servants. The columns of *The Field* have lately been opened to a renewed correspondence—for the subject was

fully ventilated in the same journal some years since—on tipping your friend's game-keeper when you have a day's shooting. Many of the writers seem to imagine that the keeper who turns up his nose at everything but paper is often met with; others object to tips at all, on the ground that you are indebted to your host, and not to his servants, for your pleasure; others, again, would prefer putting their offering into a box; while a fourth section are willing to remember "Velveteens," but do not know what is the proper sum to give. Now as a matter of fact keepers are tipped, and it is rare indeed that any man with any pretensions to the dignity of that office gets less than 10s. for a single day's shooting; while, should he have a regular army under him, the sum is often much greater; and why? Because tipping is the custom, and the gratuity to a keeper is a purely personal matter; yet the correspondence in *The Field* shows clearly enough that there are some who would get out of it if they could. Bearing all these sentiments in mind, one can pretty well understand how it is that in some hunts the servants come off so badly. In the performance of his duties, and in assisting to show sport, the huntsman and whips risk their necks on several days in each week; yet they do not as a rule get very large gratuities. Some hunts are, of course, much better than others; the best for "picking up" are well known, and are the prizes of the calling. It may surprise some of our readers to learn that the Royal Hunt is one of the worst in England—at least it used to be; some years ago Morris Hills told the writer that only a very few of the followers of the "Queen's" ever gave the whips anything at all, and there is no reason to suppose that there has been any very great change since. Hunt servants are as a rule very civil and hard-working men. Theirs is a dangerous calling, and their services fully entitle them to be remembered at the end of the season by those for whom they have helped to provide sport. This is also a convenient time to remind 'Baily's' readers of the claim to their attention of the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, which provides for aged and incapacitated huntsmen and whips. In unfashionable and distant countries, where fields run small, the earnings of hunt servants are on a similar scale; consequently they are not able to put much by against those rainy days, some of which, as the song says, must be encountered in every life. And while on the subject of giving there is yet another society that should be patronised by hunting men—the Farmers' Benevolent. This makes the same provision for aged agriculturists, as the foregoing does for hunt servants. The number of claims is increasing, as the result of the bad times through which farming is now passing. A guinea from each hunting man would materially swell its exchequer, and increase its sphere of usefulness. *Verb. sap.*

To have hunted in the Shires is to have journeyed to Corinth. There—in the Shires, not at Corinth—fox-hunting is seen at its best, and in its grandest form. To the Shires nature gives all the advantages she has to bestow, and in such an atmosphere of venerated

small wonder that every man, woman and child has a reverence for the fox.

But a pilgrimage to the Shires entails, more or less directly, making fox-hunting the business of life. Leicestershire is no place for the man who wants to hunt but twice a week, and desires to fill up the four remaining days with agreeable^d society, and popular promenade, and a good lounging club. As the author of the 'Cream of Leicestershire' has said, don't go to the Shires to find yourself a fish out of water—the only man in Melton or Harborough who is not hunting. If you can't afford to hunt five days a week, or do not care to do so, book yourself and belongings for Cheltenham, Leamington, or even Brighton, where you can enjoy yourself, in a fashion, without hunting at all. But, although hunting is at its best in the Shires, that is not the only area—thanks be!—in which excellent sport is to be enjoyed. You may travel towards every point of the compass, and still find good countries, good hounds, good foxes, and hard riders. Moreover, it is not every man who cares about hunting in a crowd, though, at the same time, unless a man betakes himself to Cumberland or Cornwall, it is nowadays hard to keep out of one. With the Bicester, Heythrop, Warwickshire, or Cotswold there is not too much elbow room. The Roothing days in Essex draw more than a decent field; the Meynell Thursdays draw men from far and near; the Cheshire and Sir Watkin's hounds attract crowds quite Leicestershire-like in their proportions; and in the vicinity of towns there is scarcely ever a thinly-attended fixture anywhere. So that to escape a crowd a man must needs pick out a trencher-fed pack, or one hunting over a country that is simply detestable in the eyes of a riding man.

Nevertheless the best of sportsmen have not disdained "provincial countries." Assheton Smith, the lesser-known Tom Smith, and Mr. Warde, all resorted to ploughs and moorlands, when they had finished with grass fields and gorse coverts. Nor were they the only ones who found pleasure where those agreeable concomitants were wanting. Take the north of England, for instance, and where will you find keener men than the followers of the Stainton Dale, Sinnington, Bilsdale, or Coniston? The Wheatland and United countries are not all that could be desired from a riding point of view, yet probably no fields could show a larger proportion of keen and scientific hunting men. Or, again, visit any of the east country packs, who never run across a green paddock except by accident, and see how much sport is enjoyed under what a Leicestershire man would dub decidedly disadvantageous circumstances. So too in Devon and Cornwall, where much of the country is simply unrideable, and the only fun to be extracted from a day's hunting is the admiration of the way in which hounds work. Plough countries, it is said, were invented as the nursery for youth and the refuge for old age; but they do more, they provide a large number of excellent sportsmen, who cannot reach a grass country, with no little amuse-

ment. Because a country is a provincial one it is not necessarily an easy one. The Brocklesby, for instance, requires a good man on a good horse. The Essex ditches and banks, and the Yorkshire fences, are none the simpler because the approach to them is deep holding plough; nor are the almost impenetrable fences of Sussex to be despised because creeping instead of flying must be resorted to.

Notwithstanding the excellent sport shown by the foxhound of to-day, there are still persons who contend that he is inferior to his ancestor of fifty years ago. They admit that he is faster, but say that pace has been gained at the expense of nose. These are, we think, somewhat hasty critics. Slow as the old foxhound might have been, he was quite fast enough for the horses of the day; while, as the field did not then comprise men so "full of ride" as they now are, as a result, hounds were not then driven over the scent. How many runs have not been nipped in the beginning by this happening? Moreover, excessive draining and the use of patent manures are by no means favourable to scent. "A wet season is always a good one," is a maxim that has stood the test of time, but now, with tile-draining universal, the rain is carried off almost as soon as it is down; brooks overflow in the valleys, but the hills soon become dry, unless there is a good shower about every other day. With regard to dressings, we last season saw a pack trying to pick their way across a field over which soot had been spread. No, we cannot assent to the proposition that our foxhound has deteriorated. Only give him a fair chance, and he will do all that his forefathers did—more besides, for he will run into his fox a good deal quicker. When small fields are out in parts of the country that are not much affected, hounds that have the reputation of being only able to run fast with a burning scent often show that they can also hunt. Or, again, look at countries like Lord Portsmouth's, some of Sir W. Williams's, and others, where riding to hounds is but too often a *façon de parler*. There hounds are never over-ridden, and in the rougher parts the huntsman is often unable to get anywhere near them. Left so much to themselves—"the silent system" being unavoidable—they hunt in a manner that would commend itself to the most uncompromising *laudator temporis acti*.

NOW AND THEN; OR, IRISH SPORT IN THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

THAT philosophical old reprobate who swindled the Vicar of Wakefield's son, Moses Primrose, out of his gallant grey horse, averred that "the cosmogony or creation of the world had puzzled philosophers of every age and clime," including such worthies as Sancho-niathon and Manetho. The history of the chase in Ireland is almost equally involved in myth and mystery. No doubt the

Tuatha de Dannans and the Firlbolgs had their Esaus and Nimrods among them, leaders of men and leaders of the hunt ; and the Irish elk, *Megaceros Hibernicus*, crashing through the great primeval forests that clothed the midlands of the island between the sources of the Brosna and the Shannon, must have been a magnificent quarry, fleet of foot and fierce at bay. No doubt there were Agamemnons in those ages now so dead to us ; past masters in the venatic art such as the late Sam Reynell or Sir John Power, with perhaps an odd "Trotter" interspersed among them, to found a new school and a distinctive greatness :—

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi ; sed omnes illacrymabiles,
Urgentur ignotique longâ
Nocte carent quia vate sacro."

There was neither 'Field' nor 'Baily' then to chronicle hunting heroisms ; Nimrod had not entered to pen-and-ink performances ; Pomponius had not been evolved :—

"no Brooksby then
Made the shires glorious by his spurs and pen !"

So in the absence of faithful history or authentic traditions we must content our curiosity with such passing glimpses as we can get from contemporary chronicle—side lights, as it were, of the society of the day ; little nuggets of pure metal picked up out of the overwhelming mass of quartz detritus that has come down to us in the guise of history.

I think it was the late Prince Albert who, in the great revolutionary movement of '48 and '50, declared that free institutions in England were on their trial. How nobly they stood the test and fended off the tide of revolution and socialism from our empire may be learnt by the historical contrast between the political condition of our country and the continent of Europe in that anarchical epoch. Just now a revolutionary wave has passed over our islands, and in Ireland especially not only were free institutions menaced, but the foundations of law and order were most rudely shaken, and the divinity which should hedge in patrician and plebeian life alike was held in utter contempt, while the theories of Jack Cade were openly promulgated by stipendiary spouters, "no man making them afraid." The historian of the future will tell a wondering posterity how class was arrayed against class ; how violence of language produced in due course of sequence a corresponding violence of action, till despotic measures became necessary *saluti reipublicæ*, and liberty had to be curbed in order to arrest licence. But if the historian we have "figured" travel beyond the field of "practical politics," *more Macaulayensi*, to give his readers some insight into the social state of the island during this period, he cannot fail to dwell upon the rude experiences to which one great insular institution was subjected by the extremists and anarchists who usurped the name of

Nationalists, namely fox-hunting, which, banned and outraged in some quarters, led in others a precarious and permissive existence only, and was duly honoured in but a very few select spots, where common-sense was allowed free scope, and Erin-go-Braghism, real or simulated, was not absolutely supreme.

It may peradventure be possible to trace some of the causes and motives that led to this crusade against the chase of the fox by looking retrospectively ; nor will the study be altogether fruitless if, in ascertaining some of the *vitia* of the past system, a clue be found to the correct method of repairing or avoiding them, and of the *medii* of future organisations.

Ireland's ecclesiastical history commences with the mission of St. Patrick, who, according to tradition as preserved in song, banished all noxious and noisome beasts and reptiles from the soil of the Green Ierne, his adopted country ; and all sportsmen owe him a deep debt of gratitude in that he did not include the native fox, the *Vulpes vulgaris*, in his proscription, but that, foreseeing the benefit he would prove, ere many generations had passed by, to Church and State, laics and clerics, he allowed him to increase and multiply and replenish the hill-sides and forests. Ireland's civil and political history may be dated from the incursion of Strongbow, the filibuster, into Wexford, and the annexation of the crown of Ireland by a band of needy Norman noblemen, whom, 'tis said, William the Conqueror of England would have anticipated had his life been prolonged for a few years. With the Normans hunting was not only a pleasant pastime but a knightly pursuit, to be followed whenever the gates of the Temple of Janus were closed, and real war was replaced by its image and mimicry :—

“ Victorious William to more decent rules
 Subdued our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
 The proper dialect ; with horn and voice
 To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
 His list'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
 From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join,
 In bloody social leagues, the multitude
 Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various tribes,
 To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.”

And so I fancy the chronicle of the chase in Ireland could hardly find any material till “the Pale” became an institution, and the Norman cry of “Tally-ho !” set the wild echoes flying through the hills and dales of Meath, Dublin, Kildare, and Uriel. And how De Lacy and his knightly company must have admired that fair and fertile grassery that made their palatinate ! Tillage has profaned but little of the pastoral valleys of the Liffey, the Rye, the Boyne, and the Blackwater ; but in those days the plough was almost, if not entirely, unknown, for Arthur Young, who made the tour of Ireland five centuries after Strongbow's descent, describes the agricultural operations that he saw as most grotesque and inefficient. For a generation or two we may imagine these invaders too busy in

repelling the wild Irishry who swarmed around them, and in building keeps, fortresses, and *places d'armes*, to have devoted much time to "the noble science," for the whole of this grassy basin in the time of King John bristled with fortifications and castles, and those beautiful abbeys and priories where "the soul life-weary" sought and perchance found rest. But we must recollect that so strong was the passion for hunting in the Normans, that we find Edward II. taking 120 couple of hounds with him in his invasion of France: 60 for hare hunting, and 60 for the cervine chase. Just as Wellington and his staff hunted regularly while they were making the famous lines of Torres Vedras, pursuing the hare till their time came to pursue the French.

We know how the intense severity of the game laws introduced by the Normans embittered the relations between the dominant and subject races. There is no reason to believe that the feudal system was ever carried out half so rigorously in Ireland, so far as game was concerned, seeing that the island was gradually annexed rather than conquered; but a recent trial as to foreshore rights, decided in favour of the Duke of Devonshire after years of litigation, proves that even in King John's reign salmon came under the royal *ægis*, and were not to be taken or caught without due authorisation. And arguing from this precedent, it is fair to suppose that limits were imposed on the privileges of "free warrenne," and that game laws of some sort were introduced by the invaders once they had established law and order in their neighbourhood, and driven off the Irish Septs into the mountain and moory fastnesses where they were practically invincible.

How otters were hunted in these early days of sport we know not, nor can we venture to guess whether the otter hound, as we now understand that amphibious hunter, had been evolved from the kennels of the period. But in the cathedral of St. Canice, in Kilkenny, there is a full-length marble effigy of a crusading knight (one of the Ormond family), who was killed by the bite of an otter, and the cause of death is rudely presented in stone alongside of his victim.

Hunting is said to be the image of war, and there is little doubt but that the hunting parties of the Normans were often turned into the reality of war as they fell into ambuscades, or pursued their quarry into the fastnesses held by the Irishry, when the Gallowglass with his razor-edged Jedburgh-like axe could cleave through the steel-clad limb with a single stroke; for this reason Leinster was cleared of its timber, till so bare did the land become at last, that in 1534 we find an ordinance passed that "every husbandman having a plough within the English pale shall sette by the year 12 ashes in the ditches and closes of his ferme upon payne of 2s. to be forfayte to the deputy."

History repeated itself to a certain extent three years ago, even in what was once the English pale, for then certain fox-hunters who had incurred the *odium popolare*, though they did not "drink the

red wine through the helmet bar'd," like the Border Knights, yet invariably went armed to the chase, and had the woods and shrubberies near their mansions protected by servitors and policemen armed to the teeth! While a parallel might be drawn between the hunting progresses of the present and once popular Viceroy, who, besides a *corps d'élite*, in the shape of aides-de-camp, never stirs without an escort of some lancers, hussars or dragoons, as the case may be, and those of the Lord Deputy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Hawking and hunting were sister sports in these Plantagenet and Tudor periods, and we know from State papers that Irish hawks were in great demand all over Europe. Thus an Act of Edward IV. recites that "Goshawks, Tiercells, and Falcons were formerly in great plenty, but had become scarce from the number carried away by merchants:" it therefore directs that "13s. 4d. be paid for every goshawk, 6s. 8d. for every tiercell, and 10s. for every falcon exported;" while we find that William de Troie, Keeper of the King's Hawks, was sent into Ireland, where he bought six great hawks (*Austurcos*) and six tiercells (*Tercellos*), which were paid for from the Treasury; and we read that in 1542 Sir A. Sentleger sent five goshawks from Ireland as a present to Henry VIII.

Coursing, we know, flourished some centuries before fox-hunting was formally evolved and organised on its present basis; for while coursing was a popular pursuit, deemed worthy of the pen of a Xenophon, the chase of bold Reynard is quite a modern innovation, not two hundred years old in England, and much less in Ireland. It has always been extremely popular among all sorts and conditions of men in Ireland, while the island which recently produced Master Magrath and Alec Haliday was from the earliest times famous for its greyhounds ("grehands" as then spelt); nor would Mr. Jorrocks' condemnation of it have found many supporters. "Now of all slow starvation, great coat, comforter, worsted stockin' sort of amusement, that same melancholy coursing is to me the most miserably contemptible. It's a satire upon racing."

For many years after their appropriation of Irish soil, the Norman invaders must have had their hunting hours fully occupied by the wolves, whose numbers and audacity were so great that we read that the people made a sort of fetish of the wolf, "and *prayed* for him, *lest he should devour them*." Indeed the unpublished annals of Ireland contain many curious notices of wolves. Those of Clonmacnoise, for instance, state that in 688 "a wolf was *seen* and heard to speak with human voice" (perhaps the earliest instance of a monkish bull). And in the book of Jecan there is a story told, very similar to that of the old prophet, the ass, and the lion in Jewish history, of an impious man named *Lon* who opposed St. Cormac, having been devoured by wolves, and a "carncloth" laid on his bones. In fact it is clear the Irish had their *were-wolves* as well as the Teutons, and that wolf-lore was as fashionable as in ancient Rome.

Whether there was an officer appointed in Ireland corresponding

to the "Grand Louvetier" in France does not appear, but among the Orders in Council, dated at Kilkenny, April 27th, 1652, is the following: "Forasmuch as we are credibly informed that wolves doe much increase and destroy many cattle in several parts of this dominion and that some of the enemies party who have laid down armes and have liberty to go beyond sea and others do attempt to carry away such great dogges as are commonly called wolfe-dogges, whereby the breed of them, which are useful for the destroying of wolves, would (if not prevented) speedily decay. These are therefore to prohibit all persons whatsoever from exporting any of the said dogges out of this dominion," &c. This extract will show one of the causes of the decay of that noble specimen of the canine race known as the Irish wolf-hound, celebrated in song and story, now, alas! only surviving in counterfeit presentment.

Another State paper, dated Dublin, June 29th, 1653, may be quoted here as very apposite to our theme: "For the better destroying of wolves, which of late years have much increased in most parts of this nation, it is ordered that the commanders-in-chief and commissioners of the revenue in the several precincts doe consider of use and execute all good wayes and meanes how the wolves in the counties and places within their respective precincts may be taken and destroyed; and to employ such person or persons and to appoint such daies and tymes for hunting the wolves as it shall adjudge necessary; and it is further ordered that all such person or persons as shall both kill and destroy any wolves, and shall bring forth the head of the *woulfe* before the said commander of the revenue, shall receive the sums following, viz., for every bitch wolfe 6 pounds; for every dog wolfe 5 pounds; for every cubb which *prayeth* for himself forty shillings; for every suckling cubb 10s.; and no wolfe after the last of September until the 10th of January be accounted a young woolfe." It is said that after the destruction of Kilmallock by James FitzMaurice in 1590, "the place became the haunt of wolves."

But as the settlement or unsettlement of Ireland progressed, and the sway of the barons became consolidated, we may feel certain that seignorial hunting *droits* were more and more arbitrarily enforced, while certain Irish customs adopted by the peers of the Pale must have made the natives regard hunting as something little better than a state of war, a scourge of indefinite and infinite capacity for mischief. Thus we read that Pierce Earl of Ormonde and Ossory had a noble hunting establishment, maintained by his tenants and freeholders, in Kilkenny and Tipperary; and that in 1525 the Earl of Kildare charged him with having "continually taken coigne and livery of all the King's subgiettes within the counties of Kilkenny and Tipperary, not only for his horsemen, Kerne and Gallowglass, but also for his masons, carpenters, taillours, being in his own werkes, and also for his sundry huntres, that is to say 24 personnes with 60 grehoundes, and houndes for Dere hunting, another number of men and dogges for to hunt the hare, and a thirde nomber to hunt

the martyn, all at the charges of the King's subgiettes, mete, drink, and money; The hole charges whereof surmountith 2000 marks by yere." Now before we go further it will be necessary to explain the meaning of the words "coigne" and "livery," and how the descendants of great feudal noblemen adopted the manners and customs of the country till they became *Hibernis Hiberniores*, as the historian puts it.

There can be no doubt that the Norman Conquest was due to superior discipline, superior arms, and superior *moral*; and when these arts and habits became relaxed, the power that gave them victory became weakened. In Ireland the conquerors met a race physically splendid, but inferior in training and personal habits. Cut off from close fellowship with their relatives in England, the Normans intermarried with the natives, and the weaker brethren by degrees assimilated themselves to the boisterous Bohemianism of the Irish chieftains, of whom Holinshed has given us a picture. "Shane O'Neile had most commonlie 200 tunnes of wines in his cellar at Dundrum, and had his full fill thereof, yet was he never satisfied till he had swallowed up marvellous great quantities of uskebagh or *aqua vitæ* of that countrie, whereof so unmeasurable he would drinke and bouse that for the quenching of the heat of the bodie which by that meanes was most extremely inflamed and decomposed, he was eftsoons conveyed, as common report was, into a deepe pit, and standing upright in the same, the earth was cast up round about him up to the hard chin, and there he did remaine untill such time as his bodie was recovered to some temperature." Wine, women, and uskebagh were sore seductions, so the Fitzsurses became MacMahons, the De Burgos MacWilliams, while of Lord Fitzmorrice it is written, "Notwithstanding he was trained up in the Court of England, sworn servant unto her Majestie, in good favor and countenance at the Court, and apparelled according to his degree, and daillie nurtured and brought up in all civillitie, he was no sooner come home but away with his English attire, and on with his *brogs*, his shirt and other Irish rags, being become as verie a traitor as the veriest knave of them all—and so for the most part they are all, as daily experience teacheth, dissemble they never so much to the contrarie—for like as Jupiter's cat, let her be transformed to never so faire a ladie, and let her be never so well attired and accompanied with the best ladies, yet if the mouse come once in her sight she will be a cat, and show her kind." Hence we may presume came Byron's sneer,

"More Irish and less nice."

We now come to a few of the *customs* of the country which the Anglo-Irish turned promptly to their use and advantage. Chief of these is "*Coyne*, a placynge of men and boyes upon the countrie used by a prerogative of the Brehon law, whereby they are permitted to take meate drinke *aqua vitæ* and money of their hostes, without

paye making therefore. As many as keeps idle men, talk yt owtragi-ously when they come, and by the custome of the country yt was lawful to place themselves upon whome they would. It is the beggering of the country, and an intolerable evill without measure." I think it was Lord Finglas who said that such a custom if introduced into *hell* would soon destroy it.

"Lyvery is horse-meat exacted for the horses of those which take coyny or otherwise send them to the pore tenants to be fedd. The tenant must find the horses and boyes and geve them as much corne and Sheaffe otes, wheat and barley as they will have, and if there be 2 or 3 boyes to a horse, as sometymes there be, the pore tenant must be content therewith and yet besydes reward the boyes with mony."

These were the chief of the corvees exacted in a *hunting country*; the minor ones were "Joye, Cashery, and Teignie," but collectively they spelt rapid ruin to the "*Hoste*" on whom these octopi fastened their tentacles.

It will be easily inferred from these remarks and quotations that hunting in Ireland as carried on through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could hardly have been termed "*a popular institution.*" When the Stuart dynasty was overthrown hunting received a considerable impetus from the courtiers and grandees of the new monarch, himself a mighty hunter and a keen, intrepid sportsman. Coyne and livery were by this time abolished by statute and the force of public opinion, but no doubt exactions in one shape or another still survived, power being entirely one-sided and comparatively irresponsible. Early in the eighteenth century fox-hunting became an English institution, planted first in Dorsetshire, then transferred to Yorkshire, till the Brocklesby Hunt in Lincolnshire grew in fame and greatness, a sort of metropolis from which other canine colonies sprung up throughout England. In Ireland fox-hunting may be said to date from the commencement of the century, when co-operative enterprise supplanted the semi-private packs which were kept by a few neighbours and friends for their social enjoyment, quite irrespective of the general public, which yet as a hunting public hardly existed. In point of fact some one nobleman or squire of high degree kept a pack of hounds and an open house, and half a dozen of his neighbours and friends, good judges of hounds, horses, and claret, joined him and added their quotas to the expenses, then very light, for there were no gorses, no damages to pay, very little fowl money, while the huntsman of the period was little more than a glorified stableman, with plenty to do, little assistance, and had for pay the wages of a modern kitchen-maid in a modest establishment. Since then fox-hunting in Ireland has become every year a more popular and democratic institution. At first it was an absolutely aristocratic, almost an oligarchic pastime, in which *land* was mainly represented by the lords of the soil, in a lesser degree by the farmers and their friends, and thirdly by "the army," which has always been an estate in this vexed Bermöothes of an island. Railways naturally tended to

democratise the sport, though never inconveniently so, very large provincial towns being almost non-existent, and opulent burghers of sporting proclivities unfortunately rare. In the middle of the century came the potato famine and the land revolution; nor is it slight praise to Irishmen to say that in the throes of this great national agony fox-hunting was never abandoned. A decade or two after this painful period Irish hunting *almost* reached its apogee, and on one occasion no less than *thirteen* Masters of English and Scotch foxhounds, who had come over to Punchestown, followed the Kildare hounds in a good gallop from the Downshire gorse; for the "early closing movement" was not then in force. I said "*almost* reached its apogee," just now, alluding to the Irish chase; for in those days Kildare was *the* hunting power in the land, and the Punchestown race meeting, its corollary—evidence of its greatness. In those days *Meath*, which Sam Reynell—a second Meynell—almost created, had not advanced to the dignity of a great or first-class power, and was comparatively unknown as a fashionable hunting-ground; now it occupies the front rank within her Majesty's dominions.

A passing glance at the financial aspects of the chase in this Irish shire, which may be taken as representative, will illustrate the difference 'twixt now and then. Mr. Trotter, the M.F.H. elected by a plebiscite of the hunting men of the county, has been in office some seven years; he hunts the country five days a week, receiving about 500*l.* for each day, a sum which goes but a short way in maintaining the splendid style in which he keeps up the establishment, to which some *sixty* horses of the highest class contribute. With the finest and largest grass country in the world, sport in Meath can hardly fail to be good; it has been splendid; and the fame thereof, to which the Empress of Austria's two successful seasons contributed, has made Navan a focus for hunting men of all nationalities, and the Meath hunting-fields cosmopolitan and sometimes polyglot too.

The limit to numbers is imposed by the great scarcity of accommodation, for grass being king—or we should say the grass-eating bullock—bricks-and-mortar enterprise has been practically discouraged. And who occupy this paradise of pursuit in winter? Sportsmen of all climes; men who water their steeds on the banks of the Hudson, the Indus, or the Sacramento rivers; plutocrats who find life worth the living on the banks of the Boyne plus the excitement of gallops on the grass, a good cellar and a good cook; the flower of British chivalry in the shape of guardsmen, dragoons, gunners, lancers, hussars, riflemen, linesmen and staffmen, a few seignors of the soil, a few sporting farmers, and a few professional and business men; but money is circulated freely, and the Boyne is turned into a Pactolus. *Coyne* is to be seen, but in a most popular shape, and *livery* has become a lucrative business.

Reynard harries his henroosts as of yore, but now "compensation for disturbance" is the rule, and the erik, or blood-money, is freely paid. When there is very little of tilth the damage done by hunters cannot be excessive, but when fairly assessed it is liberally paid for;

while that magnificent stag-hunting institution the Ward-Union acts as a safety-valve to the Meath Association, and prevents its hunting-grounds being too often invaded by the hunting hordes from the metropolis. Altogether sport in Meath wears a very different aspect now from what it did in Hugh de Lacy's time; *then* it was the appanage of the few, *now* it is

"broad-based upon the people's will,"

and being thus *popular*, it will probably be permanent.

"GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?"

BY J. P. WHEELDON.

LONDON streets towards the close of a certain broiling autumn season were simply baking hot, and what with the heat and its accompanying swarm of insect nuisances, dust, and the echoes of exasperated language, were beginning to be absolutely unbearable. It was simply pitiable to see the omnibuses discharge their loads of fresh, cool-looking, trim business men, with hair rigidly arranged in an accurate line down the back of their heads, or carefully and systematically planned so as to cover a bald cranium, anywhere in the neighbourhood of those broad glaring flags of the Royal Exchange, or the arid wastes of Throgmorton Street. Pitiable, because it was such a palpable waste of labour, and one could not fail to know that but in a little time those squarely tied scarves, those neat, cool-looking ties, would be discarded, and perhaps literally cursed as social clogs which made life hardly worth living, while starched linen collars would be reduced to the consistency of pulp. It was humiliating likewise to mark how, in the middle of the hot and stifling day, when the atmosphere was like that of the innermost compartments of a lime-kiln, and an unblinking sun, not an atom ashamed of his brazen face, poured a flood of red-hot light downwards, highly respectable middle-aged gentlemen, the heads of great banking or stockbroking firms had all their consequence toned down, as it were, until they looked less like owning many figures at their bankers. Their business compelled them to be abroad respectably buttoned up in tightly-fitting coats, with their fat and apoplectic looking necks swathed and bolstered in foldings of silk or cambic, and they therefore enviedly, not to say greedily, eyed such daring junior clerks, sauntering through their duties with hats tipped raffishly back from their perspiring foreheads, or who, waistcoatless, and with throats bared and open, gratefully imbibed what little breeze filtered through open office windows, or barely moved the flag hoisted upon the summit of the brazen glittering Monument. Thames Street smelt abominably, for now one caught a highly-charged whiff of the drains of

the Great City, forcibly reminding one of the forty thousand separate stinks of the city of Cologne amicably conglomerated, next a noisome aroma compounded of aloes and assafoetida, or the best of one's remembrances of the brown scammony, the squills and senna, or eke the brimstone and treacle of one's youth, and within the very next half dozen paces probably, such a combined effluvia emanating from rotting garbage, oysters which had more than done their whole duty to man, and a little beyond that even, and soles whose transmigration was an established fact, that it was simply a place to shun and shudder at. All day long water carts industriously swished and flooded the broiling stones of the street, yet no sooner had the water moistened the macadamised boulders, and left dark, cool-looking patches on the edges of the pavements, than the oven-like atmosphere dried it up again. It was an open question whether some of the great city magnates, bucklered in folds of hot linen, and with loins girded up in still hotter broadcloth, did not absolutely envy those happy scions of the people who plashed bare-legged in the falling water. How delightfully cool it would have been to feet cramped up in tight patent leathers, and who would not envy those still more luxurious street urchins who, mustering up a penny between them, bought a highly-coloured and flavoured ice, and lying on their backs in the sparse shade of the vendor's barrow—he the while looking on with a complacent grin stealing over his swarthy face—passed the delicacy round from one to the other, after certain mystical rites had been performed thereon, and somewhat in the manner of savage tribes smoking the pipe of peace. Their only individual fear was lest some grim guardian of the streets, refreshed for the nonce by the pint of bravely foaming porter, swallowed surreptitiously, after an inward prayer for peace and plenty within the shadowy security of a half open doorway, should, thus wonderfully refreshed and reinvigorated, deem it an urgent public duty, after wiping his slaked and grateful mouth with the back of his hand, to pounce down upon them even as a great hungry kite upon a swarm of unfledged ragged birds, and before the cool delicacy had been fairly and honestly apportioned, or had had its chance of ministering in its deliciously frozen state to the self satisfaction of each contributor's tongue. Hot, it was indeed, blazing hot, and so turtle soup at Birch's was at a consequent discount. It was hot under the roof of the noisy, seething Exchange, where bears roared discordantly, and bulls, half crazy with the heat, roamed through the fat pastures of stocks and cent. per cent., seeking fresh victims whom they might safely immolate upon the horns of further contangoes. It was hot in merchants' and lawyers' offices, where unhappy clerks, dreaming day-dreams moodily, anent the cool swash of seaside waves, or eke of green fields ankle deep in lush grass and buttercups, amongst green ferret, quills, and thickened ink, dropped their utterly unsympathetic pens, and wearily and lazily took to lolling over their desks, each instant that authority's keen eye had been removed. Hottest of all was

it perhaps, in that horrible upstairs work-room at Highland's, the great law stationers in Seething Lane, where were grouped together a strangely incongruous and unsavoury gathering of men. They were for the most part dirty and dishevelled in appearance, while some few had only too evidently sunk to the hopeless condition of semi-paralyzed, blear eyed, and drink-soddened reprobates, whom no sad experience of bitter need and griping misery, could cure of their wretched propensity to spend three parts of the miserable hardly won pittance, which they called their own at the end of each frousy week, in little else but drink. Many of these men had been first-class workmen in their time, writing a fair round clerkly hand, invaluable for transcribing the drafts of dry-as-dust leases and crooked conveyances full of roundabout and totally unnecessary formula, to the smooth face of rustling parchment skins. Trembling fingers and nerveless hands are, however, not fit instruments wherein to repose the stately dignity of "roundhand," so that there, wretched, half-imbecile, encumberers of space, and only one degree removed from the degraded condition of their darker skinned brethren upon far-off sugar plantations, they were perforce content to wait the last turn, when they possibly got scurvily paid for jobs upon the lowest class of work. Dirty, degraded, and hopeless eyed, they sat there hour after hour, all day sometimes, without the chance being afforded them of earning a single penny. Others there were, clean shaven, and wearing only slightly soiled linen, whose skilful fingers were usually busily employed. Hard and energetic workers some of them, they earned good round sums each week; yet their white and cadaverous faces told at what a price their labour was drained from muscle, brain, and sinews. True it was that the under part of their coat cuffs was shiny with much friction over greasy skins of parchment, and equally true that in nine cases out of ten, either the smirch of tobacco had left traces on the corners of their mouths, or their not particularly clean shirt fronts were liberally dusted with snuff. These were the best men—"first oars"—amongst the wretched ill-paid gang of workers, all of whom sat on either side of two long desks stretching from end to end of a dim and badly lighted room, foul with the reek of stale pipes, the smell of staler beer cans, onions, and cheap cheese, hot coffee, and sickly looking slices of bread and butter, enveloped in anything but appetising wrappers torn from old newspapers, or handkerchiefs for a long time guiltless of contact with soap and fair water. Daylight there was none, or but very little, and one window only, at the further end of the room, let in the hot outer air, the cries of vendors of cheap fruit, the rattle and roar of a grinding multitude of wheels. Over the long desks, to supply the deficiency of sunlight, gaslights flared, making the pestilent room still more insufferably hot and unbearable, and over these lights dust-covered green shades threw the glare down upon the bescrewled, blotted, and tattered writing pads in front of each man's seat. Quite at the further end of the room sat a man at a small raised desk surrounded by a railed partition. This was

the head man or manager of the room, whose custom it was to crack stale and frequently obscene jokes for the delectation of the herd of human moles, grubbing with pounce rubbers and scratching with pens for bare existence, in a sordid groove below even his dead level in humanity's scale. It is singular how even freshly caught moles catch and imbibe a fashion from their companions. It was the fashion here to roar with keen zest and assumed enjoyment at each sorry miserable joke cracked by the head mole, and as work there and especially favouritism, meant drink, snuff, and the necessary modicum of food wherein their creature comforts consisted, the mole who roared loudest, most frequently, and most boisterously at his leader's coarse wit not infrequently got the next "job." Amidst the din of snuffling reading boys, gabbling with horrible nasal twang through the mazes of legal documents preparatory to a transmission to their purveyors and owners, amidst the rustling of paper and the scroop of parchment skins, amidst weary listless yawns from anxious tired men waiting for work—for it was Vacation time, and legal luminaries and their tortuous accompanying train of actions and counter actions waxed and waned but dimly in hot dusty London just then—the manager had just blossomed into one of his flowers of witty speech, and the usual jovial, heart-felt flood of jolly merriment had been the result. All laughed, loudly and delightedly, as a matter of course, all save one man, decently dressed, clean, and of altogether different stamp to the other moles, who sat idle in a far off corner of the room, with his curly head buried in his clasped hands. He had been there a month, but none knew much of him for he was exceedingly reticent and reserved, never speaking of his people or connections. He came in at a very busy time, however, and writing a bold clear and beautiful hand, fine in its upstrokes, bold and decided where the nib came downwards, he had been engaged for such plain, straight cut work as a man not taught the mysterious craft of filling in manuscript into given spaces, or any other of the intricacies of that special trade of "law writing," might be found capable of performing. He gave his name as George Watts, and when asked where he came from, simply replied "from the country." Nothing more, and hence he was called at once "Countryman." It was not usual to enquire very deeply into the antecedents of such as presented themselves at Highland's workshop. If they were useful for the time being, that was quite sufficient. Such being the case, applicants were engaged, and if the market was over drugged they were sent about their own affairs. The need for their presence being obliterated, they might, and did very frequently, go to the devil. At this fresh and still louder burst of laughter, Frank Ivison, for that was his real name, raised his head wearily, and then, while his handsome open face, and particularly his mobile, finely cut mouth, was almost painfully distorted with keenly felt feeling, he turned to the little white faced, sharp eyed cockney, sitting upon the next high wooden stool, and said mutteringly and in low tones, half to

himself, half to his nearer companion, "I cannot bear it." His next door neighbour was a queer, strange-looking little man, putting one something in mind of a chemist until he spoke, and then one became convinced that he was a birdcatcher, who had somehow drifted unwittingly out from green fields into the pestilent pastures of the hot and crowded room.

"Fubbs," half moaned the youngster, for he was but a boy comparatively, "I cannot bear it any longer. If this kind of thing goes on many more days, I think, Fubbs, I think I shall cut my throat."

"Wot goes on any longer?" asked the man at his side in kindly fashion, his dark eyes glittering through the horn rims of his spectacles, while his hands unconsciously clutched at the wisp of black silk handkerchief twisted round his lean throat. "Wot's up, Countryman, are you down on your luck? Come, never say die—cheer up laddie."

"This is Wednesday, Fubby, and I have not earned a solitary penny. Carter won't give me any work, because I don't gibe and laugh with the rest of them. I don't know what to do, for I have not a shilling left, and nothing now to raise money upon, save the watch my dear mother gave me. It's hard, Fubbs, bitterly, cruelly hard. I, that would work, if I could only get work to do."

"Ay, it's hard, lad, there's no denying. Cruel hard as you say. But, boy," he hissed, laying a skinny, ill-fed and claw-like hand on Frank's sleeve, "Don't you go a talking about cutting your throat. For the Lord's sake don't you go a meditating on that there—Hush, stoop lower, I don't let 'em all know it, but I like you, boy—there—look under my chin," and pulling the ragged wisp of handkerchief down, he disclosed an ugly blue and livid scar. "I did that once—did it when I was mad—raving stark staring mad, along of a woman. I don't look much like a lovyer do I?" and his glittering eyes flashed behind the horn rims. "But I was lovyer enough for *that* once. God keep others from the like awful remedy. Come now," he cried, as another roar of laughter at some fresh joke of Carter's rippled, in ugly, echoing fashion, round the room, like the wash of a dirty tide, "you're no right here, I said it from the first. You're made o' too good stuff, *George Watts*, if so be's as that's your name. Tell me your story—I aint a very good adviser—But, but, along o' a woman's treachery, you see, I've been very near death, and the glimpse as I got made me sober. Drunk? Yes, I was dead drunk when I did it, and had been for weeks. I don't know if your misery aint the harder to bear, than the devils and cats and reptiles as ye see when you've been on the drink for a longish spell. I seed the shadow of the grave, plain as you can see the penny buns in a baker's window, and I'd bet a bun, if I had it, which I aint, as its along o' another woman—damn 'em all say I—as you're here. Tell me your story boy—now quick, it may do us both good."

"It was not a woman, Fubby—although there is one that I love

very dearly. But—but my father—he is a passionate, hot-headed man—he lost a banknote, a fifty-pound banknote, and he called me a thief. Insisted upon it that I had stolen it, would listen to no reason, and so, and so, I ran away from home. Well, here I am, Fubbs, and this life—oh, Fubbs, it is so different from that at home—it is killing me."

"And you," whispered the little white-faced cockney law-writer, as he pushed his spectacles high up on to his forehead, and his lips worked nervously, "You didn't—you *couldn't*, mate; I mean you didn't *really* bone that there flimsy, did yer?"

"Gracious Heaven! Steal it! No. I had a lot of letters to post that night, amongst them was the one with the banknote enclosed, which my father was sending away in payment of some account. He is a miller, Fubbs, down in Hampshire. God bless him! dear, hot-headed old man that he is. Oh, the dear old place! it is covered with roses, Fubbs, and there is a great pear-tree full of golden ruddy fruit, clambering all over the whitewashed face of the old house, a sweet old shady garden at the back, full of nut-trees and delicious flowers, blood-red hollyhocks, and dainty white and pink moss-roses, the scent of them is in my nostrils now, and a grand pool, all foam flakes, and rolling deep green water in front of the mill, where the water turns an old weed-fringed wheel, and drips off tinkling and splashing all day. Full of great trout, Fubbs, and brown bronze bream; aye, and labbing great roach with scarlet fins. I dream of it every night of my life, and, and—" and here the boy broke down nervously, while tears filled his eyes.

"And—and—*there's a woman, ain't there?*" queried the little man on the high stool, eyeing his companion. "Who's she?"

"It is my cousin Lettice."

"Ah, Lettuce," he repeated contemptuously. "Very good they is, too, with salt and bread-and-butter. No other ways, as I knows on. Now go on about your father."

"Well, he'd been in and out the whole afternoon on this particular day. It had been a very busy one, and presently he came bustling in from the counting-house, with a lot of letters in his hand. I was tying some trout flies by the window, while Letty was holding the gut for me. 'Now Frank' he cried, in his loud, impetuous voice, 'you haven't a minute to lose if you mean to catch post. Saddle th' mare and trot off with you. Letty, I want my tea quick, lass, I am going away directly to try for a big trout as lies under the Vicarage bridge.' My father's a rare sportsman, Fubby—and so, knowing that all his wishes were law, Lettice jumped up in an instant, and I got little Whiskey out, and away I rattled up to the town. It so happened, and as luck would have it, that I dropped into the George that night, and lost a little money at billiards—not much, a pound or two, and nothing more than I could afford, and when I got home my father rated me soundly for being late. There was a bit of a coolness between us for a week—my fault more than his, I know—and the upshot of it was that old Griggs

the seedsman, wrote an angry letter about this £50 which had been promised him, and which it seems he never got. Well, search was made high and low for this letter. The post office authorities made all sorts of enquiries, and at last my father insisted on knowing all about my movements on that unlucky night. I told him all. About the billiards and everything, and he, dear old chap, lost his temper, struck me, unhappily, and worse still a very heavy blow, and called me thief. It was more than I could stand—and, here I am."

"Well, and do you know what I advise you to do, particularly with all them roses and roaches and trout and green lettuce about? Eh! do you know what I advise you to do?" asked the spectacled man, with a strange leer on his wrinkled face, and a look behind his glasses as though a tear had gathered there.

"No."

"Go back again. Go now, without a minute's loss of time." The next instant he swung round on his stool at the noise and bustle of a distribution of papers at the raised desk, and shouted out in a loud, shrill voice: "Out of hand, sir!"

"Who's that!" roared Carter, with a voice like that of a bull.

"Fudge, sir," was directly yelled in response from the dark corner where the little man sat.

"Come on, Grubs. Take up with Jenkins, folio 97. All fair copy, mind; no abbreviations, and at a penny per. Now Grubs!"

There was a roar of laughter at this singularly funny alteration of the little man's name, as he wandered about in search of Jenkins and folio 97; and when he got back to the dark corner he started, for *Frank was gone*. A slip of paper lay on his pad, on which, the ink still wet, was written in the deserter's fair, clerical hand:

"Good-bye. May God bless you."

With a deep sigh the little man blotted the short, concise message, folded it up, and put it into his faded, tattered waistcoat pocket.

Three days afterwards, at early morning, a tired, dusty, and footsore wayfarer opened the latched gate leading from the white and glaring high road into the sweet, old-fashioned garden which we have heard something about from Frank Ivison. As he came wearily up the moss-grown pathway, with its trim edgings of clipped box, and as yet, by reason of a close, thick hedge of creamy-flowered privet, hidden from the eyes of those within the house, he stopped to lift the heads of many a great blush rose, or heavy, dusk-hued carnation, on the petals of which hung scented dewdrops, eagerly snuffing and smelling at the rich, delicious odour held prisoned in the heart of the sweet old English flowers. At the hedge he came within sight of the house, and there he again stopped, his ears full of the pleasant drip and plash of falling waters, the burr and boom of the ever busy wheels rattling and humming within the dusty dark cloisters of the old mill. Presently one of the tiny, latticed

window-frames swung outwards, and a white and shapely arm, whose fingers clutched a duster, whisked the cloth backwards and forwards, while a joyous, merry, clear-toned voice, rivalling in its sweetness that of the blackbird singing from the top of an ancient pear-tree, trilled forth the words,

"Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
Come back to Erin, the land of thy birth."

It was Lettice Grey, Frank's bonny, brown-haired cousin, singing thus blithely and happily over her work, and as he listened, the man's lips were suddenly gripped tightly, and his face hardened, while he muttered to himself, "How little she cares." Then he went on, straight up to the low, flour-whitened door, with its thick beams and lintels, and queer iron hinges, something like those on the doors of old monastic residences, and gently and noiselessly raising the latch, peered into the shadowy, cool room, with its flooring of red tiles, its old oaken presses and wardrobes, where his mother kept her chiefest household joys, in the shape of cherished homespun sheets and towelling. She was standing at the great deal table damping some linen, her wide, motherly expanse of bosom covered with a spotless calico dress with a pattern of rosebuds creeping up into impossible places, and so he rapped gently before entering the room, and said softly, hesitatingly, and in a trembling voice, "Mother, may I come in?"

In an instant, as he entered with lowly drooped head, the great heart beating within the ample bosom surged with a mighty bound of love and joy, and she flew to the wanderer and held his curly head close clasped to her sweet, pure, womanly bosom.

"Oh Frank, my boy, my boy," she sobbed gutturally, yet musically. "Look up, my son. God's blessing on you. All the trouble is over. Your poor, hasty father has cried bitterly, here on my old heart, where your dear head lies, this very morning, for he has found out his mistake. The letter was never lost, Frank. It is found, safe, and just as your father sealed it up. Letty, Letty; come here!" she screamed, as the girl's step was heard in the outer passage. "Here is Frank home again. Oh, thank God! thank God!" and she sank straightway into a rush-bottomed chair with a fluttering sigh of relief, as the door swung back and brown-haired Letty stood open-eyed and wondering, a strange yet beautiful light shining in her blue orbs.

"Frank! My husband;" she cried impetuously, and so with one eager low murmur of delight she flew to his ready arms. "My husband; for no other man shall ever call me wife. Kiss me, darling," she pleaded, with uplifted, carnation-hued lips; "and oh, welcome; welcome home!" Then she blushed rosy red over neck and ears as she reflected upon what she had just said, yet cooed and murmured like any little, soft-eyed dove, stroking the lad's cheek as it nestled close to her own.

The two women clucked and cackled round him, even as bereaved

hens might have done over a solitary lost chick. Presently it came out that his father had but that very morning discovered that the breast pocket of his old grey fustian office coat—a coat, worn shiny at the cuffs and seams with hard suit and service, as that belonging to any one of the moles, Frank's late companions—had a crafty slit close to the top of its pocket, and wondering almost idly whether any letters or papers could have slipped down unheeded into the great gulf between the lining and the ample pockets, he had begun fumbling about round the edges of the lappels. Something met his fingers: it was a square, stiff packet, and taking out his pocket-knife he ripped the lining open. It was Griggs' letter, and there was the £50 note which he had roughly and hastily accused his only son of stealing. That very moment he had gone straight in and begged his wife's pardon, humbly and almost reverently, because she had always maintained that her Frank could not steal, and he, the obstinate fool, insisted upon it that he not only could, but had. Then, without an instant's delay, he had started for London, determined to advertise in all the papers, to make enquiries for his lost son at Scotland Yard, to go to various barracks and recruiting stations, and do many other things which under the circumstances, known to you and me, reader, were equally useless. The day and night swiftly passed, and the following morning a telegram came from London to say that he had a clue, and an important one, too, but that he wanted certain papers wherewith to transact other business connected with the mill, and should be home the same night.

"Mother," said Frank as they sat at breakfast, "I cannot stop in the house all day. I do so want to get my rod and catch a trout or two, or take Busy and Baby and see if I can get a couple of young ducks up the stream, or a rabbit at the edge of the wood. You don't mind me going? I must do something, mother, for occupation's sake, or I shall go crazy."

"Couldn't ye go into the counting-house, Frank, and do something till your father's back?" asked his mother shyly, and fearful, apparently, of losing him again for a single hour. "You might pleasure him, maybe, by beginning to be useful."

But Frank said, "No, mother, far better not. My father put me there, he turned me out, and so I prefer to be reinstated there by him himself." Looking across to where Lettice sat, daintily chipping her egg, that young person gravely nodded her little brown head to him in token of acquiescence, and thus Frank knew that he had decided wisely, so far, at any rate.

"Then get your gun, Frank," sighed his mother. "There's several broods of young flappers down the stream—at least, so the men say—and there's nothing your father likes better than a three-parts grown wild duck for his supper. With a bit of cayenne, lots of lemon juice, a bit of shalot and a glass of port wine, they're really very tasty, too, I must say."

Busy and Baby were just the handsomest brace of real Irish

water spaniels to be found in the county. Frank had broken them both, and they worked as close and mute as those little gentlemen in velvet who threw up the quaint, dry hillocks on the soft turf of the meadow. The dogs knew him directly, and it was indeed a delightful moment for Frank when Baby, with her dark hazel eyes full of a curious moist light, came wriggling towards him, twisting her lithe body into all sorts of shapes and contortions, while Busy boisterously jumped up with low yelps of delight until, at a caress of his well-remembered hand, both dogs, the moment the door of the kennel was swung back, dashed across the paved yard at breakneck speed. "To ho!" cried Frank, with uplifted hand; and in an instant they dropped, and lay watching him with eyes brimming with dog-love and anticipation, and quivering lips and tongue from which the saliva dropped in little patches on the clean-scoured flags. Opening the breech of his trusty 12-bore, he dropped a couple of cartridges into the barrels, and, swinging it lightly over his shoulder, with a wave of his hand to his mother and Lettice, standing watching him from the open window, he took his way down the garden path, his eager, brown spaniels at his heels, on his way to the stream. Crossing a potato patch beyond the range of the mill grounds, five birds flushed up with a rattling scurry of their short, powerful wings, and flew straight away over the tops of the haulm. Bang! bang! rattled out Frank's Boss, but five birds went away untouched and without a feather missing, while Baby's hazel eyes looked wonderingly up at her young master's face as though she could not, for her very life's sake, make out what such a low-minded performance meant. Frank, with a smile, muttered to himself, "That comes of vegetating with moles," and, pulling the exploded cases out, he dropped two other cartridges in the vacuum, from which a little thin film of smoke escaped and floated away over the field the moment he pulled the lever back. A hundred yards further on a hare jumped up, and went loppeting over the potatoes with pricked ears. It was an easy shot, and as the sportsman put the brown barrel up and laid the little brass knob at the top of the rib level with the centre of pussy's ears, he thought that this time he must have been well "on" had he pulled the trigger. Still he refrained, for the year was getting on, and as he knew, his father liked to have a few hares on his land when their little local coursing meeting took place. Thus puss went safely away, and the next moment he stood by the water-side, having only had one snap shot at a rabbit as he reached the hedge, which resulted in his bowling bunny over handsomely and well. Two or three good trout lay poised in mid-water as he pushed down the sandy bank from the potato field, and from the edge of the shallow, covered with long, trailing weed, a dark, piratical looking shadow glided swiftly and silently away, seeking the depths of an adjacent hole. Frank made up his mind that that pike at least should die. The villain, that he should, after sailing right up on the shallows where his beloved trout and grayling loved to roam; and I

daresay, from what I know of him, he kept his word. Twenty or thirty yards away, but on the further side of the stream, there was a thick and tangled belt of rushes, just the very home of all others for ducks, and so with one wave of his hand to the dogs they dashed through the swift water and soon plunged into the very heart of the thick and dense hiding-place. Frank could see the tall stems topped with feathery plumes bending downwards as the two bitches forced their way through, and so eager did he get as the river widened a little, and the dogs worked further and further away, that at last he walked in up to his knees just as he was, and followed silently on down-stream. On a sudden there was a faint, low whimper; it was the one and only ebullition of feeling which impulsive-hearted Baby could not conceal, try as she would, and in the next instant there was a rush and hurried clatter of mounting wings, and the two old birds, the drake with his long neck stretched out, the sun glinting on its lovely shimmering green and blue plumage, the mother bird turning her snaky-looking head sideways with a backward glance of her eye, streamed across the sky. Then five young birds, strong and well on the wing, pushed out from the side of the rush-beds and, catching sight of Frank, instantly rose from the water. Getting well on to the leading bird, Frank pulled trigger only to see him fall a little lump of crumpled plumage on the surface of the stream, and drift away, floating head downwards. The next met the same fate, and then both were handsomely retrieved by the spaniels, who directly afterwards put up a little bevy of coots from some beds of floating water-weed as they pushed their way through to a spot where one of the dead birds had drifted. Frank was too good a sportsman to take life unnecessarily, so that the lumbering old baldies went away unharmed, but a rabbit, hopping down a high, red sandstone bank on the opposite side, got crumpled up like a wintry leaf with a charge of G's out of the full choke barrel. So he worked his way onwards as happy as a king, and enjoying with all the might of his soul this newly-regained liberty. What a change, he thought, as he watched banks of fleecy-white cloud scudding before the breath of the keen, sweet westerly wind, bearing the scent of wild roses and the odour of kine. What a change as he listened to the joyous *lirra-la, lirra-la* of the laverock poised high on fluttering wings in the blue eye of heaven itself, from Highland's hot, pestiferous work-room, with its noisy, droning hum, its roar of truckling laughter, born of a desire to gain the means to gin and glory. A change indeed; and it was with a happy smile on his lip as he thought of sweet Letty's honest, womanly courage in claiming him as husband before his mother, to whom their engagement had been barely hinted at only, and that very gently, that he put fresh cartridges in his gun, and prepared to wade across to another belt of rushes. He had hardly taken five strides, when—

"Frank," shouted a hard, clear-toned voice behind him, "come out of the water, sir; you'll catch your death of cold!" It was his father, and, turning, he went straight across to him.

"Well, father," he said, extending his hand, "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Hush, boy!" was the reply, as the elder man drooped his keen grey eyes, and they sought the ground. "God bless you, Frank! But don't ye make me feel more ashamed of myself than you can help, there's a good chap."

YACHTING AND ROWING.

LAST month's yachting record was pretty much confined to closing dinners; and owners, on separating for the recess, may congratulate themselves on a good sporting season, though so constant a recurrence of certain well-known names has too often savoured of monotony. This was somewhat counteracted by an increase in the list of Corinthian matches, a decided move in the right direction, as is the endeavour to develop more racing amongst cruisers and ex-racers. The latter excellent branch of sport demands a deal of attention in arranging justly any scale of time allowance, but the Yacht Racing Association will doubtless be equal to the task, and cannot better occupy themselves than in discussing this important subject.

Communications from a variety of sources have reached London during the past month, throwing new light on the Beach-Hanlan match. We take leave to think that the Canadian, though in fair ordinary health, was not thoroughly fit, owing, perhaps, partly to his underrating Beach, but also from his finding that, when training really hard, he fell below his proper weight, and under such conditions he sincerely thought it best to be rather short of work, and above himself, than the opposite. Be that as it may, Hanlan, we consider, would have won but for Beach's steamer, the *Tomki*, whose conduct would be impossible on the Thames, *regnante* Lord or Etheridge, though we must be modest anent our superiority on this score, as not so many years ago unlimited steamers followed big races, and did pretty much as they pleased. So did the *Tomki*, Beach's boat, on the Parramatta the other day, being anchored about half-a-mile from the start. Hanlan was on Beach's right-hand (or port side of the wager-boat) as they started, and the *Tomki*, half-a-mile away, was on the same side, so that as the rowers neared the steamer, which had got under weigh before they were past, of course she washed and hampered Hanlan more than she did Beach; and the former, having to free himself from the wash and "draw" of the steamer, was called upon most unfairly for an unexpected and exceptional effort, which may have taken too much out of him, being, as we venture to presume, not perfectly wound up. Whether he could have pulled ahead instead of letting Beach run up to him, whether he thought himself in his proper water, or knew he was wrong and chanced the umpire's decision, being at the moment unable to persevere, are questions which come after the main point, that the Canadian was grossly and unfairly treated by Beach's steamer. On the principle of every boat standing by its accidents, the referee did perfectly right in awarding the race to Beach.

The new champion of everywhere seems, to judge from his conduct, to have an estimate of the past race pretty much *en rapport* with the views we have just sketched; for, when challenged to row again, he sticks to his bond, and though strongly pressed by the defeated Hanlan to meet him sooner, insists upon the full six months' interval. Of course he is strictly within his rights, and we have no business to expect chivalry or genuine sportsman-

like feeling in such a case, but the refusal certainly gives force to the view that he thinks himself very lucky to have won, and means to pose (on land) as champion of the water as long as he possibly can. Such conduct is not without Antipodean precedent, for Trickett, after securing the championship, in June 1876, by beating Joe Sadler, a worn-out man, and one certainly not fit, utterly refused to row anybody, although the friends of, we think, Jack Higgins, went out of their way to offer him odds if he would stop for another match in England. All temptation was of no avail. In the present case, Hanlan gets a match made for next February, so that he has to wait in Australasia during the hot weather, which he fears may interfere with his training properly. All the same, barring, not accidents, but intentional obstructions such as Tomki and the like, we shall expect to hear that he has won the forthcoming race in February, 1885.

Ross's latest exhibition seems to discount the form of our native talent worse than ever. Ross gave Bubear, who was then our best man, 10 seconds over the Thames course, and beat him easily. Recently, John Teemer of McKees Port, Pennsylvania, gave Wallace 5 sec. start in a five-mile race, and after steering carelessly, while the New Brunswicker kept an almost perfect course, won on the post by a yard, or perhaps two! Remembering the rapid changes in form which Wallace Ross has shown during his career, we are disposed to take this yard or so beating as not quite conclusive evidence of the men's relative merits; but, if (a big if) both were trying, the result makes our best man 15 seconds, and some more, worse than Teemer, who has yet to show himself the equal of Hanlan—and, of course, we ought now to say—or Beach. Last autumn Teemer did come in ahead of Hanlan at a Forest Hills Garden Regatta, but that the result was rather fluky was hinted by the great American authority *Turf, Field, and Farm*, which on the 15th October, 1883, wrote:—The fact that John Teemer has been interviewed and interviewed since his return to McKeesport, Pa., from the Forest Hills Garden Regatta near Boston, does not warrant his statement that he beat Edward Hanlan on his merits, and that the great sculler's defeat was not in the least due to rough water and accidents. If young Teemer is to be believed, the water was as smooth as glass, Hanlan was in prime fix, and rowed his best under the most favourable conditions. But how many who know, and even those who do not know, anything about rowing, will believe the McKeesport wonder? That is the question. Self-praise is no criterion of ability, young Mr. Teemer, and if you care to make an enviable reputation you will have to row for it. There is more than a shade of romance in your statement that you are a greater sculler than Edward Hanlan, as all who were present at the Forest Hills Garden Regatta will attest. The *Boston Globe* also said:—‘On the whole, your victory at Fall River was a questionable one, and it is a matter of much doubt as to whether you finished or not in either the false start or the race itself. Driscoll, of Lowell, claims to have come in first in the false start, and Ross was probably more entitled, if not equally as much so, to first money as was the “McKeesport wonder.” Bubear, by the way, is still supposed quite ahead of the rest over here, as he is engaged to give Perkins five seconds over the London course on the 5th instant, and has a good chance of succeeding.

On salt water, however, we have scored a little win against America. A crew of the United States frigate *Lancaster* challenged the Southampton Coal Porters, and were beaten; so, as old fighting men used to announce in the days when ‘Bell’ reigned supreme, they were “not satisfied with their defeat”

(as if anybody ever were), and proposed a second match, this time for more money—50*l.* aside. The Lancastrians were again very confident, asserting that they had purposely lost the first time in order to get the bigger match, a statement which, if founded on fact, redounded as little to their perspicacity as to their honour, for on the second occasion they tailed badly after two miles, being nearly three minutes late at the end of the course, a distance of about five miles.

At both Universities oarsmen are hard at work, the fours occupying the leisure of the old hands, whilst freshmen are being sorted over with a view of ascertaining their capabilities. Meanwhile, the state of the Cam is attracting attention again at Cambridge, though progress in the matter seems, from one cause and another, as sluggish as the stream itself. Irish amateurs have upheld their Rowing Association more uniformly than the Englishmen do theirs, though practically there is little to complain of in that respect over here, as all men of any marked prowess hail from one or other of the affiliated clubs. The defeat of the Russian champion of France, M. Lein, was quite a surprise, and we should think that, like Hanlan, he was not fit, though the winner, A. d'Hautefeuille, is a smart sculler; but, as Bidault of Lyons also finished ahead of Lein, the last can, we fancy, improve upon this performance. Since 1876 he has held the championship of France against all comers, including W. Grove, who opposed him in 1881, and at Henley in the following year he made a really fine race with the redoubtable Lowndes.

"OUR VAN."

THE INVOICE.—In the Sere and Yellow.

WHEN autumn winds are piping loud and autumn tints begin to streak the landscape with ruddy gold, then do we know that Cesarewitch-tide is upon us. We are bound to say that this year both the piping winds and the ruddy tints postponed their appearance until the Cambridgeshire—but let that pass. At least they were due, and if not there, so much the worse for them and the better for us. Truly the opening days of October were simply delicious, and though Kempton pastures were rather cold and dispiriting, the R.M. and the A.F. more than made amends. And, by the way, though the meeting in Kempton Park was somewhat eclipsed by the bigger one in the following week—what a good meeting it was, and how well everything is done there! We had not been at Kempton for some time, albeit, as we explained in last month's "Van," we have assisted at several meetings from our easy chair, and been with it in the spirit, if not in the flesh, on several occasions. We had not seen the new course, the improvements in the Stand, or the many little matters of detail in which the executive have shown their earnest wish to make the place as perfect as possible by endeavouring to have good sport, and by seeing to the comfort of the public in every way. Kempton, we fancy, is now an assured success. At one time in its career—its early days—things looked bad. Racing men did not seem to care much about it, and the half-crown public did not come there in their thousands. All this is altered. Owners and trainers have taken to it kindly, and so have the half-crowners. The latter took to it first, we are bound to say, and some of the Bank Holiday days there have been prodigious. But the fashionable world and the semi-demi ditto were much longer about it, the aspect of the Club Stand in the first year of Kempton's existence being

chilling in the extreme. Members might easily be counted—there were no smart frocks or gilt-edged people. Not that these things are necessary to our enjoyment of racing, but yet have we been taught by the teaching of Reserved Enclosures, Royal Pavilions, and the Bands of Her Majesty's Guards to look for them.

And at last they have come to Kempton. Members are rapidly being elected to the Club; we saw several smart frocks on the occasion of our last visit; we lunched in a marquee which next year will be a pavilion; we heard a band. We would have forgiven the absence of the latter, by the way, for though it was the band of a distinguished cavalry regiment, we much preferred our own private one that plays during the breakfast hour before our mansion in Pimlico. But, above all, we saw some very good racing. It was the best meeting from a sporting point of view that had ever been held there, so every one said—fields good; class well represented. Backers had a fearful time, but they did not grumble much—desire that the new six furlongs were ploughed up, or give utterance to bad language—at least to any great extent. Now, after a bad week at Newmarket, what frightful epithets have we not heard applied to the dear old place—what wishes for its destruction and its being wiped off the face of the racing earth have not filled the return special on Friday afternoon! Kempton misfortunes—and they did come thick one upon another—only excited a gentle melancholy. This is a good sign. *Floreat Kempton!*

But away, away!—not to the mountain's brow, but to Liverpool Street to the Great Eastern, once such an ill-behaved line, now such a well-ordered one—at least tolerably well-ordered. We must not praise it too much, or it will lapse into its old ways—those dreadful times, fresh in the memories of most of us, when we made our wills before going to Shoreditch, and our families took affecting farewells of us on the platform. Days of collisions, stoppages, three hours to Newmarket (fortunate if even we did the journey in that), and disaster generally. How changed now the situation! If here and there a little of the old leaven lingers, it is because the former *genius loci* is loth to quit the scene of his old triumphs. He was an out-and-outer, that genius, and we would have backed him against the Slowcome-cum-Crawley, the Great Dilatory, or any of the present iron roads with which we are but too well acquainted. But now the present genius, like Truthful James, is "not up to small deceit or any sinful games," and we are landed in the yard of the dear old Rutland, and our breakfast is on the table by about the time that in the old days we had got to Bishops' Stortford. Cesarewitch-tide! How eager we all are for the latest news; how ready to rise at a new tip, as the trout to a fresh fly! For the time is short now—only a question of hours, and most of us are as much abroad as we were in the early days of the handicap. At least we of the outer world are, but we are bound to say we found Newmarket firm. The "seminary of iniquity and ill-manners" was on St. Gatien to a man and woman, the latter especially. The star of him whom Newmarket calls "Jack Hammond" was in the ascendant, and the town worshipped it. Impossible as many of us thought the task set St. Gatien, so thought not Newmarket. Or, perhaps we ought to say, they did not think at all. They saw Jack Hammond putting down his money freely, almost recklessly, and they followed him. They were content to believe what he told them; and there is a good deal of wisdom nowadays in following men and making horses rather a secondary consideration. What does this man say, or do, or think? Does he tell you he will win? If he does, impossible as it may seem, dash it down! Put on the family plate, down to the bottom dollar, and ask no questions.

This is what Newmarket appears to have done, and is now reaping the rewards of its faith and steadfastness. *Nous autres* unfortunately could not swallow St. Gatien and his 8 st. 10 lbs. so easily. That plaguy weight stuck in our throats. The veterans who dinned into us the fact that it never had been done, and therefore (a weak *sequitur*) it never would be, were too much for us. After all it was only 4 lbs. more than Robert the Devil carried, and Mr. Hammond openly said St. Gatien was Florence at 8 st. 6 lbs.; and what a rush there would have been to back her at that! Few of us, except the men in the Blantonian stable, too, remembered the conditions under which Mr. Brewer's horse had won. The ground was wet and holding, and there was so much grass on the other side of the Ditch that Blanton begged the Stewards to allow him to mow it, which however was not done. The task set Robert the Devil was then quite as difficult as that required of St. Gatien—at least that we know is the opinion of the trainer of the former. Now St. Gatien had a day made for him. The ground was hard, and the herbage of the scantiest. More than one old racing man remarked that if ever a very heavily weighted three-year-old was to win the Cesarewitch, this was the day, and straightway went and backed The Lambkin! That Leger form was an *ignis fatuus* to many certainly. And yet we had most of us, even Lambkin's backers, confessed it was very indifferent, and Mr. Vyner's horse had won principally because he was a sound horse and thoroughly trained. Why then did we back him again when he was meeting a much superior class? But what is now the use of these vain questionings? They won't bring us any part or portion of the 45,000*l.* said to have been won by the plucky owner of the winner. And he *was* a plucky owner, no doubt. Of course he had satisfied himself that the trial was correct, but still trials are risky affairs that sometimes land us anywhere but in the haven where we would be. It was a bold thing then on the part of Mr. Hammond, dashing down the money in the way he did. Said he to his chief commissioner on the afternoon prior to the race, "Go and put me another monkey on." The c. c. was inclined to remonstrate, but Mr. Hammond would have it done. So if the high attribute of courage can with propriety be applied to a gambler, then is Mr. Hammond a brave and plucky man.

And what a win it was! When we saw St. Gatien dash up the ascent out of the Abingdon Bottom without the semblance of an effort, who of us did not wonder? The owner who had backed him, and the jockey who rode him, must have wondered; and the most sanguine felt astonished. For there was not the semblance of a race. He quitted his horses directly Wood asked him to do so, and as he romped up the hill seemed to dwarf those he left behind him. He looked to us a bigger horse than he was in the Derby, and this we found was the case. He has added to his stature since his dead heat with Harvester, and was more furnished in every way. His quarters show wonderful propelling power, and he is at home on a hill evidently—in fact it is difficult to say where he is not at home. There is no getting away from the win. Nothing was interfered with. The race was a true-run one, and there were one or two good horses behind the winner. The frequent cry of "a moderate lot" will not apply here. There were bad horses in the race, no doubt, as there always have been, and always will be; but we must make exception in favour of Florence, Archiduc, and Stockholm. They have a record to speak for them that cannot be denied. Therefore we must give honour to St. Gatien, and yet we cannot believe he is quite in the category of some of our late Derby and Leger winners. The weight had never been carried before certainly, but the question forces itself on us, could

it have been done? Could Galopin, Marie Stuart, Achievement, or any undoubtedly first-class horse or mare have won the Cesarewitch with this weight? We cannot help fancying that they could. It was never thought of in those days. How well we remember being ridiculed because, after Julius had run a good third in Achievement's Leger, we, together with an old friend now gone, backed him for the Cesarewitch. What chance could he have, said our deriders, with 8 st. on him? And to show the estimation in which his chance was held—what price do our readers think we got? Our poor friend took 4000 to 100 that Leger afternoon; and Julius, as we all know, came out of the Abingdon Bottom pretty much as did Robert the Devil and St. Gatien. Have we yet to learn that a three-year-old in the autumn is probably at his best? The fact does not seem to have dawned on owners and trainers some fifteen or twenty years back, else why did we not see our Derby and Leger winners in a Cesarewitch field?

The disappointments in the race were The Lambkin, Quicklime, Highland Chief, Studley, and Ben More. The two last-named we had no opinion of, but as a great many people had a high one, we mention them here. Ben More has a temper, and Studley, as far as we have seen him, is a bad horse. The north country cattle are some of them so indifferent that we cannot gauge them. Studley seems to have impressed some people very much, why or wherefore we are unable to say. He will win a race no doubt, some day, when his hour comes. The Lambkin certainly disappointed us. Granting the Leger field was bad, he ought to have done better than he did here. He was never seen. Quicklime ran for a certain distance and no further, but, as we never believed in his staying, that did not surprise us. Highland Chief was not trained, which fully accounts for his being early in difficulties. We suppose his trainer was afraid to gallop him in earnest. If he had been sound and fit he must, we think, have rendered a good account of himself. The Irish mare Xema ran a good honest mare, but found the class too high for her, and Stockholm failed to stay when the pinch came. How much more St. Gatien could have carried and won has been variously estimated. Certainly another 10 lbs. would not have stopped him, and neither in all probability would 4 lbs. more. The win will be long remembered and talked about, and St. Gatien's name and lineaments will be on many tongues and canvases.

If the Cesarewitch was satisfactory, the same could not be said of the Middle Park, which left the two-year-old form, supposing the running to be correct, in a jumble of confusion. There were some first appearances in the race, with high characters behind them. The colt by Sterling—Casuistry had done something with Whipper-In (all the Kingsclere two-year-olds do something with Whipper-In) that induced his owner to price him to "the boss" of the stable for, it is said, 7000 gs. Whatever the result of the deal, sufficient for us to know that he became the property of the Duke of Westminster, and that his trial was thought good enough for a dash on "the boy in yellow," though he did not, alas! "win the day." The Casuistry colt may be all that is claimed for him. He ran rather green, but still respectably. Not up to his trial—but he was nervous, it was said, or something was amiss, all of which we are quite willing to believe. That he will do better in the future, we hope; still the French colt Xaintrailles took our eye and liking more than did the Kingsclere one. A very good-looking colt indeed is this son of Flageolet, and as he was and had been coughing, his good second was most meritorious. We shall be much disappointed if he does not take high rank next year. The win of Melton was no doubt a surprise to every one, his owner and trainer included, while the form behind him was of a top-sy-

turvey description. For instance, in a trial the previous week Cora had beaten Royal Hampton and Solitude, but now in the Middle Park she finished some way behind Royal Hampton, who made a dead beat for third place with the Casuistry colt. An excuse was found for Cora, that she had been nearly knocked on her head by Monolith at the start, which so put her out that she never got into her stride. Then Langwell, who beat Royal Hampton in the Champagne, was the length of a street behind him in the Middle Park; and in fact the race was a jumble, and as an example of our best two-year-old form told us nothing fresh, but rather contradicted what we thought we knew. Melton was beaten by Luminary in the July Stakes, and we thought at the time that the former was not a stayer. In the Middle Park, as it appeared to us, stamina brought him home. Lonely showed us staying was not her *forte*; her stable's opinion to the contrary not withstanding. Crosskeys had been beaten in his trial, and those who expected something from the Lysette colt were disappointed. It was not a very good-looking field—Xaintrailles was the handsomest horse in the paddock—and it was not a true-run race.

The rest of the sport was not quite up to Second October form, there is no denying. This of course afforded a peg for men who preach about the decadence of Newmarket to hang their grievances on; the particular grievance being "the needless spinning-out of the meeting to five days," the necessity of "curtailment," and so on. "In the name of the prophet—figs!" No one wants to see Newmarket curtailed except a racing reporter or two, to whom five days' racing, as entailing more work, is, and always has been, objectionable. Perhaps in process of time the Stewards of the Jockey Club will listen to the complaints of these gentlemen, and the Newmarket programme will be cut down to suit their convenience. In future years, as perpetual dropping wears through the hardest stone, the obdurate bosoms of the authorities will be touched, and these "common topics of conversation in the Birdcage,"—*i.e.* the private ideas and opinions of the writer—of which we hear so much, may be attended to. We cannot hold out much hope, but still that good time may come. We ought to mention that Langwell won the Clearwell, but then, as we have just recorded, his sorry figure in the Middle Park, we don't see what good that will do him. A horse that will perhaps hereafter make his mark put in his second appearance in this race, and he was a good deal fancied, though not, *we* fancy, by his stable. He ran better than he did in the First October—much better, for it was all out of Longwell, who only beat him by a neck. The field behind them too may be dismissed from our thoughts. There was one of Mr. Robert Peck's good things in the Maiden Plate the first day that deserves notice. This was Solitude, the sister to Queen Adelaide, bought for 1000 gs. as a yearling, and who had been tried the previous week with a view to the Middle Park. She had failed to do what was expected of her (Cora won the trial), but did well enough to show that a Maiden Plate over the last five furlongs of the Abingdon Mile was within her *métier*. The money was dashed down upon her, and she won in a canter. The racing on the Cesarewitch day was, bar the great event, not remarkable. There were the usual ups and downs in some running that, judged by the future, warranted the appellation of "mysterious." Whitelock, who had treed her stable often this year, at last scored a win in the Heath Stakes, but she hardly bears out the promise of her two-year-old days. The win of Beatrice in the handicap succeeding the Cesarewitch was the occasion of a racing *mot* that may be here recorded. "Why did you back Beatrice?" asked a man of a very well known and gallant captain, popularly supposed to know more

than most people. Beatrice, it may be remembered, was rather an outsider, and 8 to 1 might have been got about her. "Why did I back her?" was the response. "Why, because there was a stable-boy up. *Our only chance!*" What *could* the gallant captain have meant?

The luck of Mr. Hammond followed him, as luck very often does. He was believed to have been one of the comparative few who backed Melton for the Middle Park, and then he had a good thing of his own, Eurasian, in the Ditch Mile Nursery, a good thing that he was fortunate to get 5 or 6 to 1 about in a big field. Eurasian had once beaten Insignia in a race over the July T.Y.C., and Mr. Hammond had straightway given 1000 ga. for him at the hammer. He knew of course the full measure of the colt, and it is surprising we did not take it in the Ditch Mile Handicap. Some of us did, of course, and the result was that Eurasian won in a canter, and landed Mr. Hammond, so it was said, some six or eight thousand pounds. This was better business than that of the desperate plunger who at the close of a bad day laid 800 to 100 on the Duke of Richmond. No doubt it was all these odds, but still—

Thursday was memorable for the farewell of Tristan to the scene of some of his triumphs and glories. He quitted the stage in a characteristic manner. He had won the Champion Stakes, but, refusing to struggle when Lucerne came alongside him, made his second dead-heat for that race, the first having been with Thebais in 1882. The old horse, who is as sound as a pebble, looked his very best; kicked up his legs directly Webb got on him in the paddock, and gave Mr. McGeorge no end of trouble at the post. That he could have won if he had chosen was palpable. We trust he will perpetuate his and his sire's virtues, and none of his own peculiar vices. Mr. Lefevre, who was present to see his old favourite take his trial, professed himself quite ready to do what Mr. Leopold Rothschild wished. He would run it off or divide, whichever the latter liked—a very sportsmanlike proposal. Mr. Leopold elected to divide, and probably he was right. Thebais won the Queen's Plate without an effort, and the Great Challenge Stakes was a very one-sided match between Energy and Satchel. Xaintrilles vindicated the high opinion we most of us formed of him in the Middle Park by winning the Prendergast very easily. Hermitage took the Newmarket Derby, and Faugh-a-Ballagh showed us his day was done in the match between him and Cosmos for the Whip. There was not much else worth recording. The two principal events absorbed all the interest, and that was not quite up to the high pitch of former years. Still the meeting was a very enjoyable one: the elements on their good behaviour, the company fit, though far from few.

But there was excitement of a different kind in the gossip of the paddock and the tattle of the sale-ring. The dispersion of a portion of Mr. Manton's stud did not pass without the occurrence of what the excellent Dr. Watts of our childhood's memories so much cautioned us against, namely, the evil of allowing "our angry passions to arise." The "angry passions" of the vendor were roused, so it was stated, by a very unexpected vendee, who took a very cherished lot, he at the time, so it was alleged, knowing that it was the earnest wish of the noble vendor to keep it. It is a nice point in racing ethics what is to be done when a reserve is put upon a horse, and that reserve is reached. Probably Captain Machell was strictly within his rights when he bid the reserve price of 4000 guineas for St. Honorat, the two-year-old colt by Hermit—Devotion, presumably a very smart one, and of a blood of which the late Mr. Sterling Crawford was particularly fond. Besides, he was not purchasing for himself but for Lord Calthorpe, and was

thus only acting as an agent. Still the transaction caused some talk and discussion, which faded, however, before the announcement that Archer had commenced an action for libel against the *Morning Post*, on account of some remarks in that journal on the running of Energy in the Portland Plate at Doncaster. It appeared that the contemplated resort to a court of law was not so much the act and deed or the wish of Archer, as it was that of some of Archer's patrons and employers, foremost among whom was Lord Falmouth, aided by the high legal experience of Mr. Charles Russell, and further assisted by that intimate acquaintance with things racing possessed by the Earl of Westmoreland. His noble patron or patrons had said in effect, "You cannot put up with the statements that have appeared in print. By so doing you own their truth. They must be proved false." So Archer accordingly, through his solicitors, wrote to the *Morning Post*, but as that journal promptly denied that the statement (whatever it was) reflected on Archer, of course there was an end of the matter. Archer professed himself satisfied with this "explanation," and so, we presume, were his patrons. The Turf world, that had been looking forward to a trial which would have been probably a *cause célèbre* in Turf history—and the results of which would have been perhaps damaging to some members of it—were disappointed. We confess we were ourselves, and regret that the *Morning Post* did not take up the challenge flung down. For it would be idle and useless to deny that, go where we may among racing men, there do we hear remarks freely made on the curious running of horses, and the curious riding of jockeys. We hear also of "combinations," so called; of jockeys playing into each other's hands—in short, of a very corrupt state of affairs pervading the Turf. Now as to the truth or falsity of their remarks and statements we give no opinion, but one thing we feel sure of, which is, that so deep is the feeling on the subject, that a searching inquiry must before very long be made as to what foundation there is for them. We cannot go on as we are now doing. The air is full of suspicion. Men believe that, in addition to the chances against them which "the glorious uncertainty" of racing gives, they have arrayed a secret hostility much more dangerous and sure. Is this so?

We had looked for an answer in a court of law, and again express our regret at such a lame and impotent conclusion of the affair. As to the alleged libel, we believe it was no libel at all, and are therefore somewhat surprised at the *Post's* "explanation." To whom or what shall we turn to discover the truth? Will the Stewards of the Jockey Club move in the matter, or only be content to listen to rumours and statements deeply affecting as they do the body politic of the Turf? Will the people against whom these rumours and statements are directed remain quiescent under the imputation? Lord Falmouth showed he had the courage of *his* opinions when he urged his favourite jockey to seek redress in a court of law. We give Lord Falmouth all due honour for his firm and unflinching faith in one who has served him so faithfully. May we look to the detractors and non-contents for an equal display of courage of *their* opinions? They are bold with their tongues in many coteries. They talk openly where two or three are gathered together of this or that scandal. Is the matter to rest here? Are we to go on in this atmosphere of distrust? The distrust may be groundless. No one would rejoice more if so it could be proved than ourselves. But we hold that the state of affairs we have referred to should not be allowed to go on unnoticed and without investigation. From out such an ordeal Turf morality may emerge to burn with a purer flame. We sincerely trust it may be so, but even the lurid glare of guilt, is to be preferred to the smouldering fires of suspicion.

But enough of this. We have buried the Cesarewitch and its sayings and doings. Let us on this bright October morning try to pick out the winner of the Cambridgeshire from among the sheeted strings, doing what appears to us gentle canters on the Warren Hill. For the hard work has, we presume, been done, though in the case of one much-fancied competitor, Bendigo (last year's winner), we heard of his galloping the course only a few hours before the actual race. And, by the way, on that very Monday morning Bendigo, who had just arrived at Newmarket, was made the subject of a fierce onslaught that astonished no one more than his owner and his friends. It looked at one time as if the horse was going to be knocked out, but after touching 1000 to 30 he was brought back to 100 to 8, and the whole affair was believed to be the work of some speculators who wanted to back him at a remunerative price. The truth leaked out on Monday night, and there was a great hastening to get out on the part of those who had taken liberties with him. Also there was a great haste to get on Florence and Sandiway, and a considerable cooling of the Archiduc ardour which was rather remarkable. As Newmarket had plumped for St. Gatien, so did it now go for Florence. What we have said a little further back about the people pinning their faith on Mr. Hammond for the long race we might repeat here about the shorter one. Of course there was a good deal in this of "following the luck," as it is called. Mr. Hammond appeared to have a Midas-touch with him, and, in the emphatic language of the Turf, "could do no wrong." So Florence was to win the Cambridgeshire in the opinion of headquarters, and that that opinion was Mr. Hammond's also we believe there is no doubt. It was said, and if the report is true it is much to his credit, that he did not back Florence in the Second October, and consequently missed the long prices—that is to say, the twenties to one—that might then have been had. So he was content to take half, and indeed a point or two less than that, about her. On the Monday afternoon before the Cambridgeshire Mr. Hammond's commissioner took 16,000 to 2000 about Florence; and when we remember what a fuss some noble and ignoble sportsmen make about being "forestalled" (there was a notable instance of this in the Cambridgeshire of ten or twelve years ago), we think all the more credit is due to Mr. Hammond.

And yet it was a hard thing to swallow Florence, with her 9 st. 1 lb., and even with St. Gatien's grand performance so recent most of us were afraid to touch her. We mean by "most of us" racing men pure and simple, not inclined to "follow the luck" or any such superstitious observance, but taking a hard and business view of the race. Prism with 9 st 7 lb. was of course a still harder morsel, and yet we really believe, among racing men who have been at the noble sport for years and have the book at their fingers' ends, he was more fancied than Florence. Why this was so we can hardly tell, except it was that Prism looked a weight-carrier every inch of him; indeed those who saw him in the Birdcage before the race estimated him as being able to carry 12 st. to hounds. A magnificent horse certainly, a little too high on the leg perhaps, and not exactly framed so as to jump off from the slips, but, as we have said, there were found plenty of people to back him for the race in which that qualification is indispensable. Bendigo was the pet of the "swells," so-called, and for two reasons. He had won last year after running a most erratic course under the guidance of a most erratic jockey, and how much unnecessary ground he had gone over it was impossible to say. In addition to this his owner is one of the most popular of men among his large circle of friends and acquaintance, so every one was on, and there would have been great rejoicings if Mr. Clarke's fiat had been reversed. We confess we had

no fancy for Sandiway, looking upon the Leger form as bad, and calculated therefore only to lead astray those who believed in it. Macheath we knew nothing about, Chislehurst was a bad horse, and Quicklime, Sir Reuben, Stockholm, and Highland Chief were not likely to improve on their Cesarewitch running. People talked about Corunna, anything but a boy's horse, good as little Tomlisson is, but nevertheless it was a great tip for a place. The Prince had a small devoted band of followers, but how he was to improve on his last year's running in this race we could not see; the summing up of our cogitations being that, if Bendigo was fit and sound, he, Florence or Archiduc should win. A great deal depended on the fitness of Mr. Barclay's horse, on whom the strong measure of giving him a rattling gallop over the course on the morning of the race was tried. Those who saw the gallop went straight back to the town and, if they had not done so before, backed him. Jousiffe said he should have liked another week with him, but perhaps that would have been too much. We did not see the gallop in question, but in his canter to the post we were much struck with him, and did not at all regret the investment which an hour or so previously we had made. We should say Bendigo carried the money of the gentlemen, Florence, Archiduc, and Sandiway that of the public. The people who backed Macheath did it on their own responsibility. It was difficult to find out what his stable really thought of him. According to the touts he went his gallops in his old style with his speed apparently unimpaired; and certainly many good judges assured us that to all outward seeming the horse was his old self. He looked very handsome, too, in the paddock, and Tom Cannon, we believe, was satisfied with him. Still his trial did not sound well. With Thebais and Energy in the stable why was not a question asked him with or by these good examiners? We fear a great many sportsmen who should have known better lost their money over him. Well as he might have galloped on the Limekilns, he cut a sorry figure when it came to racing, and he and Sandiway were the impostors of the race. From a good view we obtained of the start, misty though as was the neighbourhood of the Ditch, we were enabled to see that the latter filly had somewhat the best of it. She took the upper ground, she was quickest on her legs, and when she passed us on the Trainers' Stand, by the finish of the Rowley Mile, she had a lead of perhaps a length in front of Archiduc, Prism, Bendigo, Florence, and Corunna. From the testimony of those who rode in the race this position she lost when real business began. In fact, she never could gallop fast enough at any one portion of the race—another confirmation of the badness of the Leger field. That the result was a great disappointment to all interested in her goes without saying. Perhaps a little too much was made of that "collision" at Doncaster. We expressed an opinion at the time that there was nothing in it, and refused to believe that Sandiway but for that might have been the winner. We think our opinion has been justified.

As they swept past us by the New Stand, always, as we have often told our readers, the prettiest racing spectacle in the world, we thought Sandiway was going to win, so well placed was she, and also going apparently very well. It was, as we have just said, when racing began that she was unable to live with them. Others from whom the winner was likely to come as they passed us were Bendigo, Florence, Prism, Macheath, and Pizarro. We could see that both the top-weights had accomplished what some people were afraid they could not do, that is jump off from the slips. They were as quick on their legs as any turned-loose light-weight, and that they would finish in the first half-dozen we entertained no doubt. How it was won our readers all know. As we did not see the finish we can give no opinion as to whether Florence won cleverly, or whether it was all out of her, and

that Bendigo was an unfortunate horse, for if he had not swerved he would have won. The balance of testimony is certainly in favour of Bendigo's having been an unlucky horse, and the swerve losing him the race. Still we must consider what swerving means. When it occurs, does it not, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, mean that the horse is in distress, and in fact beaten? Florence was not touched by whip or spur, and it may be that her jockey, with his fine judgment, knew exactly how much Bendigo had got in him quite as well as he knew what his own mare had in her. The controversy is immaterial. Whether it was all out of Florence or not, nothing can rob her of the merit of the performance, and no one was more astonished thereat than Tom Jennings, who thought Archiduc could not be beaten. Some people, however, who looked him over in the Birdcage before the race thought him a little overdone, which probably was the case; but if he was overdone with work, what shall be said or thought of Florence, who had been hard at it from Lincoln Spring (she had been trained for the handicap) up to the hour she was stripped for this, we trust, her last race in the year, and came out with a summer coat, and looking as fresh as a kitten? In like manner we are told that St. Gatien, save for a cracked heel, is as sound and well as when he ran for the Derby; so Mr. Hammond has not only two wonderful horses, but they are also possessed of wonderfully good constitutions, and are sound in wind and limb. Florence and Prism had taken, with Bendigo, all eyes in the Birdcage; but whereas Lord Zetland's grand-looking horse was almost too big, to follow Florence was to follow as near perfection as possible.

"With loins and a back that would carry a house,
And quarters to lift *her* smack over a town,"

might be applied to Florence as well as to "The Clipper that Stood in the Stall at the Top." If ever a mare was made to go up the Cambridgeshire hill Florence was that mare. We do not wish in any way to detract from Prism, who also ran a very good horse indeed, and it is possible that Whyte-Melville might have preferred the son of Uncas to the daughter of Wisdom, and given the former "the stall at the top." Prism looked on the Cambridgeshire day fit to carry twelve or thirteen stone to hounds, and we have no doubt he would, though if anything a trifle too high on the leg.

And while giving all due congratulations to the fortunate Mr. Hammond for possessing such horses as Florence and St. Gatien, we ought, we think, to congratulate ourselves that the old country can still produce such blood. It has been doubted if our stayers now are what they were some thirty, forty, or fifty years since. There is no doubt that we have not very many of them. Where there is one Cup horse who can do his two miles and a half or three miles with credit, how many are there for whom six furlongs is all too much! But when we do get a real good one he proves to be something of a wonder. Isonomy, Robert the Devil, St. Simon, Florence, and St. Gatien are products that we may be well proud of. That they are quite equal to former heroes and heroines—the Harkaways, Alice Hawthorns, Beeswings, Caller Ous, &c.—we have no doubt. How far one or two of them are the superiors of these dead-and-gone worthies we will not hazard an opinion. But the way in which St. Gatien played with Archiduc in the Jockey Club Cup, allowing him to gallop his heart out for most of the journey, and then left him in the Abingdon Bottom, a horse so dead beat that he was scarce equal to the task of getting up the hill, would seem to prove that St. Gatien, if not the horse of a century, as some of his admirers claim him to be, has had very few equals as a three-year-old. That he may train on, St. Simon likewise, and that they may meet at Ascot and Good-

wood, is what every sportsman earnestly desires. To pretend to give an opinion as to which is the superior of the other would be premature. In his race with Duke of Richmond in the Free Handicap, which St. Gatien won, there was again a diversity of opinion as to whether the latter had been made to gallop, or whether he had won easily. We cannot help inclining to the opinion that St. Gatien had on this occasion to put his best leg foremost. In the match St. Simon v. Duke of Richmond, in the Houghton of last year, St. Simon beat his opponent much more easily than did St. Gatien now. That would point, perhaps, to St. Simon's being the superior of the two. That he has finer speed we have no doubt—the question of superior stamina we must leave to the future.

The Dewhurst Plate gave us what the Middle Park failed to do—a Derby favourite. At least some one has taken 800 to 100 about the Casuistry colt, and we presume the price, as times go, is a fair one. That it is a very bad one for the poor backer goes without saying, with all the long winter and all the many evils horseflesh is heir to before him. That the Casuistry colt deserves his position we suppose cannot be denied. He ran very raw and green with a light weight on his back in the Middle Park, but in the Dewhurst Archer was in the saddle, and he won with the greatest ease. Xaintrailles, the favourite and the recipient of all the honours in the paddock, took none in the race. So badly did he run, stopping as if shot, that the thought occurred to most of us that he either was amiss, or that five furlongs was about the extent of his tether. He looked well enough—a little lighter, perhaps, than he had done the previous week, but we were assured that he was fit and well. That, though his cough had left him, he was still feeling the effects of it is probable, and we prefer to believe that than to think he was beaten on his merits. Cora, disappointed in the Second October, to some extent made up for it in the Houghton. Some one said that in the first and second we saw the winner of Derby and Oaks, a prophecy we should be loth to contradict. The winner can boast of having changed hands in a rather remarkable way. On offer to the Duke of Westminster after the result of a trial with Whipper-In—a trial that seemed to place the Middle Park at his mercy—his Grace bought him for 6000*l.*, and an additional 2000*l.* if he won. Of course his performance greatly disappointed the Duke and the stable generally, and it may be that the running of Sandiway in the Cambridgeshire deepened the feeling. At all events, the Duke informed Mr. Brodrich-Cloete, the newest addition to the Kingsclere stables, that the colt was his for 5000*l.*, if he liked to take it. Mr. Cloete closed immediately with the offer, and the Duke of Westminster probably looked on the result of the race with mingled feelings. We think we should have kept the son of Sterling if we had been his owner. Mr. Cloete refused an offer of 10,000*l.* for the horse after his win, and we need scarcely add that the voices of his breeders—he hails from the Yardley Stud—were heard in the land.

There was not much else in the racing, which, good on the four first days, dwindled to nothing on the fifth. Save to see the example St. Gatien made of Archiduc, to which we have above referred, there was nothing worth stopping for. Still the weather was so superb that gentle and simple seemed only too glad of an excuse to be out-of-doors, and stayed to the last. The Prince had been obliged to leave on Thursday, but the noble and fair whom his presence, quite as much as the racing, had attracted to Newmarket saw out the game, which did not, however, terminate so well as it began. Still on the whole it was a backer's week; and if Bendigo had but repeated his win of last year it would have been much worse for the bookmakers than it turned out, so they have cause for thankfulness if they could only see it. One or two incidents caused some gossip. There was an altercation

between Mr. John Hammond and Archer, and we know that when "pals" *do* fall out, the quarrel is twice as envenomed. Then there was a severance of connection between Archer and some of his masters, and that ceremony of sending in the cap and jacket, to which the delivering up of the seals by the Lord High Chancellor is a mild affair. The Duke of Portland and Lord Hastings signified that they did not require Archer's services any longer, and various were the comments made on the circumstance. Is it a portent of good or evil? Is it the commencement of a Turf Millenium, when we shall do no wrong, or is it the dawn of a chaos in which every one shall do "as they darned please"? An upheaving of some sort it appears to us is at hand, or are we making a mountain out of a small molehill? Time will show.

From all quarters do we hear one complaint, and that is the hard ground, which has played the very mischief with cubbing. So many dry and dusty deserts of Sahara have been our happy hunting grounds; and though there are plenty of foxes everywhere, and in the vales and low ground many have been brought to hand, it has been absolutely impossible to ride on the hills. Yorkshire has especially suffered from the drought, and little has been done with the York and Ainsty, Lord Zetland, or the Cleveland. Indeed, the county of many acres has been sorely visited, and what M.F.H. will do when the time for the opening meet comes, we can hardly tell. Hard ground, combined with lack of scent, is an almost unprecedented state of things at this time of year. In South Durham cub-hunting has had to be stopped for want of rain, and Lord March has had a very difficult time of it in the big woods round Goodwood. In the Heythrop country foxes are plentiful, and the prospects for the season excellent if only rain comes. As we mentioned just now that Yorkshire was more afflicted by the drought than other counties, we are glad to hear of an exception, and that in the Holderness country there has been rain, and Mr. Arthur Wilson has been able to render a good account of the cubs. In the Midlands, the Albrighton appear to have had a pretty good record, but, on the other hand, the Shropshire men say no turnpike road can be harder than is the ground with them. From Kent we have different accounts. With the West pack the Hon. Ralph Nevill has been very successful—scent fair, and plenty of foxes brought to hand. In the East division things are not so rosy. Scent very bad, and dire complaints of the mischief done by the Hares and Rabbits Bill.

But it would be wearisome to go through the dull record, enlivened only here and there with something approaching a run. Next month we shall, we trust, be able to place a fairer budget before our readers. At present we can only add that things in Ireland are as bad as over here. The ground in Leinster is even harder, and riding in parts is really dangerous. Young hounds are said to be only half entered, and though the prospects of sport are excellent in the future, owing to the cause we have mentioned, it has been almost enforced idleness. Glad are we to add, however, that the opposition to sport shown with such lamentable results during the last two seasons seems to be yielding to a better state of things. Farmers and the peasantry are awakening to the fact that they have been made tools of by designing agitators, and have in fact quarrelled with their bread and butter. This has been particularly manifest in Kilkenny, and we trust a better frame of mind is generally coming over the people throughout the country.

In spite of the denunciations of the patriots, fox-hunting seems to flourish in the Green Isle, and the preliminary season of cubbing has been got through very quietly—the scent never proved serving for three consecutive days. The Kildare Hounds have done extremely well under their new M.F.H., Major St. Leger Moore, and new huntsman, T. Goddard, who graduated under Lord Spencer, and here opposition seems to have died away. The Kilkenny

Hounds have received a capital M.F.H. in Captain Butson, from the Co. Galway. In Royal Meath Mr. Trotter had a very successful cubbing time. Killed thirteen brace, and had some three very good morning gallops. He began to hunt regularly and formally on Friday, the 17th ult.; fortunately for men and horses too little was done, for the ground is perfectly unrideable. Mr. Watson has the run of Coolatin woodlands for his pack, as Lord Fitzwilliam has not brought over his pack this year.

Intelligence reaches us that the effort to revive some legitimate fox-hunting at Pau promises to be successful. The hounds have lately commenced. Foxes are reported very plentiful. The reception given by covert proprietors and peasants is satisfactory. Mr. F. Maud, the new Master, carries the horn, and in the first four mornings a brace of foxes were killed. A notice of the Pyrenean country that appears in 'Baily' of this month will be perused with some interest by our readers who consider wintering in the south-west of France.

Another new Hamlet, and the strangest as well as the newest, for it is a Boy Hamlet. At least that is the impression Mr. Wilson Barrett's in many instances fine performance conveyed to our mind. He has made the Prince of Denmark an impetuous youth, burning to avenge his dead father's wrongs, but proceeding to that end in a rather precise manner, with little or none of the poetry of the character flung around the impersonation. A most unselfish performance, if our readers can understand the term. Mr. Barrett has sacrificed many a telling point, has almost effaced himself in one or two scenes in which former Hamlets were the principal figures. His famous soliloquies will appear tame to those who remember with fondness Fechter, or who owned the striking power of Henry Irving. Indeed, by his arrangement of the acts, Mr. Barrett seems to have purposely sought not to give undue prominence to the principal character. The curtain does not fall, for instance, at the conclusion of the fine soliloquy, "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" but the Ophelia scene succeeds it, and the actor thus in some measure robs himself of the applause that previous Hamlets have generally received. Mr. Barrett's idea of the character evidently is to make Hamlet a man of action, not a man of thought. That there will be many disagreements from this view we need scarcely say. Were it not that Hamlet is a character that confessedly admits of many readings by the different students of its seeming anomalies, Mr. Barrett's reading would almost offend. We admire its consistency. From the first scene to the last he is matter-of-fact—no dreamy, philosophical, reflective being. Always in a hurry—we might almost use the vulgar word bustle—he is in turns passionate and hysterical, never in repose. He scorns points. The famous "Is it the King?" is almost slurred over; the "Why, I should take it," in the soliloquy, falls flat. Mr. Barrett has evidently determined that his Hamlet shall be natural. Stage traditions he flings to the winds. He speaks his speeches without affectation, but with a passionate earnestness that we must own is very taking. He carries his audience, or did carry them the night we saw the play, away with him. Impetuous, unconventional, almost boisterous sometimes, he tears through the part, so to speak, in a whirlwind. His best scene, to our thinking, was with his mother, in which his passion rose to grandeur; and the "business" of the two portraits was admirably done. Hamlet wears round his neck a portrait of his father. This it is he compares with one of his hated uncle he sees on his mother's *prie-dieu*. His fierce upbraidings, and his stamping of the picture under his feet in a tempest of passion, was very effective.

There will be, as we have said, much divergence of opinion as to the merits and demerits of our latest Hamlet. Indeed, we feel that one per-

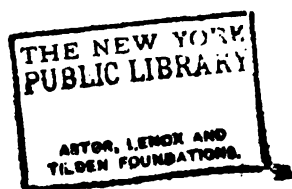
formance hardly makes us thoroughly grasp Mr. Barrett's conception. It is so very startling, so utterly unconventional, so (we must again use the word) prosaic, that there is a feeling of something like bewilderment as the curtain drops on the final scene. No doubt it will be the talk of the town for some time to come—we mean, of course, the town of art and literature—and we shall be curious and eager to hear what the verdict is. We cannot, however, believe that the performance is one that will add to the actor's reputation.

One or two alterations are notable. The King and Queen are no longer what they have generally been, elderly, or at the most middle-aged lovers, but a man and woman in the prime of life. Both were admirably portrayed by Mr. Willard and Miss Leighton. There had been rumours that there would be no ghost, at least that the buried majesty of Denmark would not be visible to the eye. He proved, however, a very substantial figure, and Mr. Dewhurst delivered his one long speech fairly well. The other characters call for no particular remark. That good actor, Mr. Clifford Cooper, made a disappointing Polonius, strange to say; but Miss Eastlake, as Ophelia, improved on her previous efforts in melodrama. We must not omit mention of another most unconventional piece of acting, the Gravedigger of Mr. George Barrett. It was so perfectly humorous, and so perfectly natural, that we have seen nothing better since poor Compton's day. A word of praise is due also to Mr. Speakman, who, as the First Player, gave us a fine piece of elocution. The play is most correctly staged. We presume there is a warranty for every hideous costume and every detail of the Danish architecture of the period. The innovation of the play-scene being by night in the open air, when the silvery light of the moon contends with the lurid glare of torches, will commend itself to all lovers of the picturesque. Finally, all London will go to the Princess's, and judge of the latest Hamlet for themselves.

Yet another parody on 'Called Back.' A high compliment, we presume, to Mr. Hugh Conway, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, Mr. Edgar Bruce, and all concerned in the authorship, adaptation, and performance of the original. Curious it is, however, that neither in the burlesque of Mr. Yardley, or in the latest production emanating from the pen of Mr. Herman Merivale, was, or is, the fun at all proportionate to the gloom of the play at The Prince's. For that 'Called Back' is a gloomy play few, while acknowledging its power, will, we think, deny. It is intended to be gloomy, to harrow our feelings, to give a taste of what are called "the horrors" to the weak-minded, and make audiences, in fact, feel deliciously depressed and uncomfortable. This granted, we hold that the burlesques on such a theme should be extremely clever, outrageously funny, situations most comical—the whole thing pertaining to what in old Adelphi days was called a screaming farce, meaning that there was hearty laughter from the rise of the curtain to its fall. These conditions have certainly not been fulfilled in either of the productions we have mentioned. We laughed a little at the 'Scalded Back' of Mr. Yardley, thanks principally to Mr. Arthur Roberts's imitation of Mr. Kyrle Bellew, and it is probable we *may* laugh at 'Called There and Back' when Miss Farren, Messrs. Elton, Royce, &c., have worked up some fun out of the meagre materials Mr. Herman Merivale has given them, for at present the latest addition to the "series" of Gaiety burlesques is dull. Received on the first night with rapturous applause by the *habitués* of the theatre—applause and enthusiasm that excited no little astonishment among other sections of the audience, who probably had been accustomed to stronger food than here supplied them. It must be acknowledged that the artists engaged exerted themselves to the utmost to extract some merriment out of the dry bones. Miss Farren, of course, parodied

Mr. Bellew, but Messrs. Elton and Royce, whether they were hampered by the dialogue, or from what cause we knew not, did not attempt to extract any fun from imitation of the peculiarities of Mr. Beerbohm Tree or Mr. Fernandez. Miss Broughton and Miss Gilchrist looked, of course, very charming, but they too seemed rather at sea, as if they had not quite made up their minds what 'Called There and Back' should ultimately become. Of course there was 'the usual troop of Gaiety young ladies, who danced Silician dances, and disported themselves in, to some eyes, fetching costumes. But it was melancholy fun, and doubly melancholy was it to think that a pen so skilled and gifted should have written such nonsense.

IN MEMORIAM.—Dear 'Baily,'—Arthur Robert Ward did so much for promoting the interests of cricket in this University that I trust you will find space for a brief memoir of him. Though he was a son of the great W. Ward, it appears that he showed no taste for cricket until he "came up," when, by indefatigable practice on Parker's Piece and Fenner's (now the University) Ground, he achieved his blue. I have heard Tom Parmenter, late custodian of Fenner's and the Trinity College grounds, relate that he had *jerked* at him for five consecutive hours. He did not make any very large scores for his University, his chief effort being that of 53 (not out) v. M.C.C. in 1853. I was told that in that innings he showed great back-play, until he from time to time tempted Grundy—then in his prime—to pitch one up, when he exhibited grand powers of driving. He is said never to have hit to leg, but to have had a very singular stroke over cover-point's head. He was Captain of the Eleven in 1854, but was prevented by illness from playing v. Oxford. Subsequently, having taken orders, he eventually became Vicar of St. Clement's, Cambridge, but his work in that sphere it is not our province here to record. Having consistently watched the chief matches in Cambridge for some years, he was in 1873 elected President of the C.U.C.C. After two wooden pavilions had sprung up and rotted away, it occurred to him to collect subscriptions for erecting the grand structure which now stands on the south side of the ground. This, after a lease for forty years had been obtained from Caius College, was completed at a cost of between 4000*l.* and 5000*l.*, and may now be appropriately styled Ward's Monument. He followed up the labour of writing countless and successful appeals for subscriptions with exertions necessary to build new walls on the north and west sides of the ground, new entrances, and turn-stiles. From the commencement to the close of each University cricket season he lived at and for the Pavilion, collecting subscriptions, making the acquaintance of new members, cementing the friendships of old, admitting strangers, distributing *blue* tickets, and amusing all—more especially the juniors—by his inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, jokes, and riddles. On the migration of the Eleven to London, he rarely failed to be present at all the matches from the "trials" to Gentlemen v. Players. He was well known to many *habitues* of Lord's and the Oval; and by his death a link has been broken connecting present cricket with that of thirty years ago. While always ready to offer advice to captains, he never obtruded it. He made many friends, no enemies; was an excellent musician, an adept in conjuring, and a first-class judge of wine. His genial hospitality, shown to the Gentlemen of England and other eminent cricketers, was highly appreciated by them, and greatly enhanced the pleasure of their annual visits to Cambridge. Passing away from us in September last, at the comparatively early age of fifty-five, he has left a gap in Cambridge cricket which no one can possibly fill.—J. P.





W. C. Rayer

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. W. C. RAYER.

FEW places in "the sweet shire of Devon" of greater interest—fewer perhaps with more picturesque surroundings—than the quiet village of Holcombe, with the stately Elizabethan mansion of Holcombe Court, the property and residence of the good Devonshire sportsman we introduce this month to our readers. In old times in possession of the now, we believe, extinct family of the Bluetts, it is one of the most curious and perfect specimens of the domestic architecture of the period this country possesses, and it is a matter of congratulation that, when Mr. Rayer's father in 1857 purchased the mansion and estate, it fell into hands capable of appreciating its beauties and careful to preserve them.

Mr. William Carew Rayer, the Master of the Tiverton Foxhounds, is the son of the Rev. William Rayer, Rector of Tidcombe, and was educated at the famous Grammar-School in Tiverton which has been the nursery of so many Devonshire men, and from thence proceeded in 1834 to Eton, where he earned a good degree in the playing-fields, and as a runner, jumper, swimmer and oarsman equally distinguished himself. In 1839 he was Captain of the Boats and on leaving Eton matriculated at Christ Church, where he soon became stroke of the college boat. But hunting blood was in his veins. Through his mother, a daughter of Sir Thomas Carew of Haccombe—one of the few families now remaining who can trace their descent without interruption from the Anglo-Saxon period of English history—he inherited that love of the sport of kings that has clung to the Carews from times almost immemorial. In 1866, on the death of his father, Mr. Rayer took the country previously hunted by Mr. Froude Bellew and Mr. William Collier, and originally founded by the Messrs. Cockburn in 1842. It is a rough country, or was in the days we remember it, *consule*

Planco, with high banks not always negotiable ; but we hear that high farming and other changes have materially altered it. But if easier to ride over, it has lost one of the chief characteristics of its pasture days—scent, which it always carried.

Mr. Rayer's hounds (33 couples) are chiefly of the Eggesford blood ; and Lord Portsmouth, like a good neighbour and sportsman, has been always ready to keep up the supply from his famous kennel. They are not only very speedy, but they are excellent in doing what is often required of them—picking out a cold scent, an invaluable quality in this country.

Mr. Rayer is an excellent judge of horseflesh, breeds himself, and always keeps a thoroughbred sire for the use of his tenantry. He is a coachman too (we cannot help wondering how he manages in those Devonshire lanes), and his home-bred team is always good, blood-like and useful. He lives the life of an English country gentleman, liked and respected by every degree ; and the stately old home of the dead-and-gone Bluetts has received a worthy successor in his person.

HORSE AND HOUND.

WRITING a few days before the end of November, neither horse nor hound can be said to have had a very merry time of it so far. In the capacity of citizens, Manchester folk have begun to call out for water, while the fox-hunting world is praying for rain. With fields as hard as a turnpike-road, a man fears to ride—those who have overcome their fears now look mournful over their lame horses—and if he doesn't do so, he must bear, as best he may, the sight of hounds going away from him. Some people, to be sure, are found to vote the hard ground good going, but there is a saying about your own spurs and some other person's horse, and the contented ones are those who don't ride their own cattle. Hard ground means poor scent, as a rule, if any general word can be laid down in connection with a subject of which we know so little, consequently "hunting runs" are chronicled more often than those exciting bursts so dear to the modern fox-hunter—even when he gets left behind. It's an ill wind, &c., and one result of the hard ground is to reduce the strength of fields to abnormally small proportions. The Quorn country might be in East Sussex, for all the numbers that meet Lord Manners ; Pytchley Wednesdays have not yet attracted their wonted crowds, nor have other fashionable and get-at-able packs been so largely patronised as usual. *Per contra*, shooting is carried on with unusual vigour, gunning forming a large part of the week's programme of every hunting man who has shooting of his own, or invitations to participate in that of others. Rain has threatened again and again to fall, but it has kept off, and as these words are being written it seems as unlikely as ever ; so for the present men who ride must not be surprised, on Tuesday, to see

their Monday's mount with his legs as round as a rolling-pin, a recurring testimony to the driest November on record.

'Baily' has always had unlimited respect for the farmers, without whose good-will, as we have admitted times and again, hunting could not continue. It is, therefore, all the more to be regretted that here and there a man is found who makes out his poultry bill—well, to put it mildly, on a rather too liberal scale; and who takes a pessimist view of the harm done to his fields by the hounds crossing them.

The cleverest assessor in England would be puzzled to say what sum of money would be the exact compensation due to a man whose land was crossed; because, before he could come to a decision, the effect of the winter, spring, and summer weather must be taken into account. A bill is now before us in which ordinary hens are valued at 5s. each; and £24 is written down as the damage done by three days' hunting! Has this farmer never heard of the tenant of a certain noble lord? The tenant came begging his landlord to examine four of his wheat-fields, which were terribly cut up. "Well," said the noble lord, "they look bad, certainly; what is the damage, think you—is it £100?" "No," quoth the tenant, "but it is certainly £50." Next day a cheque was given by the landlord for the amount. The hunting season closed, and harvest-time came round, and with it the tenant again appeared before his lordship. "Well, Mr. So-and-so, is the damage greater than you thought?" "No, my lord; but I've brought your cheque back, for the crops this year are greater than they have been for the past five years." We were talking only the other day to a non-hunting farmer, who candidly admitted that the eyesore of seeing a field cut up by horses was, save in very wet seasons, the worst part of the business. More damage, he said, was done to fences than to crops. Still, we counsel, as we have always done, care: seeds and clover-root should especially be held sacred.

During this dry season, while we are more or less incapacitated from hunting—to ride—might we not manage to extract a little more amusement than some of us do from hound-work? Look through the "den" of any average hunting man, and the list of hounds of his hunt will as often as not be found unopened. Go to Peterborough Hound Show, and contrast the handful of spectators one sees round the judging ring with the impatient crowds one sees at the covert-side in December. Putting M.F.H.'s and hunt servants aside, there are many more hunting men in Piccadilly than at Peterborough on the day of the Hound-Show—"the one pleasant day of the summer for hunting men," as it was this year described in one of the papers. Or, again, ask any huntsman how many discerning remarks he has made to him on the subject of hounds in the course of a season. An enthusiast or two there will be in every hunt, but the huntsman will tell the inquirer that the generality of hunting men care very little about hounds, regarding them as so many movable flags on a steeplechase course, to indicate the line their followers are to

ride. Hound-breeding, too, is an occult science to many. Were it not so, we should certainly have had a complete Kennel Stud-book before now. "Cecil," we believe, had one in course of preparation, but his death will probably delay, if it does not prevent, its appearance. We said last month that we did not believe in the alleged deterioration of the modern foxhound, and within the past four weeks our readers must have seen for themselves many occasions on which hounds have had to drop their noses, and pick out the line yard by yard. To our thinking there are few pleasanter sights than to see a pack of hounds, after having raced across the grass, brought to hunting inch by inch over a ploughed field; then taking up the running again on better scenting ground, only to be baffled in covert, where dash and good drawing qualities will exhibit themselves. These, and many other points, are altogether missed by the mass, whose pleasure ceases as soon as galloping becomes a trot. In this way, the most responsible work of Master and huntsman, as a rule, receive but scant recognition, the trouble of forming and maintaining a decent pack being taken no account of. It was always so, however, when taking part in a race home across country. Dick Christian being told off to do duty as hare, Lord Alvanley, one of the heroes of the brook-jumping wager, is reported to have exclaimed, "What larks we should have over this country were it not for those confounded hounds!"

The science of hunting a pack of foxhounds is a question that depends upon the individual taste of each critic. "I like to see hounds let alone, and allowed to do their work by themselves," says one. "Bother the hounds; let us have a gallop!" rejoins a second; and so a huntsman's fame rises or falls according to whether hunting or riding is the *summum bonum*. "Masterly inactivity" on the part of a huntsman is not generally appreciated. Perhaps no pack in England ever gave so extended a trial to two diametrically opposite systems of hunting as the Heythrop. The celebrated Jem Hills went as huntsman in 1835. He had previously been with Lord Ducie, and in Sussex with Colonel Wyndham. Jem was also a cricketer, and played in the Sussex eleven for eight seasons. In whatever country he had seen service, there legends of his skill remain. Once he nourished five cubs out of a teapot; later on a heavy vixen jumped into his arms, Jem subsequently having the bringing up of her litter of six. This reminds us of one of Charles Payne's experiences when he was hunting Sir Watkin Wynne's hounds. A fox had been found in covert, and Payne was blowing his horn to get his hounds away. He was riding along under a wall at the top of which stood one hound, afraid to face the deep drop. Just as he came to the hound, the latter took a header on to Payne's saddle, and descended thence to *terra firma* safe and sound. But to return to Jem Hill's hunting. He knew the run of every fox in the country, and directly the hounds checked he took them in hand. If the scent were very bad, he went straight away across country, and clapped the pack on, perhaps, some two miles ahead of where

they were first at fault ; and this he did in such a marvellous manner that he never got the hounds' heads up ; in fact many of his followers never knew whether hounds were running or not. Tom Hills succeeded his father, but after a season or two he gave way to Stephen Goodall, who, old Heythrop men will remember, once jumped in and out over the railway gates, below Chipping Norton. This feat was performed on Yellow Jack, a big chestnut, nearly 17 hands high. Those who were there will remember also that a little boy ran on to open the gates. That little boy was Stephen Goodall, junior, now huntsman to the Tynedale. Mr. A. W. Hall, the then Master, hunted the bitch pack twice a week, and adopted what was then known as the "silent system," which consisted in abjuring holloas ; letting hounds recover the lost line themselves, and only coming to the rescue when the pack were in hopeless difficulties. Whether it was due to exceptionally good scenting seasons, or to the merits of the silent system, or to the combined effects of both, we are unable to say, but the Heythrop enjoyed excellent sport at this time. Some of the cut-'em-down captains from Cheltenham could not make it out at all.

During Mr. Hall's first season of hunting, a large Cheltenham contingent put in an appearance at Farmington Grove, in the stone-wall country. A fox was found in Farmington, and hounds ran for about ten minutes, when they checked. A second afterwards there was a holloa, of which no notice was taken. The Master and his regular followers remained stationary and silent, while the hounds cast themselves. The Cheltenham division did not know what to make of such a waste of opportunities, and one of them was heard to mutter "This may be science, but its — nonsense, and awfully slow." Stephen Goodall, too, showed excellent sport on the days on which he hunted the dog pack, though of course he had better material to work with than his ancestor Stephen, who, when with Sir Thomas Mostyn in Oxfordshire, rode upwards of twenty stone. Sir Thomas Mostyn hated the sound of hound music, and had a pack that were as nearly mute as possible, a characteristic that cost them many foxes, as, unless they got away on the best of terms and burst their fox up in twenty minutes or so, they could never catch him.

Opinions may differ as to which system was attended by the best sport. Jem's natural talent for hunting and his skill always caused a run if a run were possible ; but, on the other hand, he was one of the few men who have successfully carried out the lifting method without getting the hounds' heads up. Mr. Hall's "silent system" taught the hounds a great deal, and enabled them to do more on a cold scent than they would have done in the hands of a man who, without the knack of Jem Hills, kept continually blowing his horn and putting his hounds on at head. If any of 'Baily's' readers ever went out in Cornwall with the Lamerton hounds in the time of the twin brothers Messrs. Leamon, they will have seen what hounds can do when accustomed to work unaided. The Lamerton

were a two-day a week pack, and the whole stud consisted of a cob for the huntsman and a pony for the whip. The brothers were, at the time we speak of, seventy-two years of age, and their control over the hounds practically ceased when the pack went into covert; they found their fox themselves, drove him into the open themselves, cast themselves, very often killed the fox themselves, and nearly always found their own way back to kennel. Charles Ward, commonly known as "Bob" Ward, who has only just retired from active duties with the Hertfordshire, may be coupled with Jem Hills as another huntsman who excelled in the art of "guessing a fox to death." Any Hertfordshire man will recount stories—very similar to those related of Jem Hills—of how, when a fox had been lost, Ward would gallop off to what he believed to be the fox's point, there to await his arrival. Of Will Staples, in Shropshire, as of Ward and Hills, it used to be said that he could hunt a fox without hounds; but the opportunity for exercising this species of talent is dying out in all but very provincial countries. In fast countries, however, the game of old-fashioned hunting can hardly be played until the morning crowd has taken itself home. If the hounds dwell on coming out of covert, a too jealous crowd, "full of ride," press them over the line, the ground is stained by horses, and the chance of a run is nipped in the bud.

Turning from hound to horse is turning to the more gaudy side of fox-hunting, as it is from riding to hounds that the amusement of the million is derived. Any one who is conversant with the physical characteristics of England, throughout its length and breadth, will readily understand, even though he never crossed a single field, how much there is to be learned before a man can go in all countries. The flying-fences of the Shires may be taken as the extreme on one hand, while the high banks of Devon and Cornwall represent crawling in its most formidable shape. In the Blackmoor Vale the two extremes may be said to meet. There you do get some flying-fences; but for the most part, as in the Pulham Vale, the obstacles are of the on-and-off order; banks that, unlike many of those further west, are well within the power of a horse to negotiate. Then again, Surrey, a country for which a 50*l.* hack is good enough according to the late "Harry Hicovor," is essentially a cramped country, and, with all deference to the writer just named, requires a hunter to get over it. Stake-and-bounds are not uncommon; very often they are on a bank, necessitating a second spring; in short, the Burstow and Surrey Staghound men say that, if a horse can go in their country he is fit to carry a man anywhere. Yorkshire and Lincolnshire again form another type of country. It is one thing to flit from field to field over grass, but quite another to take stout thorn hedges and big ditches out of deep plough. The bulk of Essex is trappy; you want a horse that always has a leg to spare; but in the roothings the horse may leave much of his caution at home, and bring out an extra stock of boldness to carry him over the formidable ditches that separate one enclosure from another.

The mention of stone walls about exhausts the list of typical countries, except downs, where anything that can gallop and stay is good enough to ride.

Both men and horses have their liking for particular countries. It is hardly too much to say that a grass-fed Leicestershire man would rather stay at home than hunt in Devonshire. Point riding, the clambering up one hill merely to go down another, turning or leading over impossible places, creeping through a ravine, circumventing a bog, and, when it comes to riding and when the country permits, scrambling up one side of a bank and down the other, form a series of incidents with which the Meltonian has no previous acquaintance, and which are totally opposed to his ideas of hunting. The man who would charge a formidable oxer, or a stake-and-bound, would pull up aghast on being confronted with some of the formidable earthworks that do duty for fences in the west. In the same way, the Devonian would be some time before he got out of the first Leicestershire field, except by a gate. The farmer who, on his stout nag, charges a high bank, and comes into the next field amid a shower of earth and sticks, as though he had disturbed all the jackdaws' nests in the belfry, would look upon a four-foot hedge and ditch as wellnigh insurmountable; for, strange as it may appear, anything approaching to a flying jump is not seen in Devon once in a season. Timber is sometimes met with in a gateway, but if it is jumped it must be low. Comparing flying countries with cramped ones, it will generally be found, we think, that a horse used to the former more readily accommodates himself to the exigences of the latter than the reverse. For some time, a horse that has always been used to on-and-off jumps, is but an unpleasant mount in a land of hedges and wide ditches; in fact, a sticky jumper always tries the nerves somewhat highly, the sensation of a horse stopping short and jumping standing at a hedge, with a wide ditch on the landing side, is the reverse of comfortable. In all countries there seems to be a great divergence of opinion as to the pace at which various obstacles should be taken. Some, who have been not inaptly styled "hard funkens," ride at all fences at the proverbial forty thousand miles an hour rate, as though they were about to negotiate the brook in a steeplechase course, and others collect their horses and go very slow. As in other matters, the truth probably lies between the two extremes, and perhaps a hard canter is about the best pace for nine fences out of ten. Sometimes, at a wide ditch, a little more pace may be pardoned; just as it is occasionally advisable to leave a cramped place at a walk or trot. Assheton Smith invariably rode slowly at his fences, and some of the hardest men of the present day adopt his system. Exceptionally clever timber-jumpers, especially those hailing from Ireland, often pull up short at timber, and jump it standing; but even at this kind of obstacle a slow canter is generally preferred. Assheton Smith, it is said, used to ride at the post, in a post-and-rail fence, to make his horse's jump as big as possible. Mr. Lockley used to go at timber a trifle fast.

Mr. Musters would not have a horse canter or gallop at a gate, but used to ride at timber at as quick a trot as his horse could go; he could then measure his distance better, he said. A minority are found who ride at timber very much in the style of the "cross-country jockeys" on the Aquarium Walers, that is to say, as hard as their horses can lay leg to the ground. If you go fast, they say, you stand a chance of falling clear if the horse comes down; about as sensible a doctrine, one would think, as that of a man who only put a dozen shots in his gun, so that, should the charge lodge in his own body, he might not be pierced by a whole ounce and a quarter!

For some hitherto unexplained reason, horses that are not considered safe at timber jump stone walls that overtop the average gate by several inches. There is this in simplification of wall-jumping—the take-off is almost invariably good, while a ditch on either side of a wall is not met with twice in a season. Secondly, a wall offers a well-defined jump that the horse can see; while, most important of all, the rider knows that, should his mount hit the top, the stones will give way; for "wet," *i.e.* mortared walls, are seldom tried. It is perhaps because the rider goes at a wall with so much more confidence than at timber that horses jump them so much better. Moreover, when timber takes the form of stiles or gates, the take-off is, as often as not, in a hollow, or terribly poached by cattle, making what would otherwise be a moderate jump a next to impossible one.

At water, the axiom is that you must go fast, and this was Mr. Musters's creed: "Even if it be but a ditch two yards wide, you can't go too fast," said he, "as then a horse's heart has not time to fail him, and he must needs get over by his own impetus." This, however, needs some qualification. If a horse is allowed to gallop at water as he would across a fifty-acre field, the chances are that he gets his feet wrong, and either takes off too soon, or else steps in. The horse must be made to shorten his stride very materially; and to do this without pulling him out of it is not very easy to do, simple as the feat is upon paper. "Scrutator," on the other hand, used to aver that, at a moderate canter, or even a quick trot, a horse could well cover from twelve to fourteen feet of water, and anything more than that, he used to say, requires an exceptionally bold man, on a horse to match. Those who are partial to water and timber maintain them to be the safest of fences, but the mass of hunting men scarcely endorse that opinion. When a locked gate bars the way, or a brook comes in the line, a very large number see no more of the hounds. The late Mr. Heathcote, when Master of the Surrey Staghounds, was so well aware of this that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to uncart his deer close to a flight of rails or a brook, with a view of at once arresting the progress of "those — tailors, you know." The late Sir Richard Sutton abhorred water and timber, and would have neither if he could find a way round. Lord Gardner, on the other hand, liked timber, but then his fine hand gave him a great advantage.

After all, no getting by heart of any rules will enable a man, without the requisite qualifications, to keep a good place when hounds are running. Nerve is undoubtedly the first requisite ; if hands, judgment, and an eye for country can be superadded, the individual so endowed need not hesitate about going in any company. As a sporting auctioneer once said, "Directly a man begins to 'appraise' his fences, he must renounce all claim to be considered a front-rank man." Perhaps Jim Morgan, who hunted the Essex for fifteen seasons, and was the father of Ben, Jack, Goddard and Tom, all renowned horsemen, had about as good a nerve as any one need care to possess. He put his arm out twice, and, as it grew stiff, he was heard to explain, "As I can't open gates; I must jump them." He acted up to his profession, and when seventy years old he was hard to beat. Assheton Smith's feats in the saddle are household words; so are Dick Christian's, as well as those of many others. All these had nerve, though contemporary writers say that some of them could hardly be called horsemen. Considering the prices that have been and are paid for hunters it would be indeed strange if men did not go upon them, for, as Lord Alvanley said, after going out of his way to jump big places on a new 700-guinea purchase, "What's the use of giving 700 guineas for a horse, unless he can do a little more than other people's horses?" Lord Plymouth, though not a particularly hard man, gave Sir Bellingham Graham 1000 guineas for Beeswax and Freemason, and 600 guineas for Cervantes, the horse Mr. Osbaldeston was riding when he broke his leg. Mr. Gurney refused 800 for Sober Robin; while in modern days, the sporting papers show us that 300 or 400 guineas, or even more, are always forthcoming for a really good horse.

We have all heard and read a good deal about men who can get any horse, good, bad, or indifferent, over any country, however difficult. Here and there such an one may be found, but it is doing the average customer no injustice to say that, when he jumps brooks that almost rise to the dignity of navigable rivers, or gates that the rest of the field won't have when the top-bar is broken, it is on some exceptionally good horse in which he has unbounded confidence. As soon as a horse is found to resolutely stop on the brink of a brook, or, worse still, to jump in, his owner, no matter how much of a thruster he may be, contents himself with a back seat. The very eulogistic biographer of Assheton Smith says that all horses, little or big, quiet or not, at once became hunters when Tom Smith got into the saddle; yet this same Tom Smith sent home Fire King a dozen times before he could ride him with confidence. Hunt servants have their wives and families to think of, and no one will blame them for being particular; but Masters of Hounds well know that huntsmen have the greatest objection to riding horses in which they have not the fullest confidence; while many a poor man is indebted for his nag to the fastidiousness of some richer man, who is content to lose money over a horse because he pulls a little too

much, jumps too quickly, or not quickly enough, or does something that just prevents him from quite suiting his late proprietor. A well-known dealer, himself no mean performer, who had two horses returned to him as not being A 1, remarked that it was perfectly astonishing how little horsemanship people could put forth. If a man, he said, had been accustomed to a few very quiet animals, that seemed to unfit him for riding everything else. The hardest man in our country, he continued—a man who won't turn aside from anything, won't go a yard on a horse that pulls him a bit, or shows any temper, however good a fencer he may be. There is, no doubt, a certain amount of truth in the dealer's remarks, but it must also be remembered that people pay the very long prices asked by dealers in the hope of getting something as near perfection as possible. There is generally some clever devil, that will go on his day, knocking about, but a man proposing to lay out from 200*l.* to 400*l.* on a hunter wants something else besides jumping capabilities that may not be exercised just at the moment when they are most required. That horses, like men, lose their nerve for jumping is perfectly well known. Mr. Dixon ("The Druid") relates an instance of a bold horse refusing a fence only just in time to save him from jumping into a quarry. We know of a horse that found himself splashing in an unseen pond that he did not see when he took off at a fence; and we have been told of another horse that got hurt with a chain harrow that had been left close to a hedge. Each of these three horses declined jumping after the incidents mentioned.

JUMPING POWDER.

"THE oftener—the harder—the more we enjoy,
The more we're in love with the chase,"

was a favourite quotation of dear old "Nimrod's," and now that we are buckling on our armour, and getting into the full swing of, let us trust, a merry, brilliant season, it is not unbecoming in us to take a thought of the way in which our obstacles should be overcome—in other words, how far we are keeping our "jumping powder" dry.

Never perhaps within living memory has an opening season witnessed our hunting countries so blind and difficult to get over as they are to-day. It requires all the knowledge of a practised sportsman, and the instinct of a trained hunter to know where a ditch begins, and where it ends; where a fence is best to ride at, and where it must be jumped or chanced. And yet, when hounds run on the grass, as they have since the rain came, there has been little time for consideration, still less for halting, craning, or funking. Those who go hunting with the intention of being with hounds are but a tithe of the great hunting whole; to them jumping is a necessity. How

few can do without jumping powder of some sort ! Let us look at jumping in all its phases, and see how its highest encomiums can be reached, taking the most brilliant examples by which to cast our own models. To begin with, don't let us tumble into the net that is laid for us as in 'Ask Mamma,' where "Imperial Jack Rogers" at the meet is made to say, "Apportez, dat is to say bring *toute suite* drink—two more glasses ! Dis gentlemen will be good enough to drink my vare good health. Ah, sare, dat is de stoof to make de air cool ! Ve sall go like old chaff before the vind after it. Vill catch de fox myself."

We have all seen this experiment tried, sometimes successfully, but generally to the ultimate discomfiture of the devoted disciple of Bacchus. At all events we will leave "Imperial Jack" to his deserts, and the just indignation of honest friends and M.F.H.'s. No ; jumping powder is of a higher order than the author of 'Jor-rocks' would here have us believe ; it means nerve, and a vast power of good qualities in its wake. What says Whyte-Melville about it ? He wraps it up superbly when he describes it attributes : "Kindness, coercion, hand, seat, valour, and discretion." Here in six words is the whole key of riding to hounds. Take these with us, and we can fancy ourselves landed through Elysian fields, with a screaming pack, in the never-ending bliss of an eternal run after a demon fox, that we never wish to yield his brush ; and let the fences be what they may, or our steed's endurance be put to its most supreme test !

Pages upon pages have been filled with anecdotes of surprising jumps, and in nothing probably has Baron Munchausen been so much rivalled ; and of course Chandler's great jump at Warwick stands out, with its 39 feet, pre-eminent. Then there is that presumptuous son of Pot8os called "Turnip," that, not content with jumping the height of the Duke of Richmond at the Phoenix Park, when his Grace was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, afterwards jumped Hyde Park wall, opposite Grosvenor Gate, 6½ feet, with a drop of 8 feet. Then there is Cecil Forester's big jump on Bernardo over the Stanton brook, which measured 32 feet ; and Forester then rode 14 stone, of whom a contemporary wrote : "When, at about half a field's distance from him, I saw him take each fence as it came, I repeatedly said within myself, 'That's nothing, at all events.' But I was as oftentimes deceived, when I came up to them, by finding them very big. 'But how is this ?' I would exclaim ; 'neither Forester nor his horse appeared to make any more exertion to get over those strong bullock-fences than they might have made in clearing a dead hedge and small ditch.' I was told it was all the effect of hand—of handling his horses, as it were, easily and tenderly over their fences, not allowing them to leap a yard higher or farther than was necessary. That is the man for me." Yes, readers, that is the man for all of us who care to be first-rate men over a country.

Assheton Smith, Tom Smith, Little Gilmour, and a host of other hard men over Leicestershire have left behind them a record of the

true essence of jumping powder, which we would all fain resuscitate for our own gratification, when need calls for it :—

“Yon fence seems a tickler—get on to the charger;
See, the ground appears sound, tho’ the ditch may be large.
Tally-ho, tally-ho!—get forward, sir, go.
One tops it, one baulks it, and, craning, turns round,
While a third quits his seat for a seat on the ground.
Tally-ho, tally-ho—how together they go!”

No hunting man has probably exceeded John Mytton of Halston in downright daring—let us call them, indeed, desperate—feats. His nerve was of the iron order, that, despite the shattering blows which he inflicted on his constitution throughout an outrageously fast life, he was full of go to the last. The inheritor of one of the finest estates in Shropshire, and with mental abilities of a high order, Mytton might have made a far fairer name for himself than history records of him. He lived, alas! in that rollicking age when port wine was the besetting sin of country gentlemen, and the good counsellors that approached him were few, and they sadly deficient in nerve to compete with his strong will.

“Nimrod” had perhaps as much influence over Mytton as any one, and he tells us that he used it in vain. Not long ago I measured with my eye the Perry brook, where he jumped it, close to Ruyton Eleven Towns, on little Baronet, in cold blood, coming home from hunting—nine clear yards of water. Not content with this, he cleared one of Lord Bradford’s deer-park hurdles, upwards of six feet, and covered eight yards in the jump. While on his favourite horse, Hero, he jumped Mr. Jellico’s drive gate, which was seven feet high. He rode Baronet over Lord Berwick’s park paling at Attingham, which drew from Sir Bellingham Graham, the then Master of the Shropshire, the remark, “Well done, neck or nothing! You are not a bad one to breed from.”

And it was in a famous run with the Shropshire, from Bomere to Haughmond Hill, that, when the hounds crossed the Severn at Uffington, he called out, “Let all who call themselves sportsmen follow me!” and he swam his horse through it. He did the same near Bridgnorth on a mare he called *Cara Sposa*, and had a narrow escape of losing his life, as well as that of his mare. Never perhaps did Mytton lay himself out for glory so strongly as on the great occasion when the three sporting counties, Cheshire, Shropshire, and Staffordshire, essayed to meet at Shavington Hall, Lord Kilmorey’s, for a joint trial of speed, nose and bottom. Sir Harry Mainwaring was Master of the Cheshire; Sir Edward Smythe of Acton Burnal, Mr. Smythe Owen of Condover, and Mr. Lloyd of Aston, were joint Masters of the Shropshire; and Mr. Wicksted was Master of the Woccz country in Staffordshire. More than three thousand horsemen were present at the trysting-place. Six couples from each pack were brought on to the field by their respective huntsmen: Will Head of the Cheshire being the leading man, Will Staples and

Charles Wells his assistants. As such set days generally do, the sport turned out rather a failure, and the rival hunts were unable satisfactorily to settle the problem of superiority. This little mattered to Mytton so long as he could personally distinguish himself. Mounted on the Hit-or-Miss mare, and with his friend and neighbour Captain Owen of Woodhouse on The Devil, away he went, as the hounds broke from Shavington, exclaiming, "Now for the honour of Shropshire!" The obstacle was a deep-sunk fence, with a ha ha, and a stiff and high rail on the taking-off side. Baulked by the crowd at taking-off, the mare hit the rail and fell, giving Mytton a tremendous fall, which was not lessened by one or two of the eager crowd of jealous sportsmen jumping on him, and hurting him so much that he could not take his place again in the front rank for the day. The whole get-up of the Shavington day was a mistake in the eye of the more sober hunting men of the present day, and was an experiment not likely to be repeated, albeit it seemed to mark an epoch in the hunting annals of Cheshire and Shropshire that our elders love to dwell on even now. It took place on April 7, 1829.

Other daring sportsmen have rivalled Mytton's feats. There lives now in quiet retirement almost as desperate a man with hounds, in Fred Webster, who, not able to swim a stroke, swam his horse through the Severn in full flood close to Shelton Rough, and, when the hounds recrossed it soon after, swam back again with them. This great feat remains unsaid and unsung to this day, but it is a veritable fact that needs no burnish; for the Severn is a swift and awkward river at the best of times, and requires the true essence of nerve and jumping powder to tackle.

Writing of river swimming, I shall not soon forget an incident, at which I was a spectator, some ten or twelve seasons ago, when, in a run from Red House with the York and Ainsty, we came to the Ouse, a few miles north of York; and, the hounds crossing, in went four or five young officers of the 9th Lancers, all abreast, slipping down its muddy tidal banks like so many ducks, and scrambling up the opposite bank after a tidy swim in a still more ungainly style. Lord William Beresford and poor Clayton (he was afterwards killed at polo, in India) were amongst those dauntless spirits. Galloping after the Master, Colonel Fairfax, to the nearest horse-ferry, about a mile below, I had there the felicity of seeing the hounds recross the river in front of us, just as we had got our horses into the boat, so that these young heroes gained nothing by their dashing exploit; and it was amusing to see them, when they struggled up at the end of a good run, having ridden a stern chase from the ferry, lying down on their backs with their feet in the air to get the water out of their boots; their bouquets gone, and buckskins without the faintest shade of the morning's purity. And yet how merrily they jogged away towards York.

There is not a country that cannot boast of its big leaps, and has not its history attached to each—beacons for the bold and good men of to-day, if they care to rival them.

It would be wrong to close our list of examples without a mention of old Dick Christian; and Warburton's words will more aptly describe him than any of mine:—

“From the cradle his name has been ‘Hard-riding Dick,’
Since the time when cock-horse he bestraddled a stick;
Since the time when, unbreeched, without saddle or rein,
He kicked the old jackass along the green lane.
Oh, show me the country that Dick cannot cross,
Be it open or wood, be it upland or moss,
Through the fog or the sunshine, the calm or the squall,
By the daylight or starlight, or no light at all!
A whip is Dick's sceptre, a saddle Dick's throne,
And a horse is the kingdom he rules as his own.
While grasping ambition encircles the earth,
The dominions of Dick are enclosed in a girth.”

And now let us in conclusion, as a parson would say, take a practical view of our *modus operandi* in the present day. To do so it will be necessary to suppose ourselves up in a balloon, at a steady altitude, in a damp atmosphere, with a touch of east in the wind, hovering as it were over a snug covert lying on the slope of undulating ground. In the lower corner to the north is a varied throng of gathered sportsmen, aimlessly, to all appearance, pent up behind a gateway. In the covert itself but a solitary piece of pink can be seen, slowly moving along its centre ride; on either corner, at the far end, is an apparent rosette of pink, still as a sentry. The faintest sound reaches the upper world; it is a sound as of a shrill bugle-note, and is re-echoed in a human note scarcely less musical. Speckled forms dash across the openings, and the central figure quickens his pace. In another few minutes yon bit of a rosette in pink at the top corner falsettoes, with a black cap in the air. The landscape seems suddenly to move by spontaneous action. The throng at the lower corner spreads out across the hill into enormous dimensions. The pack emerge, now in a cluster, and now in a line, from the top corner at the far end of the covert, and after them comes the central figure from the covert, their huntsman, through a bridge-gate. A cross-fence lies between the throng and the hounds. It is a plain, strong, low-set hedge, with a ditch beyond it; there is a low place under a tree, while to the right of it is a gate entering a bye-road. It is the work of a moment for the leaders to be over the fence; the weak place is chosen by dozens, the stronger by a few, who, rather than pull their horses out of their stride to wait their turn, prefer to push on for a place; and the fence has no difficulties except for the rusher, who declines to rise in the excitement of a start. The majority jostle for the gate. Hounds meantime have swung left-handed through the fence into the lane, and cut across the line of horsemen; the huntsman cleverly flanks them to give room, with one hand held up, and then crashes into the hairy fence, fearing to be shut out by the foremost eager ones, and separated from his darlings.

Nothing parts a field like a lane, unless it be a brook or a canal.

One man does not despise stopping to open an unlocked gate, and has a handy horse for the job; another thinks they are bending his way, and the lane has its attractions for a further gallop down its muddy length. A third despises crooked ways, and goes thrusting at a strong stubb-grown fence with the blind ditch to him, and gets over with a scramble. The huntsman picks the best place, because he knows the ground best, and has a goodly following. Hounds have got three-parts of a field to the good, and are warming to their work. Already the huge cluster of horsemen has spread itself into three divisions; about a score are in the same field over the lane with them, and each field on either side has its pushing occupants. Now will be the time to watch individual merit—to see the styles of the men, and note their tactics. Strange to say, the colours continue to be mixed; there are black as well as pink coats over that second fence with a drop after passing the lane. Some seem to go slower at their fences than others, and yet, in the long run, they do not lose ground. A peck on landing means several lengths to be made up, and those that pick up their horses cleverly on the landing side seem to go the strongest at the next fence. There are shoulders and hands unduly lifted; there are various degrees of daylight between breeches and pigskin; there are contortions and attitudes, graceful and the reverse; there are scrambles, crosses, and *contre-temps*; there is much “follow my leader,” and some arms go up in the air with the whip, as if to balance the body—nowadays this is thought bad form; and yet in old days Aitken always depicted the hard-riding men of “Nimrod’s” time as doing it, and perhaps they found a benefit in it, as many old hands do now.

The hounds give the preference to the right-hand men to-day, and go sailing along, letting up a few of the lane-goers, and there is a small inclosure or two that still widens and spreads out the field, because we see a fence that has only one or two weak places, and room to fall is always given in the front rank, when it has settled into position. That slight form in black, wide on the left, is evidently a lady, following a bit of pink, and very fast they are going, for they have had to come outside the circle from the road. Hounds now favour them, and drop down into the lower ground; a strong three-railed fence on a low bank, and a ditch towards them that requires jumping powder, has to be taken, if at all, in full stride, and only half-a-dozen take it in the first flight. There is a crash on the right; the top-bar has gone, and there is a scramble. The horse on his nose, and rider shot over it, but without losing his reins; he is soon in the saddle, and there are several thrusters eager for the honour of getting over it, minus the top bar.

The ground now rides heavier; some open ditches help the short-striding horses, while the hounds run faster than ever over this good-scenting ground. The invariable line of willows comes in the fore-front ere the next strong ox-fence is jumped by a select few, with one or two refusals, and at least a dozen cramming for a gate at the corner. All that the foremost man sees is the bitches

shaking themselves momentarily on the opposite bank ; a field and a-half lower down there are the rails of a horse-bridge, tempting him from the true course. One other look at the flying pack. They don't mean Netherwood to-day, and the bridge means three precious fields to be made up. The huntsman is already going full swing at a place where a little bush overhangs on the near side. His light weight, determined hand, steady and vigorous "Come up!" put nerve into his horse, and he is instantly on the right side. For the first time in the run he turns in his saddle, just to call out, "That place will do, sir;" and with one twang of his horn he rejoins his darlings. We in the balloon are in a stage-box, motionless with excitement, as one, two, and three, in more or less artistic style, charge it successfully, the last with a scramble; but here comes young ambition's slave, bursting to distinguish himself, and pick his own place. The bank looks clear and sound; but looks are deceptive in brooks. His horse gets too near; he has not the bush to guide him in his take-off; his jump is a fiasco, and he only meets the opposite bank with his forelegs and chest, sinking back dejectedly into its muddy bottom. Of course the sooner his rider is off his back the better for both. *Ex uno disce omnes*. There are always good Samaritans on these occasions to assist the poor tadpoles, and to them we must leave him.

The run now assumes a different aspect; hounds for several fields have scarce an attendant in the same field with them, although the fences grow lighter as they gain the higher ground. Here there are some droppers-in, as if from the clouds. They are the men whose eyes are always open to the country, the bounds, and the line the fox is going, and some have scarce jumped half-a-dozen fences. There are many good sportsmen, physically incapable of sitting a horse over big jumps—round-thighed, short-legged, minus the requisite clip, or whose jumping days have gone. It is their turn now, and with boyish glee they ride over some small-timbered, ditchless fences on the line for a well-known covert. The hounds dwell not here; their fox is too hot to enter, and the huntsman knows it, for he cheers old Juliet under the high-grown hedge to the right, full well calculating, that his fox is not far ahead, and that one great danger has been avoided—a fresh fox. The majority of the field pull up at the covert, believing, that their brilliant thirty minutes is over, and that there will be a hollow to tell them when the hunted fox, or another, has gone away again. The faint twang of a horn downwind is all that the keenest of hearing catches of the real state of the case, just sufficient to galvanise the whole into a stern chase over the next two miles. Grief now is abundant. Horses, above themselves at starting, have most of the jump taken out of them. Many men are more beaten than their horses; rails that want cracking, are cracked to order for those whose patience is sufficient to await an opening, and whose vaulting ambition is not now what it was some half-hour since. The heavy swell, and the light swell—all the two-horse men—begin to curse in chorus for their stupid

second horseman. Echo, up in a balloon, laughs at their helplessness. Waving onward to the thin line of pink and black that still dots the valley beyond, every field becoming longer and more attenuated, until, just below that tall spire on the opposite hill, there is a momentary turn of the pack, a flinging of varied pied forms round the field, and then a clustering at the bottom of it near the road. Whoo-hoop! he has gone to ground in a drain! Forty-five minutes of inimitable enjoyment.

And there they come, with the last kick of a gallop, hastening to be up at the finish, long after the really front-rank men have wiped their foreheads, loosened their girths, and turned their horses' heads to the wind. What wonderful notes have to be compared! what endless chapters of bad luck, awkward binders, confounded mistakes, false holloas, blind ditches, catching friends' horses—grand efforts at self-excusals, all of them! Unfortunately the man in the balloon, who has let go his ballast, and is far away in the clouds, has made a true and verbatim account of it all, and is prepared, on the slightest provocation, to give every man the benefit of his own horoscope. His applicants at present are very few.

Once more let us join hands in the Cheshire hunting-song:—

“ Oh, give me the man to whom nought comes amiss—

One horse or another, that country or this!

Through falls and bad starts, who dauntlessly still

Rides up to the motto, ‘ Be with them I will.’

Quasitum, quasitum; fill up to the brim—

We'll drink, if we die for 't, a bumper to him.”

BORDERER.

HOW HUNTERS CAN BE BRED TO PAY.

ONCE more has the question arisen as to the reason why and wherefore hunter-breeding cannot be made to pay in England, and as I have long formed the conclusion that it is quite as possible to breed a hunter, without losing money by him, under certain circumstances, as it is a cart-horse, perhaps I shall find favour with the readers of ‘ Baily ’ if I say a few words on the subject which has been exercising the minds of the horse-breeding world. Let it be distinctly understood that I stipulate for favourable circumstances, and for this reason: We should think very little of any man's judgment who started a stud-farm after the model of Mr. Blenkiron's late venture at Eltham—the Cobham Farm or Marden Park—on poor bleak, cold hills, where there was neither shelter for the mares nor herbage for the yearlings. Neither should we say that a man was in his senses who started to breed first-class London dray-horses on the wilds of Exmoor or Dartmoor, and expected the same return as he would get in the Midlands. The sale of the Hon. Mr. Grimston's, Lord Rocksavage's, and other horses last spring at very high prices, caused a good deal of discussion as to whether the sums

realised represented the real value of the animals sold, or were mere fancy prices, and not such as a breeder would be likely to make for a five- or six-year-old horse—clever, handy, and of the same appearance, power, and quality. In this discussion, I apprehend both sides are right, and both wrong. The prices realised were, without doubt, fancy ones, and reached, because several people with long purses wanted them, and had determined to give a large amount rather than lose them. Neither is it at all certain, that if the same horses came under the hammer again in a few months, that they would realize the same figure, or anything like it. That would depend on who was the owner at the time they were resold, and what number and class of purchasers chanced to be in the market. In reality, vast numbers of men who buy, and especially by auction, do so on the judgment of the man who sends the horses up for sale. If he has made a name for keeping and riding good horses, and, moreover, has been known to go straight, people purchase on that knowledge more than on the individual merits of the horses themselves, if they are sound enough to stand a veterinary examination, and have not been too long before the world. Moreover, very strange things take place at auctions. I remember one instance, not so very many years ago, that a hunter made six hundred and, I think, some odd guineas, which, although he had carried a very hard-bitten welter weight, was considered by those who know the horse, quite up to his full value. The purchaser was asked what induced him to go to such a sum, and popular report said at the time that he answered in this wise—"Why I thought — was bidding against me, and I was not going to be beaten by a woman." I remember another instance being related to me by the man who conducted the sale at which it occurred, he said, "I was selling a horse on which two men were particularly sweet, a short and tall one; when seventy or seventy-five was reached, the tall man shook his head, and would go no further." I said, "Go on, give me another bid, never be beaten by a little fellow like that." At it he went again, and the horse was run up to one hundred and fifty guineas before I knocked him down." Now who shall say that, in either case, whether the sum reached represented the real value of the horse, or was merely a fancy price? Still harder would it be to foretell that either one horse or the other would make the same sum again, or even half of it, under different circumstances. One writer has told us that the books of large dealers, could they be examined, would show that two hundred and fifty, three hundred, and over, is the price of really first-class horses up to weight. No doubt he is right, but do not people give these prices *on the judgment of the dealer*, and would they give a farmer such a sum as that for a horse, had they seen him go ever so well in the hunting-field? Nay, is it not whispered that dealers put the prices to suit their customers, as well as other tradesmen; and is it not known that some men would not look at a horse unless an exorbitant price was asked for him? I think I could point out one large stud-owner who would turn up his nose at

the best hunter in England if less than three hundred were asked. Of course, dealers know these men, and suit them, so their books would perhaps tell more of human vanity than of the value of horseflesh. I knew a man a few years ago, who was the architect of his own fortune, and a very good one it was. He passed his early days in a linendraper's shop, and used to tell with a great deal of glee, how a lady came in and asked for a shawl, he showed her a really good one, and told her the price, which was moderate, she at once wanted "something better." The linendraper himself was keeping an eye on proceedings, and got the rejected shawl hustled away, while his assistant showed her some more, none of which suited. The master himself then came forward, and again displayed the first shawl at *double its original price*. It was pronounced beautiful, just the very thing, and purchased at once. Did the last price represent the value of the shawl, and would it have realized it if sold again immediately? I fancy horse-dealers can sell shawls on occasion. And small blame to them for doing so. The way horses are bought at the annual sale of Sir Thomas Lennard's at Belhus Park and similar places which have sprung up since his success, are pretty good proof that men will not as a rule rely on their own judgment when purchasing, but prefer to get their horses from some one who has made a name, even if they pay for it. Some years ago I saw a horse sold by auction out of a rather celebrated stud, in the spring, for three hundred guineas, he was offered again in the autumn before hunting came on, and made thirty-eight; now he was, except the few months advance in age, exactly the same horse, neither better nor worse, for he had been well summered, and had not done a day's work between the two sales, and was, the veterinaries said, equally sound one time as the other, *but his purchaser*, at the first sale, *was not a well-known man*, and consequently had to lose by him to that extent.

It is all very well to say that farmers should breed hunters, when they sell at such high figures at five or six years old; but it is a matter of fact, that farmers and breeders generally do not get these prices, and never will do so; moreover it is as well that there should be truth told about the matter; and they should look it boldly in the face before they commence to breed, instead of being buoyed up by false hopes. In the first place, the animals which make it are picked ones, out of perhaps hundreds of others, and in the next, it is a great chance if a man breeds one such horse in a lifetime, even if he could make the price of him when he had bred him, which he probably never would do. Not long ago I saw out with the foxhounds a very useful horse, a grand fencer, and I should say a good hunter, the property of a farmer. A well-known hard-riding man took a fancy to him, threw his leg over him, and the two did a lark over some very awkward fences *away* from hounds, strong timber being charged amongst the rest. After the ride, the would-be purchaser summed him up in this manner: "He is a useful horse and a good fencer, and would not be dear at from sixty to seventy guineas." The

man to whom he said it answered, "I am sure — gave more than that for him, and he would be a great fool to sell him under a great deal higher figure." Now I feel pretty certain that no one would have expected to buy a good fresh young horse like that out of a dealer's stable at less than from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty, and if he did so, would not get him. There are a few farmers who have got a name, and can get good figures for their horses, but they are few and far between; and with a pretty numerous acquaintance amongst hunting farmers all through England, I could count those I know who are thus favoured on my fingers. The fact is, if a farmer or ordinary breeder can sell a four-year-old at a hundred, or a five-year-old at a hundred and twenty or thirty guineas, he must be satisfied, and think himself well off, for the chances are all against his ever realising more. Many will say this is not more than cart-horse price, and had he not better breed cart-horses? My answer is, under certain circumstances, decidedly he had. But if his place is suitable, and he prefers to do so, he can as well breed hunters as cart-horses, and as cheaply. If any one asks how, I say by treating them as cart-horses.

As I have before said, the situation must be favourable, and by that I mean not only that the soil must be good for rearing the young stock, but of such a nature as to allow of the mares being worked on it without injury to them. For it must be understood from the first, that if breeding is to pay, it is imperative that the mares must earn their keep, so as to save that part of the expense; cart-mares would have to do so, and it will not only do brood mares of other classes no harm, but they will absolutely be all the better and healthier for it. To this end I should say the most proper place to undertake hunter-breeding would be in a mixed farm of grass and arable, and the land should not be too cold and heavy. On the very stiff clay-lands I should certainly put well-bred mares on one side, and stick to the big Shire horses, as I feel certain they would pay much better to breed in such a locality than hunters could. In breeding racehorses, it has been clearly demonstrated by such men as Sir Joseph Hawley and Lord Falmouth, that somewhat short and sweet herbage answers much better than the coarser and more succulent grass of the heavy clay districts, and I certainly think that what is good for the racehorse must be equally good for the hunter. On such a place as I have in my mind's eye, and I have seen many of them in different parts of England, the grass would in all probability be found in the valleys, while the lighter soil of the hills, or, as they are called in the north, wolds, would be under the plough. Here the dams of our future hunters could be employed to the best advantage at light plough and harrow work, where they will do quite as much, if not more, on the same amount of keep as their hairy-legged sisters, if only care is taken to put them at jobs suitable to their weight and strength; and let me add, it would be advisable to work this class of horse together, and not in the same teams as the regular cart-horses, and this for two reasons:

the first being, that their pace will be quicker if allowed to do their work in their own way, so that the slow gait of the others would irritate and cause them to do more than their proper share, especially if much whip had to be used; and the second, that the men who have the care of the regular cart-horses will always ease them at the expense of the nag mares if they possibly can, which I need not say is a thing to be guarded against as much as possible. For this cause a special attendant should have the care of the nag mares, and work them by themselves, so that I should recommend at least two to be kept, where the land will plough with two horses, or three if another is necessary, if you get to four-horse ploughing land, such mares would be altogether out of place. As regards keep I should not recommend feeding too highly, or they may cast their foals; but just keeping them in good fair working condition, as long as the weather is mild, in a paddock or yard with a hovel to run under for shelter, at least for some hours, when they are not working, even if they come into boxes at night, which in severe weather they would require to do. This has been tried over and over again, and found to answer well; nay, the plan was once carried so far as absolutely to work thoroughbred mares. Many will, perhaps, doubt whether mares with breeding to produce hunters could be got to go quietly enough for farm work, especially if they had not been harnessed when they were young; but I fancy very little difficulty would be found on this score if they are carefully put to it at first with good-tempered mares, and I would recommend no one to breed from those who showed marked signs of vice. It is a great drawback to blood-stock, and certainly not worth doing in hunter-breeding, as defects of temper are often transmitted even to the third or fourth generation. This may be borne with in racehorses where the progeny is very good, as in the descendants of Mendicant, who was something shrewish in her ways, both in training and at the stud, and unless they are much belied, others of the family turn after her, but few men would purchase a queer-tempered hunter if they knew it, let him be ever so good, for hunting men in general do not care to run the risk of being eaten by their horse should they chance to have a fall. Big mares, of course, you must have, for little ones would be no use either to earn their keep on a farm, or breed hunters from. Old ones I should certainly not recommend if young ones can be bought at a reasonable figure; and a man who intends to go in for this kind of breeding should always have his eyes open to pick up a good big one that chances to meet with an accident which may incapacitate her for further service in the field.

Were I to indicate any particular breed of mares, as suitable for the purpose of breeding hunters in this way, I should certainly say the Cleveland bays were the ones, as numerous instances have been recorded where very valuable hunters have resulted from even the first cross between them and a thoroughbred sire. Mr. A. L. Maynard, in his contribution to the article on breeding half-bred horses in the 'Royal Agricultural Society's Journal,' especially

mentions hunters of merit that have been produced in this way. But the merits of the Cleveland bays are too well known for there to be any need of my enlarging on them here. The misfortune is that pure bred ones are scarcely to be got now for love or money, as the foreigners have for years had an eye to their merits, and bought up the mares wherever they could get them, and those who possessed them have been induced to part with the goose that laid the golden eggs, and we may, I fear, look on pure bred ones as almost extinct; indeed the originators of the Cleveland bay stud-book appear inclined to admit animals with a certain number of crosses of blood as a foundation to build it up again. Whether they will succeed in unearthing any really of the pure old-fashioned blood it is impossible to say. I only hope they may do so, for the mares, from all that I have ever heard or read of them, would be almost invaluable. A cross with a thoroughbred, and one of them would almost to a certainty breed a good colt, either as a hunter or harness horse, according to its shape and action, but should a well made filly chance to fall, she mated in due time with a blood sire, would, I fancy, produce about the class of hunter most heavy men would like to ride. At any rate this is the most likely strain I know of to produce a half-bred that would pay its way, and if not good enough for a hunter, fetch a good round sum for harness, and that in reality is what the breeder must look to, for, exercise what judgment he may in selecting sire and dam, a great many of the young stock will fall short of his expectations. The one thing now is that such mares are scarcely to be got, and we must select the best substitutes for them that we can. The worst of buying mares of which you do not know the pedigree is, that it is impossible to tell until you have tried how they will throw their foals, and although they may be very good-looking themselves, the youngsters may strain back to some remote forefather of a very undesirable type. With such a breed as the Clevelands this is not the case, at any rate to the same degree, as any known race like that is nearly sure to breed to type. The farther you get away from the hairy-legged sorts, such as the Shire horses in hunter-breeding the better; and although I have known good ones bred from cart mares, I believe it has generally been from light ones, such as are used in Devonshire, where they no doubt have a good deal of the old pack-horse blood amongst them, although that breed in its integrity, like the Cleveland, is, I suppose, nearly or quite extinct. Still their cart and plough horses can all move, and at times I think a good many of them are used under saddle by their mistresses as well as their masters. I have also known good hunters result from the cross of a blood sire and a Suffolk mare, and very high figures some of them have made, but if I give a candid opinion I should say that more blanks than prizes would be drawn from breeding in this way. Across St. George's channel I hear complaints that the mares are not what they were from the strong infusion of cart blood that has taken place amongst them of late years. The two chief points I should look to in

selecting a mare whose breeding was strange to me to become the dam of hunters, would be her head and her shoulders, of course taking good legs and feet as a *sine quâ non*. If she was coarse in either of these points I would reject her at once. Height I should not care about, but length, width, and room she must have. With regard to the sire, of course he must be thoroughbred—there is no doubt about that—sound and a good mover in the walk and trot. Whether he has ever won races or not is, I fancy, of no consequence whatever, and I would quite as soon have one who has run over the T.Y.C. as a glutton over a distance of ground. Indeed, as a rule, I fancy the short cut nags, are generally better shaped to get hunters than the others, and moreover they are quicker, and that is, I fancy, a great point for crossing with half-bred mares. A horse that is really fast will always be going within himself with bounds, and as a consequence going without distress. It would be hard to name any family of thoroughbreds which do not get good hunters suitably mated; the Blacklocks and Venisons have long been noted in that way, the Irish Birdcatchers also are generally natural jumpers. The Bay Middletons have done well over a country, and so have the King Toms and other strains of Harkaway. Perhaps the Melbourne family have done least in this way, yet I have had some very good hunters inheriting his blood, and Touchstone has left his mark in the hunting field through Motley. In selecting a sire do not make the mistake of having him too big, fifteen-two is quite large enough if he has power, and a horse of that size, smart and quick, will be much more likely to put quality on his stock than one of the big lumbering ones. Indeed the stock from some big over-sized horses that I have seen decorated as hunter sires would probably be anything but what a man would care to ride across country if they were put to half-bred mares. However, having given the intending breeder credit for making a good selection in this way, now let us see how he is to manage the foals when he has got them, so as to make them pay for breeding. In the first place let me say that he must by no means have them too early, and if they are dropped by the end of April or beginning of May, it will be quite time enough, and they will probably do quite as well or better than would be the case if they were foaled in the earlier months of the year, because there will be the fresh spring grass for their dams to be turned out upon at once, instead of being kept on artificial food, and in consequence much less chance of the young ones being set up and stunted in the early stages of their existence. Within a fortnight or three weeks the mare can resume her farm work after foaling, and I prefer to let the colt run with her rather than shut him up at home, because I think he is better in the air and sunshine than shut up in a hot close building, which he must be if left at home, and with all doors and windows closed moreover, for it is astonishing what a small space a foal will jump through, or at any rate attempt to do so, when shut away from its dam in the attempt to get to her, when of course unless the leap is done cleanly great injury may ensue. When

they are left at home it is better to have two together, as they will stay much more quietly in company than alone. When so left, the mares must of course be brought home to them at intervals, but the colts must not be allowed to go to them when they are in a heated state, or mischief may ensue. All this time the little fellows should be regularly handled, and at a very early age have some head-stalls made, and be taught to lead quietly, as well as to have their legs handled and their feet taken up, by which means a great amount of after-trouble will be saved. As soon as they can eat, a few crushed oats should be given them in a manger away from the mares, so that when autumn comes there will be no trouble about weaning them, and for the first winter they must be well fed and warmly housed at night, although they should have a yard to run in by day, and when the weather is not too severe they will be all the better of an hour or two in a good-sized paddock, if one can be given up to them, where they can gallop about and stretch their legs. When I say that they should be warmly housed, I do not mean shut up like hot-house plants and kept from every breath of air; on the contrary, I should always have the door and the windows of their shed or hovel open, so that they could go in and out at pleasure, and thus rear them as hardily as possible. Grass, of course, would keep them all their second summer, and the succeeding winter would be passed like their first, only with age more food would be required, but that need not be of an expensive description by any means, so that it is sweet and wholesome and an adequate supply is given them. All this time I would have them handled at intervals by a quiet, good tempered man, and even mounted if there was anyone light enough to do it. I would also have them driven with long reins and a man walking behind them, harness put on them for half an hour or an hour at a time, and in due course ride them gently for a short distance. In fact they would, by the time they were two years old, be broken without knowing it, and, save for the playful ways of all young things, as quiet as old horses. Now when the time came for sowing spring corn, I would put them to plough, letting each go in just as an extra horse for half a day at a time. Handled in the way I have described, there would not be the slightest difficulty about this, and if they are tied, as it is technically called, with hemp halters, like horses wear to fairs, no injury will come to their mouths, which need never be touched. One accustomed to the work, plenty of light jobs could be found for them on a farm, and they would earn their keep for the next two years of their lives, and judiciously worked, be not only none the worse, but in fact rather better for it, as they could have stronger keep than when lying idle. All this time, however, they should be ridden once a week at least, twice would be better, by a man with good hands to keep them in firm, and prevent their contracting bad, lazy habits, and if they can be driven in a light vehicle, so much the better. These rides should be made the means of introducing them to all sorts of strange sights and sounds, patiently but firmly, so that in after life they may not be

frightened at anything uncommon. Leaping should also be taught over the bar, small ditches, fences, &c., by means of the leading rein; by this means at four years old they will not only be fit to show hounds, and handy, but in hard condition as well; should they not sell for another year they would still earn their keep, and whenever they were sold there would only be the sire's fee, and the food consumed during the first two years of their lives to place against them, which would not be a very serious matter. By this means I fancy hunters may be bred and sold at such prices as farmers are likely to get for them, to yield as good a profit as other stock on the farm, and I believe it is the only way in which it can be done. I have advocated nothing here that I have not proved the practicability of myself, and could at this moment show any sceptic a young horse who goes hunting one day, and to any work that may want doing another, and more than that, takes his turn in harness when required. He has never been in the hands of a professional breaker or done wrong in his life, and is only one amongst many that have been brought into work in the hunting stable in the same way, all of which, bar accidents, have gone out of it at remunerative figures.

N.

DEFECTIVE WIND IN HORSES.

By WM. HUNTING, F.R.C.V.S.

WHAT is the practical significance of the expression as applied to a horse, "he has gone wrong in his wind"? The question is of great practical interest to all horsemen, and cannot be answered shortly. To render it intelligible, we must clearly understand what changes take place in the respiratory organs leading to defects of wind. Practically we may confine our attention to two conditions—"roaring" and "broken-wind." These two diseases are totally unlike each other in every respect, and it is remarkable how they should so often be connected in the minds of horsemen as similar. They present no analogous symptoms, they never exist together, nor does either occur as the sequel of the other. They are distinct in their origin, nature, and effects. Broken-wind is rare in horses, and only requires notice here to clear the ground for a consideration of that too common complaint—roaring, a complaint which renders more hunters useless, than all other diseases put together.

"Broken-wind" is a term applied to a disease of the horses' lungs, made evident by a peculiar double action of the flank during expiration. It does not cause any noise in the breathing when the animal is galloped, but may be so bad as to render a horse incapable of doing fast work. Long-standing cases always show, on a *post mortem* examination, rupture or dilatation of the air-cells of the lungs—what doctors call emphysema. It was once supposed that the change in the lung was the cause of the symptoms, and that it was produced

by excessive efforts, such as accompany violent galloping or immense leaps. We now know that it is not so, that the lesions in the lungs are the effect, instead of the cause, and that broken-wind is never produced suddenly by any strain or effort. It is a nervous disease due to digestive disturbance, and can usually be traced to the use of dry, mouldy hay, or, some authorities say, to habitual overloading of the stomach with coarse indigestible food. It is a disease now seldom seen in a well-managed stable. In addition to the double lift of the flank during expiration, there is a distinctive cough, which may be described as soft, short, and sudden. The digestive disturbance leads to flatulency, and thus the cough is usually accompanied by a noisy escape of flatus. I need only add that this disease is capable of temporary alleviation. By keeping the animal short of food, and dosing it with linseed oil, opium, and other things, the symptoms are completely subdued for some hours. This is what the "horse-coper" calls "setting" him, and is a fraud practised on unsuspecting buyers more often than is heard of. Of course it is only done by the man who has no permanent address—by gipsies at country fairs, and the advertising men in town.

"Roaring" is the term applied to an abnormal sound made by a horse in his breathing when galloped. Although not itself a disease, but the sign of a disease, it has practically a definite significance from the fact that, in ninety per cent. of cases, the noise we call "roaring" is due to one morbid condition—a condition admitting of no cure, and certain to become progressively worse. Knowing this, horsemen quickly dispose of an animal that "makes a noise," even slightly. Now, in ten per cent. of cases, recovery may be looked for, and, not to sacrifice a good horse, it is desirable to know the significance of the noise, or "roaring," which he has developed.

When a healthy horse is galloped, his breathing, though increased in rapidity, still goes on noiselessly. Air is drawn into the lungs, and expelled from them in regular sequence. It passes through the nostrils, up the nose, through the larynx (or gateway of the windpipe), along the windpipe, and thus into the lungs. Through this series of passages all air passes to reach the lungs, and disease of any part of them may lead to abnormal sounds. Sound may be produced by the horse voluntarily, such as snorting, neighing, or coughing, all of which require constriction of some part of the respiratory passage. When a horse snorts he constricts his nostrils, and forces the expired air through the narrower openings. When he neighs, a similar voluntary constriction of portions of the nasal passage and the larynx give rise to the sounds emitted. Coughing requires a temporary closure of the larynx. Any constriction then of any portion of the air-passages between the nostrils and lungs will give rise to sounds varying in kind and degree, according to the part constricted. A tumour in the windpipe may cause a noise in respiration. An accident depressing the bones of the nose will do the same. A much more common cause is thickening of the

membrane lining the nasal passage, as the result of inflammation due to catarrh. The exact position of the constriction can be detected by the ear in every case by the man riding the horse, and its position determines its gravity. Roaring due to mechanical impediments to the passage of air seldom gets much worse, and is sometimes capable of removal by surgical means. Roaring due to thickening of the nasal membrane, as the result of catarrh, is not likely to become worse, and in most cases will entirely cease. Roaring which proceeds from constriction of the larynx is the condition to be feared, and that because the disease giving rise to it is incurable and progressive. As this is the most common form, we shall try to explain it more fully, and it will be more lucid if we shortly describe the structures implicated. The larynx is situated between the lower jaws, just at the junction of the head with the neck. It forms, as I have said, the entrance or gateway of the windpipe. This entrance is formed like a pair of folding doors, and consists of two plates of gristle. Each half-door is acted upon by a muscle, the effect of the pair of muscles being to raise and open the doors. When a horse breathes or takes an inspiration, the chest is expanded, the nostrils are raised, and the larynx is opened. Thus the whole respiratory apparatus moves in unison—the nostrils, the folding doors of the larynx, and the walls of the chest being raised or opened synchronously. If we could see inside the larynx of a roarer, we should observe that at each inspiration one of the folding doors failed to act, and thus formed an obstruction to the passage of air into the windpipe. It is remarkable that the half-door which fails to act is always the left one. If we remove the larynx, after death, from a roarer we shall see why it does not act. In health the folding-doors are raised at each inspiration by the action of a pair of small muscles, which present a plump convex appearance. In the roarer we find the muscle on the left side wasted and flat; in fact in that condition which accompanies paralysis. Paralysis of muscle then is the morbid condition which gives rise to roaring, and it produces that effect by permitting one of the half-doors forming the larynx to remain passive—an obstruction to the passage of air. In some cases both sides are more or less affected, and then but very little excitement is necessary to bring about impending suffocation. Paralysis is a slow process, and as upon the amount of paralysis depends the degree of obstruction, so we find great variations in the sounds produced. From the very slightest whisper, through all the stages of "whistling" and "roaring," we pass to a noise which can be heard a hundred yards off. The degree of sound emitted marks the immediate gravity of the disease—a slight whistle not being incompatible with brilliant performance across country, whilst the deeper-toned roaring incapacitates a horse from fast work, and in the worst cases will cause him to fall suffocated as the result of a gallop not extending over one hundred yards. "Whistling" is not distinct from "roaring," it is merely the lighter sound emitted at the commencement of the

disease. As the morbid changes in the larynx proceed, so will the slight whistle gradually become more marked; and, as these changes are progressive, pronounced roaring is only a matter of time. Of course whistling may be due to an obstruction of the air-passages at some other part than the larynx, and then, not being caused by a progressive disease, may not get worse. The gravity of the condition is to be estimated, not by the amount of sound emitted, but by the part from which the sound comes—in other words, by the position of the obstruction causing the noise. “Roaring” proceeding from the throat (larynx) is always a serious defect.

Every one knows that many horses unfit for hunting from defective wind, are useful in harness and may work well for years at a moderate pace. The comfort and utility of such animals is much increased by careful feeding. Coarse, indigestible food is to be avoided—dry dusty hay, in particular. Damping the food is a good practice, and occasional small linseed mashies have been followed by great benefit. “Roarers” should be kept at work. Even a few days of idleness increases the noise, and a week or two off work has often been followed by such an aggravation of the disease as to render the horse unfit even for harness.

Horses incapable of work in harness may be rendered serviceable by fixing a tube in the windpipe, so as to admit air to the lungs without its passing through the larynx. Suffocation is thus prevented. I do not expect readers of ‘Baily’ to adopt any such practice, but the success of the operation helps to illustrate the seat of the disease. A number of horses are working in cabs on London streets which, without the tube in the windpipe, would be useless roarers.

Another practice adopted to stop the noise of “roaring” consists in fixing pads on the nostrils. This plan stops the noise, but adds nothing to the comfort of the horse. On the contrary, it disguises the audible warning of distress, and renders the poor animal more likely to succumb to exhaustion or suffocation. Pressure on the nostrils merely limits the quantity of air admitted to the lungs, and brings the calibre of the nostrils more in unison with the calibre of the larynx. Noise from one constriction is stopped by causing another constriction in front of it. In all but heavy cart-horses the only accurate test for roaring is a gallop, and there are some inveterate roarers which require a good deal of persuasion before they exhibit their infirmity. A good testing gallop should include either some rising ground or a bit of heavy land, and a snaffle bridle should not be used at a trial of this kind, as the curb brings the horse’s head into a position most favourable to the speedy development of roaring.

“Grunting” is not positive evidence of roaring. A horse may “grunt” and be sound in his wind; *per contra*, a horse may be proof against all attempts to make him “grunt,” whilst so bad a roarer as to be unfit even for harness work. Only a novice will

require telling that "grunting" is the sort of sigh or groan emitted by some horses when suddenly threatened with a blow in the ribs. "Grunting" is, however, an extremely suspicious symptom. Few horses grunt that are not roarsers, and most roarsers grunt. If a horse grunts, and you cannot thoroughly test his wind by galloping, decide against him. If a horse grunts, and you have the opportunity of galloping him, do so, and do it carefully. It is worth mentioning that a *blind* roarer will not grunt.

In conclusion, I would just shortly repeat that "roaring" is a sound indicative of some abnormal respiratory condition; that it is caused by an obstruction in, or constriction of, some portion of the air-passages between the nostrils and the lungs; that in some cases the cause is only very temporary, and in others capable of removal by treatment and time. In the large majority of cases it is due to an incurable and progressive disease of the larynx—a condition which truly admits of the assertion that "the horse has gone wrong in his wind." To discriminate between the worse and the better forms it is necessary to determine the position from which the sound comes. If from the throat (larynx) we expect the worst; and, although the sound be very slight, we conclude it will gradually get worse and never better. Even the slightest whisper traceable to laryngeal paralysis is "the rift within the lute."

ABOUT TIPS TO GAMEKEEPERS AND OTHERS.

MY DEAR 'BAILY,'—As the question of "tips" to gamekeepers (and other servants) has again come on the carpet, I have, in the interests of those most concerned, gathered into a focus all that has been or can be said on the subject, in the hope of providing a few pages of interesting matter for your December number, which will just be issued as the battues are at their height, and when visiting sportsmen will be considering the question of how much they should bestow and on whom they should bestow it.

Before coming, however, to the gravamen of the matter, let me bear my testimony to the general excellence of character which, as a rule, is borne by the British gamekeeper. He is called upon to fill a situation of much trust and responsibility and even of danger; for performing the duties of which he is remunerated, in the majority of instances, in a rather shabby fashion, with a penuriousness in some cases which it takes the "tips" to make into a fair wage. I have no desire to write about the wages that are given to gamekeepers in a dogmatic spirit, but it is within my own knowledge that gamekeepers are being paid a small wage because their employers know they receive every year a certain sum in "tips." I shall not pause to characterise such conduct; it is simply a way of making one's friends pay the wages (in part at least) of one's servants.

As we all know, there are eating-houses and hotels in London

and other large towns and cities where the waiters are not only *not* paid by the proprietors, but have, on the contrary, to pay the proprietors of these places for getting permission to wait. A friend of mine lately had some conversation with the smart head-waiter of a large concern of the eating and drinking kind, who told him that he had not only received no wages himself, but had likewise to pay his assistants and be responsible as well for the inventory of plate, linen and crystal. "If a fork or tumbler goes a-missing, I have to replace it at my own cost, and there is a constant percentage of breakage which I never get repaid to me, not to speak of the ever-recurring theft of spoons and other articles of silver."

The public, of course, who dine at such eating-houses or live at such hotels have to "pay the piper." I earnestly hope that it is not coming to such a pass as *that* with gentlemen and their keepers; although it seems to me that when a keeper is informed by an employer that he only gives forty pounds a year as wages, *because* he (the gentleman) knows he will get at least half of that sum for his attentions to visitors, it looks almost like inserting the thin end of the wedge. And here, my dear 'Baily,' let me express my indignation at the extent to which "tipping" in general is nowadays being carried, and I know that in so expressing myself I shall at the same time be acting as the mouthpiece of many of your readers, who will not personally take the trouble to express their opinion.

"Tipping" in London, to everybody on every occasion everywhere, has become such a dominant nuisance of late years as to excite general surprise that some movement has not been made to stamp it out or frown it down. No matter where you go, to church or theatre, to tavern or music-hall, your coppers or silver are looked for with a greedy eye. Even at your barber's the man who trims your beard or brushes your hair looks to be presented with a copper or two. It is most disgraceful! The old-established "backsheesh" of the waiter is an institution which it seems hopeless to struggle against; it has existed all the days of my life, and is likely to go on for ever. If you go to church, there is a harpy on the look out for you, and you will find it difficult to say your prayers under a shilling—but why particularise? The system has been allowed to run riot. It is, of course, men's own fault that it continues. Foolish people will give gratuities, and so the recipients of them become demoralised. At some theatres the levying of blackmail of many kinds is really disgraceful. From the time you enter to the time you leave your hand is never out of your pocket: the man who opens the door of your cab expects a copper or two; the man who takes your coat and hat, the man who gives you a bill of the play and shows you to your seat—all, all expect a gratuity. If you go to play a game of billiards you are asked to "Mind the marker, sir!" and men—well-dressed men—"look" at you everywhere, and under nearly every circumstance of daily life, as if they expected "something." This daily "tipping" is a tax of the most growing kind; a few protests are made against the evil, but they are too feeble and

far too faintly expressed to carry weight. What I say is, let all men express the courage of their opinions, and at once cease to "tip." If there were no receivers of stolen goods there would be no thieves, and, parodying that saying, I maintain that if men would stay their hands, the brazen harpies who grow fat on "tips" would find their occupation gone.

It is hardly within the province of these remarks to descant on "tips" to jockeys; these persons, as is well known, are very handsomely treated in the way of gratuities; but they do not ask for them, or "look" for them, in the same style as the persons I have been writing about. Besides, the jockey does not usually receive his *pour boire* till he has earned it; and there is also this difference in the two classes of "tips"—that while the one is given in addition to other money, the "tip" to a jockey is usually bestowed because he has been the means of putting money into the pocket of the giver. When a man wins a hundred or, still better, a "cool thou." his desire to bestow a small percentage of his winnings on the person who has been the means of enriching him is easy to understand. There are other phases of Turf tipping, however, which are not so easy to reconcile with one's sense of honesty, but these we may pass by for the present, as not being relevant to the matter on which our present argument is founded. With regard to the servants of the various Hunts, they seldom complain; but these men are not so well remunerated as they should be, and one can see the hat going round for them without a grudge. "Living" is generally dearer than it was at the time when the wages of such men were fixed, but the sums paid have in many cases remained much the same during the last forty years. Huntsmen, too, are not seldom called upon to exercise the kindly virtue of hospitality to all and sundry—that cannot be done for nothing. I do remember me of a case in which a popular huntsman in Scotland suffered very severely in this way. Many people used to drive out on the Sundays to "the kennels" to see the dogs. The distance from the city was nine miles, and of course the good fellow had to bring out his bottle and his cake-basket, while it was sometimes a case of "a cut from the round," or a chop, or bread and cheese at least—and this went on all the year. No wonder this man was kept poor. His income from his employer was, I think, only seventy pounds a year, with a few etceteras. One or two only of his visitors were sufficiently thoughtful to make a little return; a wine merchant sent him a couple of dozens of wine, whilst two farming friends sent him twice a year a choice bit of pork.

That good fellow ought to have had an addition made to his hunt salary of at least fifty pounds a year, and even then he would have been out of pocket. The groom who took charge of the horses got all the "tips" which were given by visitors to the hounds. These same gentry, the grooms, often made a good thing of it. The groom of a county gentleman with a large number of visitors, and the head boots of a popular hotel, very often earn double the income of the hardworking curate of a populous parish. In all the large clubs of

London, daily tips of any kind are never given. Change is brought, and the coppers pocketed. Some of the older *habitués* of the clubs would be horror-stricken if it were proposed to give a tip to any servant. At Christmas-time, however, the members of some of the clubs subscribe to an entertainment to be given to the servants. In hotels and taverns it is different—in such places tips are the rule. As for the head-waiter of a well-frequented restaurant, he earns the salary of many a well-to-do rector of a fat living. "And why should I not?" says Robert of the St. Regent's Restaurant. "I have to superintend three hundred and twenty luncheons every day from twelve to three, and then in the evening—that is to say from four to nine—we will have over six hundred people at dinner."

So much for the pernicious practice of tipping in general. And now to come back to the gamekeeper and the importance of his office—the necessity of having good and true men in such positions of trust is so obvious as not to need argument.

In some places the keeper has thousands of game-birds under his charge, and at any time he might, if he pleased, and were so ill-disposed, spoil the sport of his master and his friends, either by culpable negligence, or common carelessness in the discharge of his duties. Pheasants are ill to bring up, and expensive to rear, and temptations are always surrounding the keeper in great plenty. I have known of cases where keepers have been in league with the poultry-men, and have sent them heaped measure—twenty pheasants or a dozen hares more than the number marked in the game-book—afterwards, of course, dividing "the plunder" with the dishonest dealer. Hawkers and carriers have also on many occasions dealings with such keepers as betray their trust. I once heard about a keeper who was discharged from his situation, because his master suspected, although he could not prove, that speculation of various kinds had been going on. Some friends of the keeper expressed sympathy: "You had a good wage, Tom; it is a pity you are leaving." "Oh, the wage be blowed!" said Tom—"that was nothing; it was my perquisites that I valued most—they were worth double my wages!"

I recently heard of the case of a keeper who had a bargain with his master's game-dealer, to receive from him weekly a hamper containing a good-sized joint of beef, a bottle of whisky, two bunches of Finnan haddocks, a sheep's head and feet, as also various other little oddments, the whole of which condiments were paid out of the rabbit account; and for many years that keeper's employer was none the wiser. But keepers as a rule are not dishonest.

By way of both illustrating the position of the keeper, and the question of "tips," I have procured two or three little "narratives," all of them being by persons interested in the matter now under discussion. The names given are of course fictitious, but the narratives are true enough.

No. 1. By the Marquis of Maidstone's head-keeper.—Well, sir, I have nothing to conceal as regards my opinions. I have a fair wage, and I am quite sure I earn all that I get: my pay is at the

rate of sixty-six pounds a year ; I have besides a free house and a good bit of garden-ground, with liberty to shoot for my own use as many rabbits as I can eat. The wife has a few hens of her own, and three or four turkeys ; we have besides grass for a cow, and liberty to dispose of the milk and butter to the under-keepers and labourers—as a matter of fact, I keep two cows, because every now and then one of them goes dry and ceases to give her milk. The gardener lets one of his men do up my garden after hours, and for that he looks for an occasional pair of rabbits. My work is never done, and I am in a constant state of anxiety about the game. We are surrounded by poachers, and one of my assistants was murdered two years ago by a gang of these roughs. He got ten years' penal servitude, but that has not stopped the work. Last season I'm sure I had more than two hundred pheasants stolen, and more than double that number of hares and partridges were netted over and over again. I have three assistants ; two of them have each a pound a week and rooms to live in. My wife helps me constantly with the pheasants. We have about two thousand eggs, I think, to hatch every season, and that sort of work needs a deal of attention. The wife gets no wages, but she has a *feeling*, I may say, in the way of eggs and poultry, as we have to keep up a stock of hatching hens for the sake of the pheasants. We don't buy much corn for them ; I get an allowance from the head-coachman, and my men find grubs and ants'-eggs for the young ones ; we can always find ourselves in maggots. We buy some composite food for the pheasants, but I get no discount from the person that sells it to us. Sir Thomas Lombard, my lord's man of business, pays all the accounts and orders all the stuff. I don't care about buying pheasants' eggs ; I keep thirty hens in the aviary specially for laying, and six cocks, so that my eggs are always good ; I get as good as nine hundred eggs from my tame birds, and we get a great many from the wild nests. The Marquis is fond of the stubbles and the fields—in fact he likes “free shooting,” as he calls his kind of sport ; we don't go in for the battues very strongly. Coursing is in vogue with us, and I have got up a fine breed of hares ; I get a lot of young ones every year from different parts of Scotland, so that my stock is always in first-rate condition. As to perquisites, I don't come in for more, may-be, than about twelve or fourteen pounds a year. Three of the gentlemen who come here give me always a sovereign ; and there is General Bombshell, he always brings a new dress for the wife—he says he likes to keep sweet with the ladies ; he gives each of my three children half-a-crown each when he pays us his annual visit ; I get a half-sovereign from his son twice a year. I take presents of game from the Marchioness to several families four times in the season : a brace of partridges in the first week, a hare and a pair of rabbits in the end of September, a pheasant in October, and a little hamper at Christmas time ; I get as good as thirty shillings by that means, and the Marchioness herself gives me a Christmas-box, and asks me up to London every spring. As I say, I never

complain ; but my brother Jack, who is with the Duke of Piccadilly, makes double my screw—his tips and perquisites mount up to about fifty pound a year—but then he gives his Grace and his friends over six thousand pheasants every season.

No. 2. By General Sir John Folkstone's keeper.—Well, mine is not much of a place. My name is Thomas Atkins. I have been with the General all my life, boy and man. I was a corporal in his regiment when he was only a captain, and was wounded in the Crimea ; and the General says I must always stay with him ; and I like him—he is very kind. I have no wages at all, but me and the General have an arrangement : I take all the rabbits on the estate at eightpence a pair overhead, and I make a fair thing out of them. We have a big lot. We don't grow a heap of pheasants, but I have a man under me who brings up a few hundred. We have a lot of visitors. I get tips from them all ; me and the General arranged that it was to be five shillings a head, and that is what I get ; it comes to about eight or ten pound a year. Me and the General agreed that a notice was to be put up in the entrance-hall about the tips, and it is generally acted upon. My men—I have two extra in the shooting season—often get a few half-crowns, but me and the General wink at that. I like the place, and so me and the General are not likely to part in a hurry.

No. 3. By Malcolm Ewing, head-keeper to Lady Lumbago.—Well, so to speak, my place is worth keeping ; I have one-and-twenty shillings a week for wages, a cottage to live in, and a bit of a garden. Yes, I get a few pickings of one kind or another ; I get all the pigeons, and that is an item, so to speak ; I am allowed one pair of rabbits for my house every week. Her ladyship is very sharp, and is always on the move ; her brother, Major Largo, overhauls my accounts once a month ; but he is not ill to please. We have a lot of people about us in the season, and I find them rather liberal, so to speak. Some of them give me a bit of gold—as much even as two sovereigns, but then half-crowns, and even one half-crown sometimes, is what I get. Of course I get all the fines, and they are numerous, so to speak. I have been with her ladyship for seventeen years, and she trusts me ; I do all her business, and keep the book of sales. I settle with the dealers ; I don't get any more than the legitimate allowance from any of them, so to speak ; but I am quite comfortable.

No. 4. Lord Hamilton Rook's opinion.—I don't mind a tip in moderation, but these confounded fellows have been spoiled ; some of them, I'm told, look even for a fiver. Well, not from me—I can't afford it. Where I am known, the keeper knows I'm all right for a yellowboy, whether my visit be for two days or ten. When I go to a strange place, I always get hold of the keeper and tell him my terms. I usually make an errand to his place, and I just say, "Now look here, Ramrod, my boy, I'm not a rich fellow, so you need not expect more than a sovereign from me." I find that is the best plan. "All right, my lord," he says ; "I'll find you some

capital sport." I then tip his boys and girls a shilling all round, and take my leave.

No. 5. Sir John Bollinger's notions on the subject.—I have no objection to your knowing my opinion on the subject of "tips." I hate them. I have never been able all my life, and I am not able just now, to see why my guests should pay anything to any of my servants. I offer them my hospitality, such as it is, and I am always disgusted to find that every man jack about my place is eager to say, "Thank you, sir," and put half-a-crown, or it may be half-a-sovereign, in his pocket. It dishonours me, and I have determinedly set my face against the practice. Yes, it prevails everywhere, unfortunately, and my guests do not seem to second my efforts to get quit of these servants' "vails." I hope the time will come when they will be a thing of the past. My keeper has a fair wage, I can assure you, and he has as many rabbits as he likes to kill for his own use.

No. 6. Lieutenant P. B. M. Smythe's opinion.—The fact is, I am always so devilish hard up, do you know, that I can do very little in the way of tipping keepers. I have to pay so much for racing information that I cannot do any more than silver. I don't beat about the bush; I give the head man a dollar as a rule, and a florin to one of the others. I can't do more, upon my honour.

No. 7. Colonel Gulpington has favoured me with the following note: "This is a matter on which my opinions are well known. When I engaged Clearman—he has been with me ten years, and has proved a fairly good servant—I said, 'Now my man, my wages are at the rate of sixteen shillings a week, a free house of four apartments, as many vegetables as you and your family can consume, as much milk as ever you like, and one rabbit every day of the year in which you can find them in season. You can get as many tips as ever you like; I know you will get ten or twelve pounds, and that is the reason I give a small wage.' 'All right, Colonel; I'll take your place, and make the best of it.' There is no need in this business for beating about the bush. I know that the fellows who visit me will 'tip' the keepers, and therefore I name the wages at the figure I have mentioned. Other men I know do the same thing, but say they don't; that is nonsense. These 'tips' of the present day are an utter abomination. The discounts so freely and lavishly given to servants by tradesmen are of course put in their bills in some shape or other."

I shall not affront my readers by intruding a dictatorial judgment of my own. The evidence is before them; they can give their own opinion. Still, I should like to say that I am not blind to the demoralising influence of the tipping system; it seems to me to put a manly fellow in a degrading position to accept of eleemosynary half-crowns or half-sovereigns. When one man accepts the invitation of another man to pay him a visit, it would make it all the pleasanter if he knew that there was nothing whatever to pay for the pleasure enjoyed. Many gentlemen I know feel utterly ashamed of "the system"; it has, however, assumed gigantic proportions, and will not

be easily frowned down. Of course, "tips" to keepers nowadays are in no sense the compliment they were originally considered, but are looked for—I was almost going to say, *demanded*—as a matter of course. Some gentlemen, as I am compelled to hear, have established a box in which the tips to their servants may be placed, so that they may be divided among all entitled; that is "recognising" the system with a vengeance. It is a plan that ought never to have been adopted. In conclusion, I hope most sincerely that a stop will on an early day be put to tipping of every description.

SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS;

WITH A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE TO BACKERS AND STEWARDS.

BY AN OLD TURFITE.

SOME time ago one of our shrewdest sporting writers, when speaking of the late Marquis of Hastings, called him "a weak young man, who whimpered and wailed." Such an expression was most undeserved; and at the time I made strong exception to it. Lord Hastings certainly had the appearance, physically and constitutionally, of being a weakly man, but few men ever exhibited greater coolness and *nonchalance* in the moment of victory, or even when the inevitable hour of ruin arrived. Over Hermit's Derby his losses were simply stupenduous, yet he betrayed no chagrin or emotion, but was one of the first to congratulate Mr. Chaplin on that horse's victory. I had many opportunities of seeing, and have had more than one transaction with him; and can well remember the business-like precision he invariably displayed in the moments of the greatest excitement and hubbub of the betting-ring. Under an unusually calm and stoical indifference of manner, he possessed a very large, kind, and liberal heart. Men who dub themselves "sharps," or are so dubbed by others, are apt to call good natured men "mugs." Kind-heartedness or open-handedness is a quality unknown to a "sharp." In his eyes anything of the kind is a weakness. The "sharp" will designate a generous man a "mug," but at the same time he is content to batten and grow fat on the spoils. We should be kind and considerate to a man like Lord Hastings, and regard his follies as the follies of youth. He was little more than a boy in years when he died; and his actions in giving medals to a man like Joey Jones, and large sums of money to itinerant "nigger" minstrels, should be excused on account of his youth and natural generosity of disposition. My opinion of him when living, as often then expressed, was that he was too good in nature and disposition for the class of men with whom he came in contact. When he launched into turf pursuits, he should have smothered all feelings of generosity, so far at least as the outside

world was concerned. In his prosperity, I know that John Day thought him one of the best judges of a handicap that he had ever known. "Nothing succeeds like success," is a proverb peculiarly applicable to the turf. Where honey is, the bees are sure to gather; and when the Goddess Fortuna smiled on Lord Hastings, he had a whole swarm of followers and admirers. But when the dark days came he stood alone, and men, who should have known better, then had nothing better to say of him than to call him a "young mug." There can be no doubt that Lord Hastings won a great deal more money than he lost on the turf. He won about 30,000*l.* over Ackworth's Cambridgeshire. He gave Tom Cannon the then almost unprecedented large sum of 500*l.* for riding. This was the stepping-stone to Cannon's fortune, as it gave him a status in the sporting world, and consequently put him in a position to marry John Day's daughter. Until the Cambridgeshire, Ackworth had been an ungenerous horse; but the emasculation he underwent in the summer cured him of that vice, and in the Cambridgeshire he ran straight as an arrow. Cannon displayed a very fine piece of jockeyship in getting him first passed the post. Cannon had to reduce himself somewhat to enable him to ride the weight, 7 st., and when the race was over, such had been the strain on his sinews, he was unable to open his hands sufficiently to allow of his unbuckling his saddle-girths. Young John Day did this for him, and took the saddle off Ackworth's back, and carried it into the weighing room.

Lord Hastings bought Lecturer from Alfred Day for 500*l.*, just previous to the horse running in a selling race at Stockbridge. The little horse won that race, and his lordship an immense stake. John Day had a very high opinion of Lecturer as a three-year-old—so high that he thought him capable of winning the Derby; but the little horse's action was very peculiar, and totally unlike that of most stayers. He had a habit, when galloping, of cutting himself underneath with the plates on his fore-feet, so that it became a matter of considerable difficulty to train him. The late Tom Day managed to surmount this difficulty by training the horse without plates. Lecturer's fore action was high, and he carried his head low down while galloping, so, as Tom Day said, "he galloped like a pig." In his Cesarewitch trial, Lecturer was tried at even weights with Ackworth. Lecturer was then three, and Ackworth four years old. The trial took place early in the morning—so early that John Day did not care to be present. Ackworth then was a very good horse, possessing both speed and stamina. When Lord Hastings returned to Danebury, and told John Day the particulars of the trial, namely, that Lecturer had beaten Ackworth over the Cesarewitch distance, both carrying 7 st. 3 lbs. (Lecturer's Cesarewitch weight), the trainer refused to believe it, thinking that some mistake must have been made in the management of the trial. The horses were consequently tried together again on the following morning, John Day

himself being present this time. The result was again the same, Lecturer winning easily. "Now," said John Day to the young lord, "you can go and win 50,000*l*." As a fact, I believe that Lord Hastings won 133,000*l*. over Lecturer's Cesarewitch.

Lord Hastings was apt to fix his own price on anything that he wished to purchase, and it was almost by accident that he became possessed of the notorious Lady Elizabeth. His object was to buy the dam of that filly, Miss Bowzer; but when shown the mare with a strapping foal by her side, he cried out, "I will give you so much for the two." I forget the exact sum, but I know that two-thirds of the amount would have been gladly accepted.

One day he was shown a rarely bred bull-dog. Captain Little, Captain Bulkeley, and other gentlemen were present. "Do you want to sell him?" asked Lord Hastings. "Yes, my lord," was the answer. "I'll give you a tenner for him," said Lord Hastings. "He's yours, my lord," was the prompt answer. Captain Little inquired the dog's name, and when informed that it was "Gabriel," exclaimed, "My God, what a name for a bull-dog—why, it's the name of an angel!"

Lord Hastings borrowed many thousands of pounds for the purpose of backing Lady Elizabeth for the Middle Park Plate. He was to pay, within a cruelly short time, cent. per cent. for the loan. It has now become a matter of turf history that Lady Elizabeth did not win that race, and Lord Hastings became an irretrievably ruined man. Then followed Blue Gown's Derby, in which he was not permitted to run The Earl. The sequel is well known. The strain upon the mind and body of a man like Lord Hastings was too great for him to bear, and he died of a painful disease at the early age of twenty-seven. Full particulars of the "spider-and-fly" episode are known but to few people. Those immediately concerned were men accustomed to keep their own council—men whose minds were as sealed books to their ordinary associates. The leading characters in that melancholy business are now all dead—the Marquis of Hastings, Harry Hill, and Henry Padwick; and the shrewd and fearless commentator on the proceedings, Admiral Rous, and the man who felt most grieved, namely John Day, by the Admiral's comments and strictures—these two men are also dead.

I remember a little *fiasco* occurring at Stockbridge Races, which caused amusement to some people, but considerable annoyance to others. The late Mr. J. B. Starkey's Viridis, a magnificent mare, was then trained at Stockbridge, as also was a younger horse, named Landtax. Both these animals were in the same race; both had been tried together, and Landtax had acquitted himself so well that the race was considered by all concerned as one of the best things of the meeting. The merits of Viridis were well known to the racing public, but Landtax was a "dark horse." The money of all the patrons of Danebury, including the Duke of Beaufort and Lord

Hastings, was put on Landtax; as was also the money of the friends of John Day, including myself among the number. Salter, an old jockey belonging to Danebury, was put on Viridis; Starkey, as he was wont to do in such matters, making himself very busy in all preliminaries. A terrific race ensued, Viridis winning by a short head; Landtax second. Starkey had omitted to give Salter instructions as to his mission "to make running," and so the "real good" thing boiled over, and we were all "let into the hole," as not one person in any way connected with Danebury had a shilling on Viridis. The chagrin of some of the disappointed ones was very great; and I well remember the Duke of Beaufort giving vent to some expressions concerning Starkey which were far more forcible than polite. Starkey was called very hard names by some, and mercilessly joked by others. I met Starkey on the Saturday after the races, and pointed out to him some verses in *The Sporting Gazette*, entitled "Viridis—very!" the refrain being, "All round my hat I wear a green willow." "Confound you," cried Starkey, "it's that damned Jack Mannington's doings!" Mr. Mannington being credited with the authorship of the verses, which were tolerably clever, and infinitely amusing.

That same afternoon I accompanied Mr. Starkey to Tom Brown's, Houghton Down, Stockbridge, where amongst others we met Young King, the trainer. I was much amused at young King's definition of a worthless horse. The conversation turned on the merits or demerits of a horse named Stockbridge, by Stockwell, belonging, if I remember rightly, to Mr. Starkey. "He's not worth a sovereign," cried King; "he's not worth half-a-sovereign; he's not worth five shillings; he's not worth eighteen-pence;—damn ye, sir! he's not worth three ha'porth o' gin!" I had never before heard the declension of a worthless horse so forcibly expressed. Mr. Starkey had lost a great deal of money on the Turf. He loved to see a horse properly groomed, and prided himself on his own efficiency in the art of grooming. "If I lose all I have," he said, "I'll back myself to rub down a horse against any man living."

We hear a great deal, just now, about systematic betting. I have followed the game all round, both in backing and laying, and do not believe a system of backing can be devised so as to make certain of winning. One method which I followed myself, with a considerable amount of success, was never to leave a good horse until he won me some money. I can cite one or two remarkable instances of this. The late Mr. James Bland once told me to watch a horse named Blondin, then two years old. I remembered his advice, and watched Blondin through his career until he became four years old. He was then in the Goodwood Stakes, 4 years, 7 st. 6 lbs. I satisfied myself that the horse was doing good work at his training quarters; asked no more questions of any one, but backed the horse right down to the day of the race, and won a large stake by his victory. Another instance was that of a friend who saw Dollar at Baden-Baden, when that horse was three years old. This friend was an excellent judge

of a horse and of racing. He told me to remember Dollar, by Flying Dutchman. When the spring of the year came round, I saw Dollar, 4 years, 7 st. 9 lbs., in the Northamptonshire Stakes. That race was a good betting race then, totally unlike what it is now, and I had no difficulty whatever in getting 25 to 1 to as much money as I liked. Dollar won easily, coming in many lengths in front of everything else; the Duke of Beaufort's Lord Zetland, which started at 3 to 1, being second. The same horse, Dollar, went back to Germany, but made his appearance in England again in the same year in the Goodwood Cup, beating some of the best horses of the day, and I won again; true to my allegiance, never to leave a good horse.

Just previous to the Cambridgeshire of '69, I met Mr. James Bland on the platform at Salisbury station. He had been to some coursing meeting, and was then returning to London.

"Well," cried Bland, "how about the Cambridgeshire?"

"I think Hodgman will win it," was my reply, "with Van Amburgh."

"And I," rejoined Bland, "think he will win it with Westminster."

Not another word respecting racing matters passed between us. I had already backed Van Amburgh, so took an early opportunity of "getting out," and putting the money on Westminster, and the latter won the race. This shows the wisdom of following the advice of a good man—one who is in a position to know what he is talking about. The common class of touts and tipsters should be avoided. They are "will-o'-the-wisps," who will inevitably lead the unfortunate backer into bogs and quagmires, and there leave him. If a man is fond of having "a bit" on a race, and cannot attend race-meetings himself, and is not in a position to obtain trustworthy advice, I would advise him to follow some respectable sporting paper, and bet only on the principal races. I myself did this for one whole season, and with remarkable success. I followed "Beacon," who then wrote for *The Sporting Gazette*. The paper at that time was in its palmy days, and "Beacon's" predilections were wonderfully successful.

In conclusion, I should like to give a word of advice to stewards and the promoters of race-meetings. If these interested gentlemen wish racing to retain anything like its ancient prestige, they must use their best efforts to stamp out welshing. The modern welsher is about on a par with the extinct footpad. He is a lazy and foul-mouthed scoundrel. The footpad was possessed of some degree of personal courage, for he would meet the wayfarer alone and at night-time, and after demanding his money, would take his chance of receiving a thrashing for his boldness. But the welsher obtains your money under false pretences; and if you seek to expose his shabby rogues, you are at once surrounded by half a score or more of the dirty scamps, including some of their hangers-on and satellites in the shape of broken-down and disreputable pugilists, and if you escape

without broken bones you must think yourself lucky. Lessees, managers, and stewards have the remedy in their own hands, and unless they exert their power to eliminate these wretched scoundrels from their meetings, the time will come when they, *i.e.* the lessees, managers, and stewards, will find their occupation gone. A more transparent, foul, and greasy rogue than the modern welsher I cannot conceive; and how his presence, like an offensive blot on our national sport, has been tolerated so long, I cannot imagine. In these days of gate-money meetings, the stewards must remember that it is from the many, and not the few, from whom they obtain the sinews for carrying on the sport; therefore it is obvious that the people who pay for a legitimate day's sport and amusement should not be robbed with impunity.

UMBEA.

THE GROWTH OF SPORT IN SCOTLAND.

It has just occurred to me that a few remarks about the Growth of Sport in Scotland ought to prove interesting to the readers of 'Baily's Magazine.' Having had occasion on a recent Saturday afternoon to call at the place of business of a leading newsagent, I was greatly struck with the piles of sporting literature which were being rapidly disposed of by the shopmen. *Bell's Life, Sporting Life, Sportsman, Sporting Times, Clipper, World*—all were in demand; and in the half-hour to which my visit extended I saw dozens of each of these papers sold.

"You seem to have a great demand for sporting papers," I observed to the proprietor of the shop.

"We have," he replied; "it goes on all the week. On Monday we sell 'Locket,' 'Mentor,' and the other tipsters at 2. shilling each, as well as dozens of the *Sporting Chronicle, Newcastle Chronicle*, and also our local papers, each of which usually contains on that day a long article on horse-racing. On the Monday evening we also sell an extra quantity of the London dailies, chiefly because of their articles on racing."

"And this demand, I suppose, continues throughout the year?"

"It does, and it intensifies itself at certain times, when the big events are on, such as Lincoln Handicap, Liverpool Grand National, Derby, Manchester Handicap, Cesarewitch, &c. On such occasions we require to increase our order."

"Then I take it there will be a good deal of betting in this city?" said I.

"A good deal, do you say? I should think there is. Why, nearly every person in this city bets, either openly or through some confederate. A large number also send to Boulogne; and wherever you see two or three people talking together you may bet that a part of their conversation is about horse-racing."

And so, on extending my inquiries, I found it. I had already known, from personal observation, that the taste for sport of every kind was on the increase in Scotland. Very recently, indeed, I had sat me down in a cosy way to think the matter over, and to draw, in my mind's eye, a few conclusions.

I am close upon sixty years of age now, and the way I went to work was to question myself as to what sports were in vogue in Scotland when I was a boy at school, and how far they were followed. The first thing I recollected was that there was a "racket court" in Edinburgh; now there is no such institution. Then I remember hearing that about the same period—say 1832-4—there flourished in Glasgow a cockpit, and also a ratting establishment. Fox-hunting we had in the days I am speaking of, and we had also a good deal of coursing. As for cricket and football, they had not then, I think, been introduced, but we had our national games of golf and shinty, and, of course, "curling," which is *par excellence* a Scottish pastime. "Burning the waters" on some of our salmon streams was a winter evening recreation; and for variety we had occasionally a spell at drawing a badger.

So far as I know, there has never been published any reliable history of the rise and progress of grouse-shooting and deer-stalking. Such a work has yet to be written; and by a competent pen a good book on that subject would undoubtedly prove attractive. As an old keeper once said to the writer, "It is the railway, sir, that has brought out Scotland's capabilities as a sporting country, and the newspapers have helped. I mind very well when there was no fuss made over 'the twelfth' at all; in fact, grouse-shooting was then a commonplace affair, confined chiefly to the men living in the localities frequented by the birds. Bless you, I can recollect, Mr. St. Rollox, when it took about six days to come from London to Inverness, and cost the best part of a ten-pound note for the journey. It wasn't likely, you see, sir, that people were going to incur a lot of expense for the sake of shooting a few birds, even if they could have got leave to do so."

There is a show of reason in these remarks, but it is different to-day, with a line of railway stretching from the capital of England to the capital of the Highlands. In the olden time it would have taken a month or so to walk a horse from Newmarket to Ayr; now the high-mettled racer can leave his training-ground one afternoon and be exercising on Ayr racecourse the next day. I shall not take up your space, Mr. Editor, in descanting on our Highland sports, as they have more than once been ably described in your pages. There is a fascination about them which grows on one; and nowadays, with the railway carriage and the steamboat, it is not the least difficult to reach the most distant parts of the country in convenient fashion at moderate cost. Grouse-shooting and the stalking of the deer bring out a man's capabilities of endurance and some other qualities as well, whilst the sums paid for the rental of shootings have proved a sort of

godsend to the heather lairds; for, although the sum per acre paid is small enough, the amount for a few thousand acres presents a respectable total. It is a happy circumstance that money can be obtained for these vast areas of moor and moss, and that men enjoy their six weeks in the Highlands more than can be told.

Fishing as well as shooting has grown largely in favour during the last twenty-five years; and, looked at from a commercial point of view, little bits of water have acquired a value which, sixty years since, could not have been predicted. The river rental of Scotland can scarcely be less than a hundred thousand a year, which a hundred years ago would have been thought a fabulous sum to proceed from such a source. Than salmon or trout-fishing on stream and lake there is no more delightful pastime of its kind; and throughout Scotland there are hundreds of thousands of acres of land and water at the command of the sportsman. It is the "land of the mountain and the flood."

No Scottish sport is more enjoyed now, perhaps, than coursing. It is an open pastime, that is at all times free to the people, who seem to delight in the prowess of the greyhound. I have often regretted that some chronological history of sport in Scotland has not been compiled; it would prove a work of some interest. Sir Walter Scott, I believe, meditated a series of essays on the subject; but, from some cause or other, he never overtook the task—much to our loss. That coursing has been a "sport" in Scotland from time immemorial is generally believed. Near Glasgow, in Lanarkshire, there is a farm which was gained by the running of a greyhound; the laird of the land coveted the dog, and the price paid for it was the ground which the animal covered on being slipped to a hare. That is an old, old story; but it is a true one. Many interesting stories connected with members of the Scottish coursing clubs might be brought into a focus. A capital laugh was once enjoyed by the members of the Midlothian Club. Each of the chief members or committee-men gave a contribution in kind to the dinner, which always took place at some given place on the occasion of a meet. One day the cook of the club received eleven *gigots* of black-faced mutton, and eleven bottles of claret. Each person had unfortunately selected exactly the same joint of meat as his contribution, at which it may be readily surmised there was much merriment. Such a *contretemps* did not, however, occur very often; indeed, as a rule, there was usually considerable variety. The Duke of Buccleugh occasionally sent a haunch of park-fed venison, Major Hamilton Douglas a haggis, Mr. W. Sharpe a pair of ducks, Lord Melville a cut of pork, Mr. Warchope a perigord pie, and Sir Graham Montgomery a *gigot* of black-faced mutton. In the west of Scotland, coursing in the early part of the century was carried on with great vigour; everybody that was able kept a brace of greyhounds, and the various meetings were usually carried on in a hospitable spirit: whisky and ale, bread and cheese, and a cold round of beef, with perhaps a sheep-head pie, being set out on the dining-table

of the farmers round about ; of which humble fare all were welcome to partake. Such sports were the delight of rural Scotland forty years ago ; and even yet the local coursing meetings are a source of keen enjoyment. Laird and tenant meet on terms of equality, the best man for the time being he who has the best dogs ; and when a greyhound of one locality is matched with a greyhound of another locality, the interest rises to what may be called white heat. The sport, however, has this great disadvantage, namely, that men only look on, while the dogs do the work. There are those who call coursing a cruel sport ; there are indeed many people who are never satisfied. "Oh, how can you kill such a pretty creature as the poor lamb ?" said Miss Sentiment. "Bless me, miss, you surely would not eat it raw, would you ?" replied the butcher.

Scotland has long been famed as a racing centre. The Edinburgh and Ayrshire meetings have become important, and are attended by thousands of spectators, while crowds of bookmakers throng the scene. My personal recollections of racing in Scotland are comparatively recent ; but "the book" carries us to far-back days. The "Paisley Bells" is one of the most ancient institutions of the sport. There is not, I believe, any racing trophy that is of older date. The racecourse at Paisley is, I see, at the moment "to let" for a series of years. What a chance there is here for a first-rate gate-money speculation ! As a centre, Paisley commands a population of about one million persons within half-an-hour's distance by railway. Trains can reach the racecourse from Glasgow in fifteen minutes, and that city with its suburbs contains six hundred thousand persons, two-thirds of them eager for the fray. But we want leaders in such an enterprise. Ramsay of Barnton, James Merry, the old Lord Eglinton, Sharpe of Hoddam, Squire Dodds, and ten more good sportsmen would some years ago have come to the front to have helped on a big Glasgow meeting, with both money and good counsel.* Now, if ever there is to be a big Glasgow gathering worthy of the name, it will probably be founded on the mercenary motives of its promoters. Horse-racing is no longer, alas, the free sport it once was ! it has become instead a business, and a business too of great pith and moment. It is not my place to decide which is best ; but I do think that, in the way of a speculation, a great meeting at Glasgow

* Here I may remind English readers that "the Dawsons," our foremost trainers, began their business by the side of the Firth of Forth, on Gullane Links, and one of the famous brothers taught the first horseman of the period how to ride. The late Mr. l'Anson, too, who in his day gave us many fine horses, was at one time a Scottish trainer. Lord Eglinton thrice won the St. Leger and once took the Blue Ribbon of the Turf at Epsom. *Lanercost*, a well-known hero of the racecourse, was owned by "Ramsay of Barnton." To "go as straight as Lord Glasgow" used to be a saying. Lord John Scott, too, was, if my memory is not proving treacherous, a sporting Scotsman of mark in the olden time ; and there were many others ; the names of their successors need not be here chronicled. We had till lately Mr. Merry and Mr. Stirling Crawford ; and we have with us now Lords Rosebery and Rosslyn, Mr. Jardine, Mr. Houldsworth, and a round dozen of other good and true men speaking up for Scotland.

might prove as paying a concern as it does at Manchester. In the city of St. Mungo, at the present time, there are probably not less than forty bookmakers, great and small, who find the business pay them; and, that being so—it is a most suggestive fact in itself—I feel sure that a great meeting held somewhere on the banks of the Clyde would prove a highly remunerative undertaking, and, with such an institution in good working order, the Scottish circuit would become of increasing importance, and in the end lead to the breeding and feeding of a still larger number of fine horses than are now in training. I need not suggest that, if it were so, it means the circulation of still more money paid away in wages and for forage.

So much is now daily accomplished in racing reporting by our Scottish newspapers, that it would be as a twice-told tale for me to go over the same ground—besides, I am not a chronicler of sport; there are cleverer pens than mine in that field of work, and the stories they tell need no repetition at my hand. My ambition in the matter of racing, so far as the present chronicle is concerned, does not soar higher than a passing suggestion. The foregoing remarks are desultory, but they are not offered for more than their value; let them be accepted for what they are worth, and no more. They present in a somewhat rough-and-ready way my ideas of the rise of sport in Scotland, and they show how readily the people have taken to all sorts of pastimes, and how rapidly the taste for them has increased. As has been stated, betting on horse-racing in Scotland is quite an industry. Tens of thousands of pounds change hands in Edinburgh and Glasgow during the racing season, Mr. George Anderson's laws on the subject being as if they had never been decreed. The Scottish people have warmed to all the sports and pastimes of the period, notwithstanding their reserve and habitual reticence. Bowling and football, yachting, running, and other athletic exercises, are now a constant and annually increasing feature of Scottish outdoor life. Shinty and golfing yearly increase in their attractiveness—each has its votaries; as for curling, is not the winter's ice longed for by the ardent devotees of this pastime? At a *bonspiel*, the lord and the lout, the minister and his precentor, meet on equal terms. The scene is a merry one, tempered, however, by the business of the day, which is of course paramount; the “wee drappie,” of the “nappy” is passed round, good healths are wished, and cordial intercourse is enjoyed. Then, when darkness broods upon the scene, there comes the happy dining time, when curler's fare—“salt beef and greens,” from time immemorial—loads the groaning table, and toast and sentiment are well proclaimed before the cheerful party breaks up, and the players take the road. I am no advocate of an undue amount of gambling, or of such over-indulgence in sport as leads to forgetfulness of the sober business of life; but, so long as these health-giving pastimes are conducted as they are at present, I shall be found on their side.

ST. ROLLOX.

"OUR VAN."

THE INVOICE—Racing and Chasing—Plays and Pastimes.

"FOR we'll all go a hunting to-day." From Salt Hill and Farnham Royal—place for the Staghounds of Her Majesty the Queen; from Kirby Gate, where gentle and simple Leicestershire assemble to greet the new Master of the Quorn; from Gumley Gorse, home of many a gallant fox, and near to the home of a gallant sportsman, where Sir Bache Cunard begins the season; from the lawn meet at Shendish, whence the O. B. H. break ground; from the bleak downs of Dunstable, where the good men and true of the Vale met Sir Nathaniel; from Easton Grey (by the way, the name of that place has a racing sound in our ears), where the Badminton "buff and blue" has a noble following, and the only regret is the absence, through illness, of the noble Master; from the historic ground of Bosworth, where Mr. Oakeley takes the Atherstone; from the hospitable roof-tree of the Mordaunts, where the Warwickshire men assemble before Lord Willoughby gives the word for Bolton Wood; in short, from many a fruitful covert through the length and breadth of hunting England, did fox and hound break on that first Monday in last month when old almanacs and old custom tell us "fox-hunting begins."

It had been going on in a desultory sort of way, of course, for some time. The fact of "hard ground" had, however, sadly interfered with cubbing, and only enthusiasts got up in the middle of the night to join Masters bound to be enthusiasts, whether they liked it or no. But with the opening day real business begins, and where could it begin under better and brighter auspices than when hunting Leicestershire turns out to give Lord Manners welcome at Kirby Gate? A grand hunting morning. It had rained all the previous night, and the prospect of that rare quality, scent, was first-rate. Melton was not then quite full, and there were several well-known faces absent from the gathering, one of the special finds, he whom men call "The Lad," being represented by his horse Patience, with Custance on his back. "Cus," who had been taking starting honours at Newmarket a week or so previously, looked very fit, Patience likewise, and that both saw the end of what proved a brilliant run goes without saying. But though there were absentees, the backbone of the Quorn was well represented. While Lord Manners was warmly welcomed, who was not delighted to see Mr. Coupland in the saddle, though no horn hung from the bow? The Duke of Portland, than whom none keener, Lord Douglas Gordon, Captain and Mrs. Candy, Mr. "Bendigo" Barclay; also the "Toots" of old days down in Hampshire, when a certain "Billy" ruled the Hambledon roast; Mrs. Stirling, but not the Major; Mrs. Sloane Stanley and Miss Chaplin; Captain King, but not Captain Smith. Where was the "Doggie"? Where also were Mr. Behrens and Captain Boyce? But their billets are ready for them, and another week or so will see them at Costock or the Six Hills. Of strangers there are plenty. Mr. Boden has come from the Meynell—what would Derby Races do without him, we wonder?—Mr. Samuel Hunt from the Cottesmore, Lord Newark, who prefers the ridge and furrow to the glades of merrie Sherwood, and Mr. E. C. Clayton from Newmarket—at least, that is where we saw him last, and had some confidential talk with him half-an-hour before the Cambridgeshire. He looks as if he had backed Florence, and we hope he did.

"In the scene that ensued we did not take a part," for reasons obvious to

ourselves, but with which we need not trouble our readers. Sufficient to say they had sixty-five minutes—some gallant sportsmen declare it was nearer two hours than one—and they killed as stout a fox as ever was found in the Cottesmore country. Such a brilliant beginning put every one in spirits—at least every one that was up in the field near Lady Wood when they rolled him over. Tom Fin of course was there, so was "Cus;" so were Mr. Boden, the Duke, Mr. Coupland, Mr. Brocklehurst, Captain Barclay, *cum paucibus diis*. There was that nearly extinct animal, a hard-riding clergyman, also well to the fore, but as his name we have forgotten, the Bishop of Peterborough will be none the wiser when he cuts the pages of his 'Baily.' And other runs there were on that day which our readers will, we trust, find done justice to further on. We have only taken a preliminary canter over the ridge and furrow just to see how the land lies, and will leave some of our friends to take up the tale of other fields. Something else claims us for a space. The saddling-bell had not yet rung its last peal; the much-enduring bobbies were yet last month employed in clearing many courses. Racing dies hard, but it never died harder, we think, than in the month just closed.

Liverpool Autumn, by the glowing accounts we read of it, must have lighted on halcyon days, and Aintree was as "translated" as was Bottom. To read of sunshine and balmy air, hard ground, and a trifle of dust, in connection with that usually, at this time of the year, dread abode was astonishing. What would poor "Argus" have said, could he have revisited the glimpses of the moon? However, we are glad to be able to congratulate the Messrs. Topham on the success of their late meeting in every kind of way. The fields were good, the racing, if not of a very high class, good also; moreover the Cup was the best Cup they had had for some years. The only failure was the steeplechase; but we are getting accustomed to that, and do not look forward to much in the present season. Lord Sefton entertained his usual large party at Croxteth, and all the old faces, including many from the sister isle, were in the enclosure. The sport, though good, does not require details at this time, and we need only make a few remarks on the Cup, which, like all Liverpool Cups, past, present, and to come, had that agreeable halo of mystery flung round it, which after all is only a pleasurable excitement, and does no harm—that is if we do not seek to penetrate too deeply into the "mystery," and make up our minds to look on and be amused. There was the usual mystery of "intentions," and Boulevard was for a time the mysterious candidate. He was at all sorts of prices, and the bookmakers played with him, while sensible people looked on. Then there was a scare about Thebais. Some people said the mare was not herself; others that the money of the stable was not invested. The bookmakers seem to have caught the infection of alarm, and Thebais was for some time at a price at which some quiet racing people must have secretly rejoiced, and probably had a little extra on her. Still there was a scare, no doubt. We know of one or two instances where people, old hands too, had backed the mare as soon as the weights came out—perhaps before—and got so frightened by the market doings that they laid off every penny, and actually lost on the race! Imagine the feelings of men who had stood to win, say, "a thou" on her—when they saw her at the distance with the race in hand. That is certainly one of the trials of racing life. It is not so much losing our money—that we do daily and hourly; but flinging it away when we had it in our grasp, frightened by bookmakers' bluster—that is riling, the more so because we can only blame ourselves.

What was really the matter, we believe, was this: that Thebais will not

always take hold of her bit in a gallop at home, and is apt to deceive an inexperienced eye—there are and have been many horses like her—a fault, if fault it be, better than the fault of those pitfalls who do everything at home, and nothing out. Thebais had had a rough-up of some sort with which the touts were not satisfied, and the scare originated, we believe, with these gentry. Then a favourite was found in Beauchamp, who, badly as he has run, and often as he has proved himself not a horse for a boy, yet had plenty of people to follow the Middleham lead. That they repented of it we need scarcely say. Beauchamp never looked dangerous, and, we fear, is little better than a good-looking flat-catcher, whom the public will be chary of backing, we should say, in the future. Thebais won very easily by all accounts, and the situation secured by Goggles was one of the surprises of the race. On his Lincoln form he had not a ten-to-one chance of getting anywhere near, and his doing what he did astonished his stable as much as it did anybody. Amali's running was *not* a surprise—at least to ourselves. We had our eyes on him in the Cambridgeshire, and saw how long he stuck to his stable companion Prism in that race. Sweetbread's day is, we should say, past, and we hope that good horse has gained a well-earned rest. Boulevard will no doubt live to make a better fight of it than he did that day. Xema was at her best in the Cesarewitch; and Brocken must be added to the list of failures. We do not think there is anything more to be said about the Liverpool Cup.

We think the Mesers. Topham must begin to feel that the fourth day here is a mistake; but it is astonishing how very conservative we are in matters pertaining to the Turf; and for Liverpool to be disfranchised of a day, we suppose, sounds revolutionary. It is very clear, however, from this year's experience that the meeting cannot stand more than three, and we summon the Friday's return to confirm the assertion. Anything more trumpery and less worthy of Liverpool's once high renown cannot be imagined. The jumping affairs were of the mildest, and in reality there was only the Lancashire Handicap, with its five runners, that yielded the slightest scintilla of interest. And even that was such a good thing for Acrostatic, who has taken to running kindly, as well as ceasing to break bloodvessels, that it was useless thinking of anything else. Cormeille has belied the promise of his two-year-old days, and so likewise has Grecian Bend, so what was there to beat the blue-and-silver jacket? It was a capital meeting, and if the Mesers had dismissed us to our homes on the Thursday afternoon it would have been more acceptable to us, and, we cannot help thinking, much better for themselves.

We are almost afraid to speak about Derby—it makes some of our friends, who have not been there, so angry. They cannot imagine what we mean by our praising the meeting in the way we do. *The Counter-Shipper's Vade Mecum* is supercilious. *The Little Pedlington Fashionable Advertiser* points out the disgraceful way owners of racehorses are robbed at the meetings held there; and *The Sink and Sewer* is abusive generally. We are very sorry, and so we feel sure are the Derby authorities, that the celebrated organs of public opinion we have mentioned are not satisfied with Derby. Still, we both have this consolation, that, from some inexplicable cause, the racing public, gentle and simple, do not follow the organs of public opinion, as of course they ought to do. Derby is popular with high and low. Owners of racehorses, the poor pillaged individuals of *The Little Pedlington Fashionable Advertiser*, go there by the score, enter their horses, and moreover run them. The attendance on the Stewards' Stand at

the meeting held last month was not only large, but what is called, for want of a better word, fashionable. There were ladies and gentlemen—that is to say, there was a society gathering, in fact. And not only were there plenty of horses, but they were of a class unto which neither Shrewsbury or even Liverpool had quite attained. There is no gainsaying the fact that Derby is the meeting ranking next to Newmarket, Ascot, Epsom, Goodwood, and Doncaster, in the place it has taken in the racing world. That this is chiefly due to the enterprise that has created a new Derby out of the ruins of the old, those who know all the circumstances need not be told. A more forlorn place than the old meeting of some twenty years ago it is impossible to conceive. It died from natural decay, and they were bold spirits who undertook to reanimate the corpse. How they have succeeded we all know; and if the distinguished editor of the shining light of Little Pedlington will only come there next year, we will promise him a most cordial reception, the sight of some very good racing, and—an excellent luncheon.

The only mistake the Derby executive make is having three days, when two would be amply sufficient; two *good* days, as we had on the Thursday and Friday of the meeting above referred to. If the Moloch of steeplechasing must claim its votaries, why not have a cross-country event each day, and let us have done with it by Friday night. It seems to us that no one cares for steeplechasing. There is of course a hunter or two, and there is the dark Irish "gee," who may be having an eye to the Liverpool or may not, and who generally runs sufficiently well to induce the cautious reporter to imagine "he will do better some day," or words to that effect. But it is very poor fun as a rule—at least it has been up to now; and whether cross-country sport is dying the death, or whether it will ever revive, is one of those questions on which we would rather not give an opinion. All we at present want—or, rather, what we about the middle of last month wanted—is not to be kept from our hearths and homes on Saturday at Derby or any other place for all the Grand National winners *in posse* that were ever sealed. And now, having had our growl, we will take up the thread of our Derby discourse.

The drawback to our pleasure was a fog that enveloped the course, and prevented us seeing much of the racing. In all other respects the meeting was a great success. The two principal events of the opening day were the Chesterfield Nursery and the Derby Cup. The Nursery was a big prize of one thousand sovereigns, but still we had not expected to see twenty-three horses at the post for it. It carried us back to old times, indeed. Why Orchid was selected as the pick of the field, unless on some private reputation, was not very clear; but so it was, and, as bookmakers offered "ten to one bar one," it looked as if no owner had any great fancy for his own. And yet all the top-weights looked flattering—the Rebecca colt, Necromancer, Lovely, Pearl Diver—all had a chance, and of them we had ourselves an immense fancy for Lovely, thinking she was better class, and just in her distance. However, she disappointed us, and we fear that even five furlongs in good company is too much for her. Next to Lovely, Necromancer took our fancy, but after all it was only a fancy. With twenty-three runners, some turned loose light-weight, ridden by a boy with head and hands, might upset all previous form; but we own we never thought of Redskin, nor was there indeed any reason why we should. Tom Green thought of him a little, we believe, but no one else did, and it looked of course a very open race. It was a very pretty one. As they came out of the fog, less than a quarter of a mile from home, we could see that the top-weights were all in front, and that it was going to be a very

close finish. Lovely was the first to give way, then Pearl Diver followed, and he would have been a bold man who ventured to declare what would win fifty yards from home. The Rebecca colt looked to have a trifle the best of it, but J. Woodburn brought Redskin with a rush next the rails, and beat Mr. Gretton's horse by a head. It was thought by some people that the latter in another stride or two would have received Mr. Ford's decision, but, as Webb was on the second, we expect the last ounce must have been out of him. Necromancer was only a neck behind the Rebecca colt, so it was a most satisfactory handicap; one more to be added to the many good ones that the Old Burlington Street firm has given us this season.

The Cup too was a good race, though the result was not according to the knowledge of most of us. Barring that Energy was a little out of his course, we should have thought him good enough to beat the field; but there was the doubt of his getting home. Who were infatuated enough to back Queen Adelaide we cannot tell. Not her stable, we will go bail, though she did start favourite, at three to one. The disappointing Despair was again backed, of course; so was Energy, so were Toastmaster and Quicklime. In the race Queen Adelaide was invisible. The reporters said she finished seventh or eighth, but she was never in the race. Energy looked well at the distance, but, as we expected, the extra furlong told a tale. Despair, as he always does, inspired his backers with strong hopes at a certain point, and then declined, and Corunna was left to split Toastmaster and Mr. Manton's horse. Toastmaster ran handsomely, there is no denying, and pulled up apparently undistressed. Mr. Naylor cannot complain of his fortune with him since the horse came into his possession.

The ball was kept up the second day with unflagging spirit and success; but dropped on the Saturday—a day devoted to cross-country and hurdles. That very fact would seem to explain the failure. Given a steeplechase or two, and we know we shall have some uninteresting sport; one or, at the most, two fairish horses, and the remaining two or three duffers, who go head over heels at their fences, refuse, or do some dreadful thing or another. This is the steeplechase of the day. When shall we have anything else? "Is the Caucasian played out?" Where are the jumpers of old times, and why don't we see them now? How rare was a tumble then on the grand courses of those days! Shall we ever see such cross-country horses as the Colonel, Chamade, and L'Africaine?

No one seems to try and breed such, or with all their care they can't do it. It is really melancholy to have to record the steeplechasing of the present day; so we would be rather excused. Our readers can search the files of *The Sportsman*, if their memory wants refreshing. We will have none of it. We would rather dwell for a moment, though it is not important, upon the fact that the long-expected and waited-for Master Sam won a race at last, after being about to do it on several unfortunate occasions. He has been one of the disappointing species, and what he has cost his stable was probably not pulled back when he beat Nightcap so cleverly. Again Despair was backed for the Chatsworth Plate, and again did he fail. Laceman, too, is not the Laceman that won over this course a year ago, and Leeds we perhaps have overrated, for Prince William defeated the lot very easily. He was purchased by Frederick Archer at the Duchess of Montrose's sale, but he ran at Derby in Mr. Mackenzie's colours. And so much for the Midland meeting.

Manchester saw the fall of the curtain, after such a week's racing as has been rarely seen. We were hard at it—at least the actors in the scene were—

from that Monday morning when they got up and shaved themselves by candle-light to catch the Warwick special, down to Saturday afternoon, when, in the deepening shades of a November evening, the Queen Bee colt won the Copeland Nursery. It was a week of scurry to noble sportsmen, book-makers, and hard-worked reporters, and we should say general rejoicing attended the closing scene—rejoicing, however, not without a considerable amount of alloy. It was a week to be much remembered by backers, who, if amongst them, as doubtless was the case, were many having an extra plunge, must have repented in sackcloth and ashes. Warwick, as we have shown, was fatal, but Manchester was worse, because the wagering was heavier. On the first day a favourite or two did pull it off, and Barrister, Oriental Girl, and Commissionaire rewarded their adherents; but we don't imagine many people out of the stable backed Dalmeny for the Welter, while no one could back Brocken for the De Trafford Handicap. By the way, it was a very good performance of Bird of Freedom getting so close to Oriental Girl in the Lancaster Nursery, if all we heard of the latter was true. He was giving her a stone, and only got beaten by a head, so Mr. Tidy's two-year-old was by far the best seen at New Bain. Such a field too—twenty-four runners—which beat the Warwick record by half-a-dozen, and backers were indeed fortunate here to have spotted the first and second (they were equal favourites) in such a crowd. Amalfi's Liverpool running made him look good goods for the De Trafford Welter, but he totally failed to run up to anything like that form, and Brocken just managed to beat Crim Tartar by a neck. This of course was a surprise, for Amalfi had beaten the German horse far enough at Liverpool. Crim Tartar is an unlucky horse, for while he had all the benefit of Snowden's riding in the De Trafford, and yet could not win, it is just on the cards that if he had had a man on his back two days later he might have turned the tables on Keir. The second and last day at Manchester brought the grief to a head. The large fields went on; favourites went up and their numbers were taken down, until it looked as if it was sufficient for a horse to *be* a favourite to have him beaten. Mr. Hibbert, we have remarked, is generally fortunate in getting a price about St. Vincent when he wins, but he is such an uncertain customer that probably his owner is afraid to trust him. However, he won the Ellesmere Welter in handsome style. But the interesting race of the Friday was the Lancashire Cup, in which some good horses ran, such as Sweetbread, Energy, Toastmaster, and a veteran we thought had retired, Prestonpans. It is something like a year and a-half since he had been seen on a racecourse, at Manchester in the Summer Cup of '83, and upwards of four years have passed since he won the Liverpool Cup for Mr. F. Gretton. The old horse did not disgrace himself—far from it, for he looked very well at the distance, and managed to beat Energy, but he could not overhaul Corunna or Sweetbread. The latter was the favourite, but, as we have before remarked, his best day has passed, and Corunna justified his Derby running by winning cleverly. This, by the way, is his first victory since he carried off the Criterion Nursery at Newmarket two years ago. The tale of disaster went on, and, but that Strathblane got a little back in some selling stakes, nothing approaching to a favourite would have won. Mr. Hammond's all-conquering colours could only get third on Insignia in the Worsley Nursery, which fell to Clonmel—an 8 to 1 chance for Mr. Hibbert.

The wagering on the November Handicap had exhibited the usual fluctuations, but all along the genuine candidates were Keir, Stockholm, and

Blue Grass, though how Stockholm was to win we could not well see; and yet she had the call of Keir on more than one occasion, if the quotations were genuine. There was always a difficulty, however, in getting any price about Mr. Manton's horse from the very first, which inclines us to think he always was the favourite for money. When the handicap first appeared he was nominally at 100 to 6, or perhaps a point less, but we never heard of any one who succeeded in getting that price about him. He leaped at one bound to 5 to 1 directly any money was ready to go on him, and those who were in the slightest degree behind the scenes knew it was emphatically a good thing. Some people thought he would not stay, judged from his running in this race last year, when Corrie Roy won, but we fancy he was not half so fit then as he was now; and, besides, his 10 lbs. penalty for winning the Lancashire Cup the previous day was all against him. Before the flag fell this year nothing went down but Keir. Stockholm was nominally second favourite, but about everything else, whatever prices book-makers had offered, we do not believe much business would have been done. Some sarcastic observations were passed on Chislehurst in the paddock, and the market told a true tale. He had been put about as a genuine article, and a horse with less the look of one was not in the paddock. Blue Grass attracted a good deal of attention, but probably Marsh would have been glad of another week with him. Crim Tartar looked as hard as nails, and from this quarter danger threatened Keir just at the finish. In the last three hundred yards or so were four horses, Keir, Blue Grass, Sir Reuben, and Crim Tartar, and it was about even money on each of the four. Sir Reuben was first to retire, then Blue Grass; and when Watts called on Keir for his final effort he had only Crim Tartar to beat. A big handful for a lightweight, the Beverley horse could not be kept straight by Webb, or it is possible he might have reversed the judge's decision. As it was Keir, ridden with the finest of judgment by Watts, beat him by half a length, amidst great cheering, renewed when Watts returned to scale. He had lived for the last few days a life of privation to get down his weight, and he was worthy of the ovation given him. *Finis coronat opus.*

On Monday, November 3rd, Sir Bache Cunard's hounds met as usual at Gumley, and had the first-day customary Gumley Hunt, finding in Gumley Wood, and running towards the Laughton Hills, where they found another, and ran over the canal to Papillon Hall. Amongst others out were Sir Bache Cunard, Mr. Gordon and Miss Cunard, Lord Rathdownell from Little Bowden Hall, Sir Henry and Lady Halford, Sir Savile Crossley from Highfield House, Colonel Baillie, Colonel J. W. Chaplin, from Kibworth, Mr. T. Fetherstonhaugh, Mr. John W. Logan, Mr. C. W. Fernie from Keythorp, Mr. W. W. Tailby, Mr. Stewart, Mr. J. W. Douglass, Mr. W. Hay, Mr. Hermann Gebhardt of Husband Bosworth, Mr. Edward Dresden (a new comer to Harboro'), Mr. and Mrs. Bigge of Carlton Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kennard of Talbot House, the veteran Major Bethune, Mr. Hazlehurst from Misterton, Mr. A. M. Cochrane of Kibworth, and many others.

On Thursday, October 30th, Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild's hounds met at Ivinghoe, when there was a better field than had been with them before this season, several old familiar faces turning up for the first time, amongst them John Foy; Sir Nathaniel himself was also out. The deer gave them a good ring round the low country, and then faced the terrible Ivinghoe hills, up which we wriggled our way, as one person said, "like trout against a strong stream." When Old Coppice was reached we galloped as hard as

we could go for North Church Common, while the deer turned short by Aldbury, so that the hounds ran from there across to Tring Station, with no one to see them save Jack Rawle, who had waited on the hills, and so dropped in at the right moment; but he, we believe, rather saw them from a distance than was with them. Their deer sailed in a very deep part of the canal, so that they could not get at him, until a countryman doffed his clothes and tried to take him by swimming—about as bold a stroke of business as we ever saw, for deer are very dangerous in water at times. He could not capture the deer himself, but drove him so near the bank that Mark Howcott could lasso him, and so have him hauled out by main force. We should think the man touched gold for his pluck, at any rate, for he must have been hard on to half-an-hour in the water. On the next Monday they had a real racing gallop from the 'Plough,' Dunstable Downs, to half way between Kennesbourne Green and Harpenden, when hounds ran right away from every one, and had all the fun to themselves. It was rather under one hour altogether, and yet very few got half way through it. Too much of a good thing to be pleasant was, I think, the general verdict. It is no use for hounds to run hard if you cannot ride fast enough to see them.

On Tuesday, November 11th, the Whaddon Chase hounds had a capital day from the Creslow. The morning was spent eating, luncheon and killing; foxes in close proximity to Mr. Rowland's house, but an afternoon fox jumped-up in a large pasture when least expected by the field, who were out of it, save a few lucky ones, from start to finish. He led them by Duntton-Hoggeston, Oving, and so back to the Creslow, where they threw their heads up and lost him in the most unaccountable manner; and, as no one was near to help them, there was an end of the matter. "Tip-top" (the Vale men will know him), on a blood-one of Mr. Byas's, with a wicked eye and an ear well back, had quite the best of it all through. He jumped a fence on spec, and discovered the hounds under his horse's nose, where he did his best to keep them for the remainder of the run. Mrs. Lambton was very forward on her favourite brown mare—second best, in fact, and might have been still nearer had her mare not been short of work through a slight accident. Henry Chaplin sent his chestnut along as if he was after Sir William Harcourt or a party procession instead of hunting a fox, and was as well to the front as any one all the time, and the said chestnut must have been rather astonished when Lord Ribblesdale took him in hand, in an equally energetic manner, after another fox later in the day. "Worth a year's subscription," said Withers, the job-master, when he pulled up his old white horse, whose forelegs trembled more than usual (small wonder, either!) at the end of it. Some four or five others were handy, but not with hounds, and the rest scattered over the face of the earth in a vain endeavour to find them. The whole thing must have been under half an hour, we should think. Another fox gave them a good hunting run from High Havens, in which Bentley and his pack greatly distinguished themselves, but could not kill their fox; and so ended a capital day. Of course men all saw the run afterwards, on their own showing, only, unfortunately, no one saw *them*. We are pleased to say that Bentley and his whips are really well-mounted under the new régime, as men should be in such a country.

It is pleasant to hear of old names that one remembers in younger days still going in these latter times, though the original holders may have gone over the border-land. There was not a time, for instance, some forty years since, when the "Van" Driver, then resident in Cheltenham, did not hear and know the name of Fletcher on the Cotswold Hills, when

Lord Segrave, subsequently Earl Fitzhardinge, hunted the country, and Mr. Fletcher of Shipton was foremost among the yeomen farmers of the district. That worthy, we opine, must have long since been gathered to his fathers, but we are glad to see "the brothers Fletcher" spoken of whenever there is a good run, and wherever, moreover, courtesy and hospitality—the latter a Cotswold virtue—have to be shown. On the first of last month, we hear, met at Cleveley, and found the covert literally "swarming with foxes," a brace of which Traviss speedily accounted for. Pleasant also to read that, the sport over, "luncheon at Mr. George Fletcher's proved a most agreeable *finale*," because we remember many a luncheon there in days that are now getting old.

"Prospects of sport in Cheshire are good," we were told at the beginning of the season, and, if a plethora of foxes warrants the assertion, it is true. Foxes abound everywhere, only, as the weather is so dry, they are sometimes asleep in the fields, or curled up snugly in a dry drain, instead of waiting in the coverts for hounds. The usual number of visitors have not yet arrived in this jumping country. Tarpoley, *the* hunting centre, is said to be empty, and livery-stable keepers gaze mournfully at empty stalls. Lord Waterford has given up Hampton Hall in favour of that of Quenby, in the Shires, though sanguine shopkeepers say that there is a chance of his returning for next season. Mr. and Mrs. Bunbury have forsaken Cheshire for Oxfordshire, and Mr. Rasbotham is dead; so Malpas, like Tarporley, is desolate. Nor has the usual military contingent yet located itself at the Broxton Inn. Whatever visitors there are have pitched their tents on the Nantwich side; and, if the numbers are not augmented, it will hardly be a matter of sorrow to the various M.F.H.'s.

After only a moderate share of luck during cub-hunting, the Shropshire opened the regular season on Monday, the 3rd of November, at Hawkstone, with a day of galloping about, the best item in the day's proceedings being a gallop from Losford nearly to Hawkstone, over their biggest country. Lord Hill, as 'Baily's' readers know, has given up the mastership in favour of Mr. A. P. Heywood-Lonsdale, of Greyington. The new Master, blessed with a very long purse, is doing things on a grand scale, though he was unlucky in his first batch of horses, which were hardly as much admired in the field as they were in the stable. Many of them were sent whence they came, and their substitutes are more what hunters should be. Last season some critics said that Thatcher didn't risk his neck enough to please them. Mr. Lonsdale, however, knew that he had a good man, and very wisely stuck to him. This season he is very full of ride, and if anybody carries out the time-honoured direction of "keeping to the huntsman if you want to see the fun," he will find that he gets enough jumping to satisfy even the hirer of a hack hunter.

Sir Watkin Wynne's stable is in wonderful form. His horses have been galloping about over all kinds of country ever since August, yet there is not a lame horse in the stables. Followers of the hunt are not so fortunate, as the hard ground has already screwed up several horses, and report has it that the day after each gallop sundry owners are discovered sitting on inverted stable buckets, gazing with long faces at *very* round legs. Joking apart, however, the ground is too hard to ride, and the strain on thew and sinew at each jump must be too severe. Sir Watkin's opening day at Carden must be marked with a white stone, thanks, first, to a relenting spirit on the part of the man who owns Royalty, one of the best coverts of the hunt, which has been closed to hounds for some time; and secondly to a good fox that

ran over a big grass country from Royalty to Waverton, within four miles of Chester. But for the second run the first one, from Carden to Handley, would have been considered a good one, but the thirty-five flying minutes from Royalty over the cream of the Chester Vale and Alderney Brook, quite put it into the shade. The journey over the brook—in some instances it was along it—caused the usual amount of grief, and those who lost their places there never recovered them again before hounds pulled down a right good fox near Waverton station. On Wednesday, the 13th, there was almost a *replica* of the last-mentioned run. Sour Butts was the starting-point, and Eaton Drives the finale. Again the fox ran into the Chester Vale, and again over Alderney Brook, this time, however, at an unjumpable place, where nobody but the Empress of Austria's late pilot would look at it. He nearly jumped it, but had to make two bites at a very hard cherry. Goodall was thrown out, with a lot more, who galloped in hot haste to a bridge a long way to the right, and only arrived at the end after the fox was lost. He then had several couple of hounds missing, and when last seen was scouring the country in search of them. Only five saw anything of hounds beyond the brook, and they were left in the lurch at starting; but, making a lucky cast to the left at the brook, just nicked in nicely. On the 24th (Friday) these hounds had a capital forty minutes, without a check, from Gresford.

The North Cheshire have had only moderate sport since the season began, but the South pack have done better. Mr. Corbet opened the ball at Highway Side, on Friday, the 7th, with a rattling spin of twenty minutes, at top pace all the way, from Swanley. What with the blind state of the country, and demand on nerves caused by the Haughton brook, many of the starters had nothing to do with the finish. Captain Smith was out, and came to grief, and the broad of Lord Cole's back was a beacon to those who could not squeeze themselves into a commanding position, these two facts being about all that could be seen, for there was no time to look about. The fox was run off his legs in these twenty merry minutes, and killed on the railway near Calverley station. In the afternoon those who like going slower had their innings, as a fox from Baddeley stood before hounds for more than an hour and a half, and beat them at last. The following Tuesday afforded an exciting three-quarters of an hour from Hewett's Moss to Court's Gorse late in the afternoon, while a week later (November 18th) the first drawing of a new covert was happily followed by another good forty-five minutes from near Nantwich into the heart of the North Staffordshire country, and over as difficult a line as a man would care to ride. Most of the best-known frequenters of the Cheshire and Wynnstay hunts have been more or less regular in their attendance so far. Lord Rocksavage, encouraged, no doubt, by his sale last year, has got together a nice lot of horses. Lieut.-Colonel Bulkeley is generally out, shoving along as usual; so are Messrs. Behrens, Parsons, Starkie, Gore, Colonel Cotes, Captain Cotton, Mr. Tomlinson (who means sooner or later to have a shot for the county membership), Colonel Lloyd, Mr. F. Cotton, Mr. Coupland, and sundry others.

With the exception of the weather, which generally interferes with the day's outing, the Tredegar Hunters' Show, held on Tuesday the 25th, near Newport (Monmouthshire), was a success. Lord Coventry and Mr. C. Lewis undertook the judging. This is no arena and sawdust show, but is a practical test of a hunter's merits, as he is required to jump, in cold blood, a natural country of fences, besides a flight of hurdles, and including an open water-jump about 11 feet wide, a post and rails, a hedge-and-water ditch, and an

awkward double. The opening performances hardly augured well, as Lord Tredegar's chestnut, Ironclad, after repeated refusals at previous fences, could not be induced to face the hedge-and-water. Blue Bell turned it up at the open water; Bruce only just scrambled over the open brook; while Mickey Free reared so persistently that he could not be induced to face even the hurdles. These *contretemps*, however, only added to the day's fun. Though people had come to see horses jump, they would have gone away disappointed had there been no grief. Accordingly they laughed at the riders of refusers, and still louder when Bruce's rider put his arm round his steed's neck; while they positively shrieked when Chance showed that she was rightly named by chancing the water, and caused her rider to turn a somersault, though they would have much preferred to see him tumble into the brook. Of the eight heavy-weight horses, nothing jumped better than Mr. Perry's bay, Godfrey, who took the water in his stride, and never touched a twig all round. General Watson's St. Patrick proved something of a handful, as he got away with his jockey half round the course. Mr. Hoare's chestnut, Gold Lac, was one of the steady sort, taking his fences quietly and cleverly. When points came to be looked at, Miss Elvaston was awarded the first prize, and Gold Lac the second. The "Van" Driver would have preferred to do his hunting on the second, but he hardly showed as much breeding as the other. The light-weight division brought out some very accomplished fenceurs. Mr. Hoare's Wanda, a well-bred brown mare, jumped the water in a style calculated to beget confidence in the most nervous rider. Mr. Lougher's Lady Cardiff, on the other hand, was very sticky at the water, but good at the other fences. Miss Morgan's Emen, ridden by the Hon. Fred Morgan, was an excellent lady's hunter, though perhaps a little small. Colonel Lindsay's Cardiff was another fine jumper, as also was Mr. Blake's Sir George Frederick. As in the heavy class, there were some failures. Captain Gurney's four-year-old could not be got over the first hurdle, and Mr. Stratton's Fate brought her owner and rider to a sad one at the water; while Mr. Thomas's Venus narrowly missed breaking her back at the same obstacle. Taken as a whole, the horses and riding were good. On Wednesday the thoroughbred stallions, young hunters, and cobs were judged.

The Atherstone have had a fair beginning to their season, and, taken all round, the country is well supplied with foxes. The Coombe country is perhaps the worst. There are lots of the varmint at Thorpe and Amington; and the Wednesdays will redeem their character. Castleman has had a bad roll, and gout has set in, but we hope soon to see him in the saddle. "Squire" Pole is to the front with the Meynell, and they have already had half-a-dozen good gallops, and brought twenty brace of foxes to book. Prospects, too, with the South Stafford are rosy. There are a lot of foxes in most parts, and Major Browne will no doubt account for many of them ere we issue our December budget; but all sport in the Midlands is poor from want of rain.

What is the "Retslu," and whence its name? We can answer the first part of the question, but are dubious about the second. The "Retslu" is the latest, or at all events one of the latest, additions to the many rough-weather garments that now clothe the hunting and sporting men generally. When one thinks of old times, and what we had to put up with thirty or forty years ago, when "the mackintosh" was the sole protection against wet, and now take a look at the overcoat cupboard of some zealous and mighty hunter, shooter, and fisher, the contrast is indeed surprising. The Messrs. Benjamin, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, are the latest benefactors to our

Nimrods. The "Retslu" is an overcoat primarily intended for horseback—a long frock garment, not differing in outward appearance from an ordinary ulster, but with an ingenious contrivance by which the wearer can keep legs, thighs, and saddle dry in the most pelting rain. The contrivance consists in two flaps, one each side of the coat; and when these flaps are buttoned together, the legs of the wearer are protected, and the coat falls away down to the feet just as if it was fastened only at the neck. There is also an arrangement by which the coat may be fastened round the ankles, so that the wet cannot reach them. The coat is an excellent walking or coaching one, too, for when the flaps are buttoned back it becomes the ordinary ulster. Of course the material, of many different shades of colour, is waterproof, and is light as well as warm. Mr. Benjamin is a wonderful man, and he *may* bring out something next year that will put out the pipe of the "Retslu," but it will take some doing.

The dismal accounts heard on all sides of business being slack, of nothing doing, trade depression, and a general lack of money, do not apply to three great branches of industry. We still eat and drink sumptuously, we wear fine clothes—at least our womenkind do—and we go to the play. These are branches of industry that, with the exception of the fine clothes—which, God be thanked, he does not require—come specially within the ken of the "Van." Driver, and in both these branches he is bound to say he discovers no "depression," but quite the reverse. The "depression" that arises from an attempt, now much the fashion, to eat four, if not five, meals *per diem*, no doubt exists. It would be strange if it did not, even with the presumably powerful digestions of the people who practise the gastronomic art. That hateful meal, a late luncheon, when we sit down at two o'clock, and are sipping our *chasse* about 4 P.M., is followed of course by a dinner between eight and nine, with the chances of a *petit souper* after the theatre, prolonged to an indefinite hour. How London humanity—the humanity of fine gentlemen and finer ladies, who toil not, neither do they spin—stands these calls upon it is more than we can explain. That the life is an utterly wrong and perverse life we are free to maintain, and only wish some powerful society man or society paper would wage war upon one great social evil—the late and preposterous luncheons. A great deal has been said, and a stir has been made, by *The World*, about want of punctuality at the dinner-hour; no doubt a very grievous thing. Has it never occurred, however, to many injured hosts and hostesses that the man or woman who has only finished a luxurious meal by four o'clock must shrink from dinner at eight with feelings akin to loathing? We do not say that this is entirely the cause of unpunctuality, but that it has something to do with it we feel convinced. Will no one take up his parable against the sin of repelion?

There is no "depression," then, visible in the business of the table, beyond what we have hinted at. Go where we will, we find gilded youth, and even rotund middle age, which ought to know better, speaking over their oysters at 8.30, either at the Baccarat or the Bristol, of the pleasant supper they expect to eat about 1 A.M. Shade of Brillat-Savarin, what would you say to these men if you could revisit this sphere? "The man who eats too much, or too quickly, knows not how to eat," is one of those fundamental truths you have bequeathed to posterity, but much we fear the rising and risen generation reads not your wondrous pages. We love that which tells how to enjoy the pleasures of the table without abuse. Oh, that another Savarin could rise to lead a crusade against late and excessive luncheons! "Atlas," "Truthful Labby," "G.A.S.," &c., we call upon you.

And the "business" of the theatre. Yes, that flourishes. There is no "depression" here; save that caused by the last thing in burlesques, or the latest inanity at a *matinée*. All the houses where there are really amusing, if not good plays, are doing well; and so good-natured are we that we put up with some very mediocre work for the sake of a laugh and the exponents of the mediocrity. The great events of the past month were the production of 'Romeo and Juliet' at the Lyceum by Miss Anderson, and the revival of 'Diplomacy' at the Haymarket. It was a bold essay of our latest and fairest American cousin so soon to crowd the Lyceum stage with the loves and hates of Capulet and Montague, and the dire tragedy that was their outcome, after the splendid pageant Mr. Irving had so lately given us. But, as Juliet she was bound to be—for is not the *rôle*, exacting as it is, physically and mentally, the object of every woman who aspires to be considered a tragic actress—perhaps the time was not ill chosen. We had seen one very sweet heroine in Ellen Terry, who, though not quite coming up to the high mark made by poor Adelaide Neilson, created in her representation many distinct and charming points of excellence which are still fresh in our memories. So it was a bold attempt of Miss Anderson's thus so soon to challenge public opinion and provoke comparisons. She well prepared herself for the ordeal. A Shakespearian revival now means magnificence in dress and decoration such as was never dreamed of even when Charles Kean was charming all London with his splendid revivals at the old Princess's; and Miss Anderson has called to her aid all that lavish outlay could procure in a series of stage pictures which, if they do not quite come up to the beauty of Mr. Irving's 'Romeo and Juliet,' have the warrant of archæological truth and correctness stamped upon them. Scenery, costumes, stage groupings, have had the advantage of the art of O'Connor, Hawes Craven, Bruce Smith, and Lewis Wingfield. The latter gentleman's artistic taste and knowledge, in fact, pervade the piece; and if some beauty has been sacrificed, some picture here and there is not quite up to our expectations, the gain has been, so we are told, historical truth. That the actors are in some degree subordinate to the scene-painter and costumier goes without saying. That a Shakespearian play must first be spectacular, and then as well acted as it possibly can be, is the law and custom of the day, to which all managers must bow. When the late Mr. Chatterton said "Shakespeare spelt ruin," his notion of a Shakespearian performance was limited to one star, a scratch company, and a *mise en scène* in which art and taste had no part or portion. If a manager of the present day was to follow in the same groove, he would find the "ruin" would come quickly enough, no doubt. This is not because we love Shakespeare less, but we have been taught to love splendour more—have been educated up to the mark of gorgeous stage pictures and sumptuousness of apparel, and the simple fare, say of thirty or forty years since, would fail to stir our appetite. So now that Shakespeare means lavish outlay and luxury in every shape, let us acknowledge that the latest edition of 'Romeo and Juliet,' if here and there lacking some of the splendour of the Irving one, has yet an artistic beauty of its own worthy of high praise. Now and then the eye is slightly offended by some garish colour, and we wish that Mr. Wingfield had not been so terribly correct in his dresses, nor Messrs. Craven and O'Connor in their architecture. The grouping is admirable in every scene, and one or two of the animated tableaux have never been surpassed for life and action. We would particularly mention the encounter between the factions of the Montagues and the Capulets. The clash of swords, at first in the distance, then growing louder; the rush of the citizens, either to

take part in the fray or to escape from it; the wailing of the women over a wounded or slain relative, the whole admirably ordered *melée* is worthy of all praise. The fête, too, in the hall of "the great rich Capulet," is most effective, the dance charming in its grace, beautiful to the eye in the splendour of the costumes; and surely if ever there was a Juliet that could come up to our idea of the loving and passionate maid of Verona, just emerging from girlhood, it was she who in this scene trod the stately measure with "the county."

For we come now to the representation; from the spectacle we turn to the performance. And we must say we think the living pictures worthy of their gorgeous settings. Miss Anderson has run a hard gauntlet of criticism. She has been accused of self-consciousness, of lack of feeling, of want of power to stir her hearers in the scenes where the love-sick maid becomes a passionate woman. That she does not quite touch one as did Adelaide Neilson did, either in the balcony scene or in that climax of passion when the thought of the horrors of the vault in which she is to be with the dead-and-gone Capulets crowd on Juliet's brain, we own. It was in the earlier scenes that Miss Anderson appeared to us the perfect Juliet. The first dawn of love, when she sees Romeo, was exquisitely given. The look that stole over her face when her lover imprints his first passionate kiss on her lips, struck a keynote of the tragedy that was to come. Her scene with the Nurse, too, was very charming, though, with all the due liking and respect that every one feels for Mrs. Stirling, we must protest against there being too much of the Nurse, and too little of Juliet, in it. A great deal of unnecessary "business" appeared to us to be introduced by Mrs. Stirling, and Juliet played quite a secondary rôle. That Mrs. Stirling's acting is beyond praise we all know; the only fault is, there is too much of it. In the latter part of the potion scene Miss Anderson rose to the occasion, and her representation of a torn and tortured soul was only equalled by the pathos of the terrible finale where she flings herself by the dead body of her lover, and in her last agony grasps his arm, to try and place it round her in death. It is well that the curtain falls on this. The procession that was so much talked about was unnecessary, and would have been an anti-climax.

A more gallant Romeo—essentially, too, a manly Romeo—than Mr. Terris we have not seen for some time. Splendidly dressed, of handsome bearing, a lover and also a soldier, he left little to be desired. His rush on Tybalt was very fine, and he did his love-making as who could help doing it with such a Juliet. Mr. Arthur Stirling's Friar was also the best we had seen of late years, though we must not forget Mr. Fernandez. The mistake was Mr. Standing's Mercutio. The actor did not seem to enter into the spirit of the character at all, and the Queen Mab speech fell flat. The costumier, too, had been unkind to Mr. Standing. Mr. Ben Greet, also, an actor who, when in Miss Minnie Palmer's company, we thought clever, failed to make anything but what was commonplace of the Apothecary. The drilling of the supers, and the whole *mise en scène*, has rarely been surpassed. The theatre, we need scarcely add, is crowded from floor to ceiling nightly. If critics are cold, not so the Lyceum audiences.

The revival of 'Diplomacy,' inaugurating Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's last season, has been a marked success at the Haymarket. The worst of revivals is that they invariably suggest comparisons. Time's changes rarely, if ever, allow us to see in its entirety what formerly charmed us; and though it is not so long ago since all London flocked to the little theatre near Tottenham Court Road to see the clever adaptation of the celebrated French

drama, there are many changes in the bill of the play. We will at once mention those that most affect the present interpretation. We miss Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Arthur Cecil. There can be no shadow of a doubt on this point, much as we appreciate the decided advance Miss Calhoun has made in her personation of Dora, and so much that is clever in the Baron Stein of Mr. C. Brookfield. In other parts there are changes that are decided gains. Mrs. Bancroft invests the part of Lady Henry Fairfax with a charming light comedy vein it did not possess before. We suspect the adapters have almost re-written it. Mrs. Bernard Beere, too, as the Countess Zicka is a decided acquisition. She makes us feel sympathy for the woman. Mr. Bancroft as the elder Beauclerc is seen at his very best, just what the author meant, we should think, to convey—a picture of official caution and bearing. An American actor, Mr. Barrymore, as Count Orloff, plays like a gentleman, with a quiet distinction and force very marked. That clever artist, Mr. Forbes Robertson, somehow misses the characteristics of the younger Beauclerc, or, in his anxiety to do them justice, over-elaborates. Perhaps his performance will tone down after a little time. The representation has been received with marked favour, and the theatre holds a brilliant audience nightly.

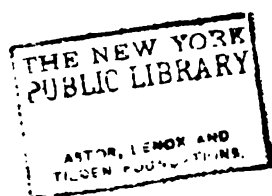
'Young Mrs. Winthrop' at The Court has also taken the town. Slight to tenuity, and just a little over-lachrymose, the experiment to those who know the play seemed somewhat hazardous. But, thanks to neatness of construction, clever and sparkling dialogue, and a genuine charm about the sentiment—thanks above all, perhaps, to an admirable representation, it achieved a decided success from the first. It is only a slight misunderstanding between a husband and wife, which leads them to the verge of separation. There is a sick child, a fashionable lady, a middle-aged mother, and a *deus ex machina* in the person of a family lawyer. A trifling but very pleasing undercurrent to the story is there in the love passages between a blind girl and juvenile lover, and that is all. Still, this simple story holds the audience from the rise of the curtain to its fall. Mr. Conway, who is making a decided mark in every new part he essays, is seen to every advantage as the husband. There is much subdued power and reticence in the assumption, and when we mention that Miss Marion Terry is the wife we need say no more. Miss Lydia Foote was warmly welcomed on her return to the stage, from which she has been too long absent, in the part of the elder Mrs. Winthrop, and she played with that genuine pathos that has always been such a feature in her acting. The comic portion of the play is in the hands of Mrs. John Wood, and most telling are the speeches (accentuated as this clever lady knows how to accentuate them) put into her mouth. It is one of the best things Mrs. Wood has lately done. She does not exaggerate, nor in the least approach, the line that separates genuine comedy from farce. Much praise must be given to Miss Norreys for her personation of the blind girl. The love scenes so truly given by her touched a sympathetic chord. It is a play to be seen.

The prolonged absence from town of Mr. Charles Wyndham is a distinct loss to playgoers, especially to that large majority who go to a theatre to be amused rather than instructed, and who prefer the artist who calls up the sunshine to him or her who brings down the showers. And where can a more hearty or genuine laugh be got than at the Criterion, with Mr. Wyndham in one of those Palais Royal-like adaptations in which he is the gay roving husband with amiable weaknesses; a bachelor who falls in love with every pretty woman he meets; or the innocent victim of some em-

breglio out of which he emerges in the last scene triumphant? But Mr. Wyndham in the new farcical comedy at his theatre has broken new ground. No naughty husband with a weakness for pink dominoes; no amorous bachelor whose latest love is the last woman he has seen; no improprieties of any sort are to be found in the bustling acts of 'The Candidate.' It is a political skit, not singling out either Tory or Radical for the shafts of its wit, but letting fly its arrows with impartiality at both. A hazardous experiment was it, too, just at this juncture, when angry passions have been stirred up, or if they have not it has been no fault of the flies on both sides of the wheel; and when there has been an endeavour to set class against class, which, as far as we can see, has happily failed. The story of 'The Candidate' tells us how a young husband with a terrible stepmother is kept in such bondage by her that he is obliged to resort to subterfuge to get a quiet week or ten days in town to have his hair cut, see the theatres, &c. When that subterfuge consists in his sending his secretary to personate himself at the borough of Easthampton, which place he has been invited to stand for, the fun and confusion can be imagined. Lord Oldacre is a Conservative, but his secretary, terrified by a very forcible demonstration of the Easthampton electors who meet him on his arrival, adopts Liberal principles worthy of the borough that returns "Henry" and "Braddy," and is duly elected. The complications that arise out of this; the feelings of Lord Oldacre on his return from his ten days' fling in London, when he is told by his secretary that he is the Radical M.P. for Easthampton; the fact that some love-making of the secretary is discovered by the terrible stepmother, and is of course attributed to her son-in-law—all this, if our readers cannot imagine, they had better go to the 'Criterion and see. The dialogue is brilliant, the acting not to be well surpassed. The honours and the burden of the play belong to, and are on the shoulders of, Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Giddens, as Lord Oldacre and his secretary. The "go" and volatility of the one, the stolid gravity of the other, were excellent. Very good, too, was Miss Kate Rorke, and indeed the same may be said of all the ladies. Mr. Wyndham must be congratulated for his courage, for we hold it was a courageous act to put such a play on the stage. And we must also congratulate, and feel not a little proud of, the public who received the play so warmly, and showed us what a change is coming over opinion when a joke against Tory or Radical is neither received with cheers or hisses, but only laughter.

And the Alhambra has again become a music-hall, or, more euphonious title, a "Theatre of Varieties," where the dashing serio-comic, the renowned contortionist, the latest thing in niggers, and the celebrated Alhambra *corps de ballet*, can be enjoyed for the modest shilling, to the accompaniment of bottled ale, lemon squash, and other fashionable liquids. The change seems to be a popular one, especially among that large class who find in a music-hall a perennial source of delight. Stalls and private boxes, too, have been fairly patronised by golden youth and middle age, and the term "smoking concerts" was a happy thought on the part of the directors to attract the many men whose greatest trial seems to be to have to put aside their cigarettes. The entertainment provided is of about the usual character. A little too much of the serio-comic for many tastes; but then there is a large majority who demand her, and their claims cannot be denied. She is generally called a "popular favourite," nor, judging by the rapturous applause she receives, is the term an untruthful one. She can't, as a rule, sing, but that is not a requisite in a music-hall. Voice she once had, but to become

a "popular favourite" is not favourable to the preservation of a voice, and it has been long sacrificed. Lungs, however, remain, and these, combined with an attractive figure, blue satin tights, and unlimited *chi* or cheek, bring down the house, or rather the hall. The Alhambra serio-comics are, we are willing to believe, A1 in their profession. They are certainly no worse, and in some respects are very much better, than others we have heard. They sang their songs, danced their dances, and then went away in their broughams to delight other exacting auditors, and we saw them no more. Some very clever acrobatic performances by a young girl and two men had a grace about them not always seen in these exhibitions; and a more singular than pleasing musical entertainment by the Bozza troupe was hardly, we thought, appreciated either by stalls or galleries. One of the troupe gave subsequently what was termed an "electrical musical act," in which some novel effects were introduced, but which failed to rouse much enthusiasm. It was a performance in which we were always expecting something that never came. Mdlle. Eugenie Garetta, "the exquisite *charmeur de pigeons*," is a very bright young lady, who has succeeded in getting under her control a lot of pigeons, which, released from their cages, fly about the Alhambra, and then come and perch on their mistress, and almost cover her from the sight of the spectators—all very nice and pretty. That genuine comedian Mr. Arthur Roberts of course receives an ovation, and sings as many songs, all clever and amusing, as can be got out of him. Music-hall audiences have, it is well known, no bowels of compassion. The ballets are of course good—the Rustic one, with its dance round the maypole, the best, we thought. It reminded us somewhat of that charming dance of the fairies in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' of the old Princess's days. Some time ago those now! Mdlle. Palladino is still on the establishment—an Alhambra favourite not likely to be displaced—and M. Jacobi still wields his *bâton* in the orchestra. The evergreen Mr. Charles Morton is the courteous acting manager, and, judging by what we have seen, the palmy days of the Alhambra, when Leotard witched the town on the flying *trapeze*, and the great E. T. Smith introduced gorgeous ballets and barmaids, seem likely to return.





W. H. Woodman

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Lopez, &c., and he took a fair amount of open handicaps with them.
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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LIEUT.-COLONEL BYRNE, R.A.

THE features so well limned by our artist on the opposite page are familiar ones to many men in many localities: a soldier who for more than thirty-five years has been on active service—a man well known and popular in society—a sportsman fond of and good at many branches of sport. Colonel Byrne's portrait has been too long out of 'Baily's' gallery; but it is happily not too late to place it there.

Of an old Irish family long settled at Castletown House, near Dundalk, which residence being burned to the ground in "the troubles" of '98, Colonel Byrne's father, for some time Chief Justice of Madras, gave up the property and never returned to Ireland. The subject of our sketch was destined for the military profession. His father did not long survive the climate of India, and died there in harness, the son pursuing his education at Woolwich, and in 1848 he joined the Royal Artillery. He was for eighteen months in the Crimea, and formed part of the Kertch expedition which cut the Russians off from supplying Sebastopol with provisions by that line of country. Quartered before and since that period both in England and our foreign and colonial possessions, Colonel Byrne has naturally seen much of men and things—

"Cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments."

He has raced, hunted, and played cricket and rackets in most places where the English flag flies, and has done well at all. From his earliest days fond of the Turf, he won his first race when quartered at Gibraltar in 1851, and has been particularly fortunate in military steeplechasing, having taken the Grand Military twice, and most of the other events several times. Cross-country sport was his first-love, but lately he has become more addicted to flat-racing. Some of his best chasers were Charleville, Lady Snerwell, Lopez, &c., and he took a fair amount of open handicaps with them.

Colonel Byrne has always been greatly interested in the work of the National Hunt Committee, and is a very active member of the same. He rarely, if ever, indeed, misses its meetings, and did good service on the sub-committee appointed to legislate on the question of the fences, what they should be, and how they should be made, and for the general revision of the G. N. H. rules.

Colonel Byrne is a good coachman, and at his place, Tekels Castle, near Frimley, and close to Bagshot Heath, he keeps a team of bays well known along the country side. Tekels, by the way, in old days was a haunt of Dick Turpin. Part of the castle had been allowed to fall into ruin, and that celebrated highwayman, from its contiguity to Bagshot and Hounslow Heaths, found it a very convenient receptacle for concealing the spoils of some of his robberies. Tekels was rebuilt and much enlarged some forty years ago by Captain Knight, from whom Colonel Byrne purchased it. He farms a little there, and, when his military duties will admit (he is quartered now at Colchester), is to be found pursuing the rôle of a country gentleman. His wife is a Spanish lady, a daughter of Don Pablo Larios, of Malaga, and niece of the Marquis de Larios, a great horse-breeder in his own country.

Singularly pleasing and courteous in manner and address, yet firm and determined in council and command, possessed of much natural *bonhomie*, of which his face is the expression, it would be singular if Colonel Byrne was not a man of many friends outside as well as inside the racing circle—friends who appreciate his sterling qualities and his genial nature.

SPORTING STATESMEN, AND SENATORS À CHEVAL.

HERODOTUS has been alternately styled the Father of Lies and the Father of History; ill-natured carpers and cynical critics may say that the one is the corollary of the other, and that cotemporary history is invariably warped by the political or polemical tendencies of the writer. Be that as it may—and granting that facts may be distorted, and motives imputed which never existed—we feel certain that Herodotus spoke truthfully, and probably from his own observation, when he tells us that the ancient Persians taught their boys three things: namely, to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth; and who will deny that a certain proficiency in these essentials of daily life enters into our conception of the English gentleman, and that, if he prove utterly inapt and incapable with horse and gun, cotemporary men and women will put him down in the category of those they deem “muffs” (the faster ladies will label them “duffers”); and if he prove shifty of tongue and equivocating of lip, he will lose caste altogether? It is not our

purpose here to draw a comparison between the ancient Persians—who, brought up even in the *gynæceum* in the way I have indicated, became good sportsmen and great warriors—and their somewhat degenerate descendants, who do *not* enclose great tracts of jungle *παράδεισος* for sporting purposes, just as our Norman ancestors did in Hampshire, and who *do* more or less correspond to the description given of them by the author of “Lalla Rookh:”—

“A Persian’s heav’n is quickly made,
’Tis but black eyes and lemonade,”

preferring houris to hunting, and sherbet to shooting; but we would propose to glance through the Valhalla of Englishmen who have been great as sportsmen as well as in statecraft; who have been able to lead a House as well as a Hunt, and who were none the less impressive in the senate because they were at home in the saddle—less weighty in council, because they were keen in the chase, and who illustrated in their careers the old rhymes—

“Hunting is the noblest exercise:
Makes men laborious, active, wise,
Brings health, and doth the spirits delight;
It helps the hearing and the sight.

“It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory—good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence.”

Nor need we go back to those earlier epochs of our insular story when the elements which, fused together in the crucible of time, have produced that mixed race which we call English were still jarring and antagonistic; nor need we dwell on the character of William the Conqueror, who, according to Somerville, first taught kennel discipline and true venerie to the Saxon churls whom he had overcome—a warrior, a statesman, and a sportsman *de la premier force*. Neither need we follow the Plantagenets—of whom the greatest took over, according to tradition, 120 couple of different kinds of hounds when he made his famous raid into France—in their various warlike and sporting expeditions. They were all brought up from childhood to arms, to chivalry, and the chase—even King John proving a good sportsman, if a paltry prince. Bluff King Hal, the eighth of the name, was in early life, as we know, a capital sportsman, though somewhat unfortunate in his domestic affairs; he is the hero of the quaint hunting ballad, part of which runs thus:—

“Behold the skyes, with golden dyes
Are glowing all around;
The grass is greene, so are the treene,
All laughing at the sound.

“The horses snort to be at the sport;
The dogges are running free;
The woddess rejoyce at the merry noise
Of Hey Tantara to see.

"Awake, all men, I say agen,
 Be merry as you maye!
 For Harry our king is gone hunting
 To bring his deere to baye."

These stanzas, with several others, were written by a Mr. Gray (a good poetic name), who seems also to have been a sort of hunting Laureate to the Duke of Somerset, the Protector, who, like all the Somersets, was bound to have been a sportsman as well as a statesman.

Now, without endorsing all Froude's views about his Mormonic Majesty, King Harry VIII. was emphatically a great statesman, and fills a large niche in the temple of historic fame. Of his daughter, good Queen Bess, we need not write much—a good sovereign, who ruled, and knew how to rule, a great nation in most critical times. She was also a very keen sportswoman, and the hours at which she rose from her virgin pillow to join "the glad throng" would be hardly appreciated by the sybarite sportsmen of the nineteenth century. Of James I. it may be said that he was a sedulous sportsman, if not a great one, constantly vacillating between the saddle and the council-chamber; while the two Stuarts were, if not consummate statesmen, sportsmen by instinct, breeding, and habit. Between them, however, came a man, Oliver Cromwell by name, who as a statesman raised England to the highest pitch of glory and *prestige*, and who, a consummate horseman, and the first cavalry officer of his day, may be said to have laid the foundation of England's hippic ascendancy, and to have fostered horse-breeding to an immense extent. It is one of the many unexploded fallacies of the day to think of Cromwell as of a man of mean or obscure family. He was nothing of the sort. A cousin to Hampden, one of the best-born men in England, though untitled, Cromwell could probably claim as good a pedigree and as many quarterings as any one of the Royalists; and, like Hampden, he probably learnt his horsemanship, and acquired his unerring eye for country, in the hunting-grounds of his native shire. But the Revolution of 1688 gave England a Prince who, great in war, was equally great in its "mimicry" and image, and who, when free from cares of state, was ever in the saddle, the keenest of pursuers and the most intrepid of riders; and the friend and the counsellor on whom he most depended was Bentinck, the ancestor of the present Duke of Portland, who, though he has not yet had opportunities of manifesting the statesmanlike qualities and sagacity of his family, has already taken a leading position on the English Turf, and proved as keen in the hunting-field as any of his ancestors. Nor is this slight praise, for Lord Henry Bentinck, so long associated with the Burton country, was a consummate sportsman and an almost unrivalled judge of horseflesh; while in Lord George Bentinck England possessed a princely patron of the national sport of racing—which he understood thoroughly—a good rider to hounds, and a statesman who might have risen to the highest rank if his tastes and pro-

clivities had not led him in another and opposite direction. The description given by Tacitus of one of the candidates for the imperial purple of Rome is very apposite to the late Lord George Bentinck, who was actually offered office, *capacem sed aspera autem*, while the grasp of his great mind was evidenced by the way in which he proposed to grapple with the Irish difficulty of 1846—an imperial question—by at once advancing £16,000,000 from the British Treasury for the construction of railways: a solution of the painful problem which, though it sounded costly at the moment, would have proved the truest economy of human life and national strength and treasure in the end, and would probably have obviated many of those miserable hand-to-mouth, catch-vote measures of unstatesmanlike statcraft, which, by alternate conciliation and coercion, by hectoring and yielding, have made the English rule in Ireland contemptible and almost impossible, save at the point of the bayonet and the edge of the sabre. Another Bentinck was Governor-General of India. A Duke of Portland was Premier; a third Bentinck administered the government of Jamaica for several years.

Apropos of Governors and Governor-Generals, the combination of great administrative talents and faculties with an intense keenness and aptitude for sport seldom received happier illustration than in the case of the late Lord Mayo, who proved so successful a Viceroy of our great satrapy of India, and whom Meath, Kildare, and the Shires still remember well as one of their foremost welters and best riders to hounds. As an M.F.H. Lord Mayo, then Lord Naas, showed that he could maintain the balance between the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*; and, while he made the day one of *pleasure*, and so far as he could of *sport*, to all who joined his pack—the Kildares—he maintained discipline very strictly, without appearing to make the slightest effort to do so. Nor was the average Kildare field an easy one to control effectually; for, with a couple of cavalry regiments within easy distance of most of his fixtures, gunners galore, and staff-men and linesmen by the score, most of them too instinct with the sentiment “competition is the soul of hunting,” it is not a simple matter to let hounds settle to the line, particularly when in his field there were several ex-masters—“*emeriti*,” so to speak, who fancied their experience ought to count for something—with a number of jealous “sprinters,” who would not be content with “Be with them I will or we will,” but “Be before these strangers and visitors *we must*.” Under these rather trying circumstances Lord Mayo managed his plethoric phalanxes admirably, and, though far too heavy to compete successfully in some of the flying bursts of seventeen and twenty minutes for which Kildare is famous with a good many of his field; by his quick decision, fine horsemanship, and by being able to fling himself off his hunter when he came to a huge up bank or extra deep drop, and jump *with* him without the loss of a second, he was well in most hunting runs, and occasionally led his hounds to victory without

professional assistance. Nor did Lord Naas achieve this venatic success by strong pulls at a plethoric purse, for he was comparatively speaking a poor man; nor were his political views by any means in accord with those of the great majority of tenant farmers in his large territory; but so impressed were the farmers that he was the right man in the right place, and so successful was his sporting sway, that they enclosed and planted a large gorse in a part of a grass country that seemed to need it, and presented it to the Hunt over which he presided so happily. This gorse is known now as "*Farmers' Gorse*," and has been the point of departure of many a good gallop and long hunting run. Lord Naas showed more than ordinary statesmanlike faculty when he undertook the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland at a time of great disturbance, poverty, and agrarian crime. His task was a difficult one, for the Conservatives do not hold power as the popular party; but by unswerving rectitude of purpose, firmness, and promptness, he became first of all *respected*, and then absolutely liked in his office. Nor is it likely that such a farcical fiasco as the financial siege of Limerick would have been enacted in his time. It is now the fashion to import Irish Secretaries from England and Scotland, but so far experience proves that *Home Rule* was the best. Mr. Horsman was another Irish Secretary who hunted regularly; indeed he said he had to do so to get through his days—a curious plea, and one which has never been repeated since. Mr. James Lowther was another Secretary for Ireland who—a sportsman *au bout des ongles*—showed that he possessed much senatorial power and vigour. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach too was not only a successful Secretary, but a hard man to hounds, and a keen all-round sportsman; while Lord Hartington, who rode hard and straight to hounds while holding the Irish portfolio, has since proved that he can cope with the difficulties of any Department of the State, and give a good account of his own and his party's measures to a listening senate. Nor is it a slender tribute to a comparatively young man's power and capacity to have been a short time ago in every one's mind (and mouth) as a possible and probable premier.

The Viceroyalty of Ireland is an office which seems naturally fitted for a scion of royalty, and it is generally thought, by men whose opinion carries weight, that a great mistake has been made by successive Governments in not making the Castle of Dublin and the Lodge in the Phoenix Park a royal residence, temporary or permanent. Such a measure would have harmonised amazingly the discordant elements of Irish society—would have probably checked absenteeism, by establishing a court which the aristocracy of the land could have looked up to as a social centre and a *reality*. And if the Royal Lieutenant of the Queen happened by fortunate coincidence to be endowed with sporting proclivities and tastes, he would have wielded the power that *was* the appanage of the chief of a Gaelic clan, in addition to the authority wherewith the law invested him. Nor was precedent wanting for such an appoint-

ment, as we find it very common in the Plantagenet era; nor was the dividing ditch considered such a formidable barrier, when small sailing smacks were the only links between the islands. But if royalty was denied, fortune or design granted to Ireland several viceroys of very sporting tastes. Lord Eglinton did not, I think, hunt in the Green Isle, but he was a thorough sportsman, and his reign was a splendid success. So was the Duke of Abercorn's, who hunted vicariously through his sons, confining himself to rifle practice. But during the long terms in which Lord Spencer has held the sword of state, emblem of English rule in Ireland, the Castle has been a great hunting centre. The Aides-de-camp have generally been *aides de chasse*, and a few of them, notably poor "Chicken" Hartopp and "Bay" Middleton, have attained a sporting celebrity co-extensive with the limits of the microcosm of the chase. In his first reign Lord Spencer certainly attained success. His personal popularity neutralised the impression made by certain measures of his government on some classes, while, as a constantly circulating sportsman who made sporting progresses through his proconsulate and saw things for himself, and conversed freely with men of all shades of politics and creeds, he became greatly liked and looked up to. In Lord Spencer's present government the ship of state has been exposed to terribly heavy seas, but the man at the helm has managed to keep her head to the wind, and has not let her drift on the rocks to her lee. An old M.F.H., with a very cold scent, a fox a good way ahead, and a terribly riotous and "thrusting" field, he has managed to hold on the line, and by-and-by the patient potter may be changed into a brilliant burst, when the indignant field will change their tone. Lord Spencer has a very correct and quick eye to hounds and country, and is a resolute rider, though it is remarked that he is not so well mounted as in old times, but then genuine hunters are far harder to secure than ever in Ireland. Lord Spencer has proved a most liberal patron to Irish sport, whether in the hunting or chasing fields. The last Duke of Marlborough's viceroyalty in Ireland was a thorough success. His Grace was a great angler, but did not hunt himself, though a patron of sport. His second son, however, Lord Randolph Churchill, who acted as his private secretary, was a conspicuous figure in the hunting field, and his sister Lady Georgina and Lady Randolph Churchill were wont to witch the world of Meath, Dublin, and Kildare with their graceful horsemanship. Lord Randolph has, I believe, tried his hand at hunting harriers lately, but it is since his father's viceroyalty that he has developed his great parliamentary-platform powers of persuasion. His chief, Sir Stafford Northcote, like all Devonshire squires, has been, I believe, through life a follower of hounds, and adds another happy instance to the alliance of sport and statesmanship.

The late Lord Clanricarde, if not absolutely an eminent statesman, was a power in the state, a *persona grata* as an ambassador, and certainly among the ten or fifteen best riders to hounds of his day. His son, the late Lord Dunkellin, was also a thorough sportsman

and a good rider, and he showed he had some power and "following" by upsetting the Government coach; but if we hark back a couple of generations we shall find an exemplar of a statesman-sportsman or sportsman-statesman in the great Duke of Wellington, who hunted the Peninsula with a scratch pack of hounds, till his lines at Torres Vedras enabled him to hurl his battalions on Soult and Suchet and Massena, and carry the war into France. But time would fail to tell of Fitzroys, Manners, Pelhams, and Beresfords who have been great in kennel, in council, and in debate; nor should we omit the name of Lord Richard Grosvenor from our catalogue of sporting senators. Fox was a sportsman, and Burke (highest authority of all) called hunting "one of the balances of the constitution."

If we look beyond our island empire to America, why, Washington, its greatest son and hero, began life, like all Virginian gentlemen, as a sportsman, and his fine horsemanship was always remarkable. The Tsar of Russia is said to be a great sportsman, and the Emperor of Germany has ever been a *Jäger*; while Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is not only a great constitutional king, but a keen fox-hunter; though the *haut faits* of his Kaiserin in the field are better known to English readers. Our George the Third, too, kept a pack of harriers; George the Fourth was on the Turf, and so was William the Fourth, the Sailor King. Nor should it be forgotten that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is not only eminent as a country gentleman, an agriculturist, and the head of English society, but as an all-round sportsman as well. It is many years since I saw him ride in the van of pursuit when the Duke of Beaufort's hounds had a most brilliant gallop from Bean Wood across the Sodbury Vale, a strongly-fenced line of grass; and Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, who had mustered strongly to the meet, rejoiced to see that their present Prince and the heir to the throne was a fine, bold, determined horseman.

I find I have omitted all mention of two most typical illustrations of the union of the highest gifts of statesmanship with great zest for and proficiency in hunting and field sports, namely, the late Lord Derby, the "Rupert of debate," and Lord Palmerston, who was almost the ideal sportsman-statesman, and who embodied many of the gifts and qualities that have made England great. The late Lord Beaconsfield, too, though practically unversed in woodcraft and venerie, showed in his literature that he had caught something of the spirit of sport.

"HOUNDS, PLEASE, GENTLEMEN!"

WHAT a magic thrill encompasses us at the sound of these words! How each sportsman wheels aside after his own graceful or ungainly fashion! How youth flutters frantically into the ditch with his wild-eyed one! How the lady drops her hand to the prancing excitement of her high-bred one! How the rough-rider quails, and dashes up a

side road, as his young one shakes his head savagely, and champs at his bit in his anxiety to dash amongst the hounds! How solemnly the master watches the parting of the throng, on which depends the safety of his pack, or perhaps the fortunes of a day's sport; and, lastly, how deftly the huntsman slips them along—a well-tutored pack heeds not an array of heels, be it great or small; trustful in their huntsman, they seem to enter thoroughly into the decorum of their precedence! Let us discourse on a huntsman's calling, taking the following as our prologue.

Ladies are 'cute observers of men and manners. In things appertaining to sporting, I would often rather go to a daughter of Diana for an unprejudiced opinion than to the squire, who invariably tinges his notions with partisanship or politics.

My scene is a fashionable meet. Under the shadow of a tall elm, bordering on a carriage-drive, is a pretty pony phaeton, wherein lounges a young married lady, looking charming in her furs, while her well-appointed groom stands at her ponies' heads. Of course she has a smile and a bow to give and receive from one and the other of the field as they arrive. Presently up comes one of her greatest lady friends, a veritable devotee to hunting, superbly mounted, and looking happiness itself. Circumstances prevent their embracing, but Eva (she of the riding habit) is proud of having won over Laura (Mrs. Suburban) to the chase, so far at least as to persuade her to drive to the meet with her new pony phaeton, even though her lord and master is a decidedly non-hunting man.

"Well, Eva, here I am, you see, taking copious notes. How nice you look! Why doesn't your brother stop and talk to me? Tell me who some of the people are? What a solemn-looking, plain man your huntsman is! I expected something much better-looking from your ecstasies about him."

Eva was hard-set to answer these queries in a breath, but she tried:—

"Oh, my brother has gone on to talk to the master about to-day's draw—to tell him that our earths are stopped, and that Mr. Talshot has beaten his coverts. My brother Dick is not very good company in the hunting-field, that is, with the ladies. He's too real—must be heart and soul in the sport, or not at all. Don't abuse my ideal, Will Statesman, Laura. He seldom gives any one more than a lift of his cap at the meet, and yet it's done so like a lord, isn't it? You see he is a sort of Minister of State; so much depends on him to-day that he may well be solemn. He has to think how he will draw the coverts; how his fox will probably run, having an eye to the wind; how scent will serve him; how his puppies will behave; how his whips are to be placed to the best advantage; how his field are to be indulged, and yet held in check; how he shall best encounter the railway and the brook, if hounds run that way; and how, having well found his fox, he can better hunt him, and best kill him, quicker than he ever did before. That makes 'Will' a solemn-looking, plain man to-day, Laura. Come with me

to the kennels to-morrow, and I will show him to you in quite another mood, with his nice long white jean coat on, walking in the park with his hounds, airing them. He will talk to you then by the yard of all his hunting experiences, quite like a gentleman, only a great deal better than most gentlemen do, because they do not thoroughly understand what they are talking about."

"Ah, Eva, the picture that you draw is very different from what Charles has always been instilling into me! Only last week he brought home, on his return from work, 'The Three Jovial Huntsmen,' merely remarking, 'Look, Laura, what fools people make of themselves pretending to go hunting.' I had always, I confess, pictured a huntsman as a jovial sort of rollicking man, who cheered everybody and everything, the fox and hounds included, and made everybody cheer too. Charles says it's a species of madness, akin to hydrophobia, only not quite so deadly, and considers shooting and fishing are elegant sciences in comparison with it. He has dug up some verses about it, and written them in his pocket-book. I think I can remember them:—

" 'Hunting is
Confusion, hazarding neck and spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine! "

What am I to say to him, Eva, when I get home? You see I want to take your side."

Eva, contrary to custom, nearly bit her lip. "Why, Laura, say you saw a man, looking like a parson, only in a red coat, surrounded by the most perfect set of animals in the shape of hounds that you ever beheld, and assisted by two younger men, answering to deacons or curates; that neither of them laughed or joked even, and that you thought they must be thinking over the next fox's funeral rather than of the hydrophobia that he had spoken of, or the freaks of 'The Three Jovial Huntsmen.' That you longed to see the next scene in the play, and that if he will only allow you to have two nice hunters, which his big business can well afford, your friend, Miss Scamper and her brother will be delighted to pilot and take care of you; and that if he wants to gain health (we'll say nothing about wealth) and wisdom, he will soon follow our example, and so put himself out of the perpetual risk of being peppered at battues, and having fatty degeneration of the heart by the time he reaches fifty."

"Oh, Eva, I'm afraid it's too late, but I'll try!"

This little confab is here broken off by "Hounds, please, gentlemen!" and Will Statesman moves off down the drive, past the pony carriage once more, on his way to draw. Eva kisses her hand to Mrs. Suburban, and catches hold of her dear favourite "Forester," mentally cogitating that she would not change places with Laura Suburban—no, not for all the counting-houses and velvet couches that gold could win.

Huntsmen (professional huntsmen, I mean) are expected to be paragons of perfection; and no set of men fall more under the keen

eye, tongue, and pen of the critic, or, considering their station of life, have more difficulties to encounter.

Mr. Tom Smith has laid it down in his admirable text-book that a perfect huntsman should possess "health, memory, decision, temper, and patience; voice and sight, courage and spirits, perseverance and activity."

There is a hunting sermon to be preached on each of these qualifications; but I will forbear "hanging" on many of them. Decision, to my mind, is the first qualification of a huntsman—a want of this will save the life of half the foxes he runs. Nerve to ride up to his hounds helps him in decision, because he is generally there to know exactly where a check or difficulty has occurred, and has a better chance of remedying it than having to act in the dark, or accept secondhand, often contradictory, versions from those who claim to have "seen it all." Temper, too, is an aid to decision. He who loses his temper generally makes a wrong decision, and persists in his mistake, all the time chewing the cud of bitterness or resentment. I never knew a passionate man a good huntsman.

Sagacity must be in hound and huntsman alike—both require an absolute knowledge of the animal they are hunting. The huntsman, beyond this, requires equal knowledge of the qualifications of each hound in his pack—where to be trustful, and where doubtful. His eye has to be quick, and he must avail himself of his knowledge of the country, of his fox, and of the *pros* and *cons* of his line. Many a fox owes his death to a huntsman's sagacity pitted against the animal's cunning. Mr. Tom Smith tells the story of the old fox that had beaten him all the season, invariably by running rings. This fox being an inveterate robber of hen-roosts, Smith consented to have one more try at him before the kennel doors were closed for the season. Found in his accustomed covert, he treated them to a couple of his usual rings, when Mr. Smith had the hounds stopped, and trotted back to an opposite point, where they met their old fox face to face, and so startled him out of his propriety that he went away straight on end for twelve miles, and was killed at the end of it.

Probably this was the true edition of the "old customer," that Jorrocks and James Pigg triumphed over in that "one other last day" from Pinchmenear Forest. Some people say that a huntsman should be "as hard as nails"—all the better for him if he is; but some of our best men do not look so physically strong: lean, wiry, weakly-built men, of essentially temperate and regular habits, are quite as great huntsmen as the close-knit, iron-framed men who are typical of their profession.

Old Charles Wells, Mr. Wicksted's huntsman in the Woore country, used to say, "Master finds horses, and I find neck." And well he carried out his maxim, for, loving his pack like his children, he never hesitated about being with them in the hunting field. Twice he fractured his ribs, and broke his collar-bone seven times. He was whip and huntsman in Bedfordshire for thirty-six years, and

then" stayed eleven years with Mr. Wicksted, when he went to Sir Thomas Boughy, and died at Aqualate in 1847.

Huntsmen should never attempt to deceive their hounds or their field. It is bad form to pretend to draw coverts in an afternoon without the remotest intention of finding, if it can be helped. It disgusts men with second horses, and it gets the owners of the coverts a bad name they don't deserve, as well as bringing obloquy on the master.

Some huntsmen are getting rather spoilt nowadays, and little wonder, when such darlings as Eva can be found among their admirers; but I contend, nevertheless, that a good huntsman cannot be spoilt—he must have a certain confidence in himself, his master, and, above all, in his field. If he knows he has his field with him, nothing so much helps him to show sport, because he knows that they will work for him, rather than against him. It does not help a huntsman in the estimation of his field to arrive at the meet on a fine morning in a great coat, muffler, and knee-caps (I am not sure that there was not a big cigar to boot), as one did the other day.

How much a huntsman has to con over every evening by his own quiet fireside! As Tom Smith says, "I would not give much for the huntsman that could not, before he goes to sleep, account in his own mind for the losing of his fox, and thus work out his casts to a greater perfection." Old Jim Hills was perhaps as good company as any huntsman of his day, and I never enjoyed a hunting evening more than when he used to dine with us at Chipping Norton in his palmy days, and refresh us with his wonderful fund of sporting stories. Poor old fellow, he kept his associates in the asylum alive in his closing years by his repeated view halloas, and his perpetual rattling him away from Bradwell or Farmington Grove, reminding me forcibly of the Yorkshire potter who turned somnambulist, and would not allow his poor wife any rest at night, continually banging the oven door, and calling out, "Change here for Scarbro', Driffeld, and Hull!"

Almost as many traps are set for the huntsman as the fox—owners of coverts, gamekeepers, earth-stoppers, poachers, and even the master himself has sometimes designs upon him, which are hard to foresee and difficult to overcome, severe tests to the temper and habits of a man who stands in need of encouragement. Writing of traps, a good old story is told of a Mr. Cherry, who was such a devoted adherent of the Stuart dynasty that, finding that King William III. was passionately fond of hunting, he formed the curious design of ridding his country of a usurper by regularly joining in the Royal Hunt, and putting himself foremost, taking the most desperate leaps in the hope that the King might break his neck in following him. One day, however, Mr. Cherry accomplished one so imminently dangerous that the King when he came to the spot shook his head, and drew back. Here is a neat idea for the Irishmen, although they will probably find that Lord Spencer is quite able to hold his own with the best of them. Huntsmen have now some brilliant

examples before them of the good men who have risen to be ornaments to their profession, and already we have great families of huntsmen, like there are among cricketers. It seems to run in the blood. The Maidens, the Sebrights, the Hills, the Dales, the Longs, the Boxalls, Paynes, and Goodalls, all inherit more or less the gift of being huntsmen.

Have they not too nowadays a pension fund, the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, to brighten their prospects in declining years? No fear now of the old hunt servant finding the workhouse his only resource. My avocation takes me much about workhouses, and not long ago I was entertained by a characteristic story of an old pauper. He was a nice, clean-shaved, well-behaved man, and had all the indulgences that the master could reasonably give him. Often he was seen of an afternoon with all the boys in the establishment, marshalling them round the yard with his stick, and talking to each by a name of his own, much to the boys' amusement.

"What's up, John?" asked the master.

"Oh, sir, I'm only airing the young dog-hounds! Coup, lads, coup! Aren't they a nice likely looking lot?—not over-level, but pretty straight in the leg—and plenty of tongue, sir." And so he went down to his grave a forgotten favourite, yet a happy huntsman. I hope all the Miss Scampers and Mrs. Suburbans will think of this, and go in strongly for this glorious hunt superannuation fund.

Christmas has passed, and New Year's Day dawns upon us. Remember, one and all, that in spite of our talk last month about "Jumping Powder," it is "Hounds first, please, gentlemen!" You spirited Eton, Harrow, and Winchester boys—you mashing undergraduates, you pushing Sandhurst or Woolwich cadets, and you tailors and tailoresses fresh from your festivities, keep this maxim always in mind, if you wish to excell as sportsmen—never jump into a field till you are quite sure that the hounds are holding a line across it. If you do, perchance you will find that you have over-ridden the scent, and that the fox has crossed under the very hedgerow that you have incautiously jumped; for this you will be a marked man. Watch the leading hounds, and never ride after them—a little to the right or left of them. Never speak to the man at the helm unless he speaks to you; and don't jump on your greatest enemy, or you may bring on you the anathemas of the master. It was Assheton Smith, I think, who rated a bold dragoon for having jumped upon a well-known parson in Leicestershire, and the soldier excused himself by saying that he had only a snaffle bridle on his horse, and could not hold him. "Then, sir, the sooner you go home and get a double one the better," was the master's rejoinder. Another story of Carter's about Assheton Smith illustrates what has been said about huntsmen. He used to say "I ride to hunt, master hunts to ride," and this is too true of some masters, and the vast majority of hunting men in the Shires and Midlands. George Carter was a wag in his way. While hunting the Tedsworth he was continually worried by a certain noble lord, a

good fox preserver, but of a very excitable turn of mind, continually overriding his hounds at a check. George turned round quietly one day to an old friend, saying "I heartily pray that Lord —— may hunt hounds himself some day, and that he may have another lord exactly like himself among his field."

"A word 'ere we start," says Warburton:—

"The order of march and the due regulation
That guide us in warfare, we need in the chase :
Huntsman and whip each his own proper station ;
Horse, hound, and fox, each his own proper place."

And again—

"How trifling a cause will lose us a run !
From the find to the finish how few see the fun !
A mischance it is call'd, when we come to a halt—
I ne'er heard of one who confessed it a fault,
Yet we're all of us tailors in turn !"

BORDERER.

ABOUT WAGERING AND GAMBLING.

HAVING for some time past been anxious, through the pages of 'Baily's Magazine,' to address to the lovers of our sports and pastimes some words on the subject of "wagering," and having obtained a recently published text-book, entitled 'The Laws relating to Betting, Time Bargains, and Gaming,' by G. H. Stutfield, to give me some guidance, I shall now, with the Editor's permission, carry out my intention.

There are other works on the subject, as well as that of which the name has just been given. There is, for instance, 'Games, Gaming, and Gamester's Law,' published eleven years ago, the author being Frederick Brandt, barrister; it is dedicated "To the most honourable the Marquis of Westminster, a liberal patron and encourager of all lawful games, sports, and pastimes." It is, however, no part of my present intention to make a catalogue of the literature of the subject; all I shall attempt is to offer a few illustrations, in familiar style, of the law as it now stands. My reasons for doing so are simple enough. One can scarcely now get through the reading of one's daily paper, without coming on some such paragraph as "Prosecution for ready-money betting," or such pertinent questions as, "Are lotteries held at bazaars legal?" or "Is it lawful to raffle for a Christmas goose?" "May we play cards in private dwelling houses for stakes of any amount?" In fact, during the year that has just been hid in the bosom of time, the gambling laws, written and unwritten, have been the subject of frequent discussion. As a friend of mine says, "It is so very odd that half-a-dozen friends may not do in a club or other public house what it is quite competent for them to do at home, that one would like to know the reason why;" and there are many other matters of

a cognate kind, about which the practice of the law is so clouded that the breezes of logic are much needed to clear the clouds away.

The subject of "Wagering" is undoubtedly a wide one, embracing many varied topics, but it is one which I cannot hope to discuss, far less effectually dissect, in a single 'Baily' paper, indeed each branch of it would require a separate essay to itself; for the present, therefore, I shall be quite pleased to handle its fringes—hoping for a future opportunity to discuss it at greater length, with the necessary quantum of philosophy.

"Lotteries" as known in the long ago have been dead for about sixty years—declared illegal, and been put to rest by the strong hand of the law, and any attempt to revive them is at once howled down in the most vigorous manner, chiefly by the church. At one time small lotteries—"little goes," as they were called—were all the rage in this country, so much so that they increased in number and flourished exceedingly; and although they were fulminated against by the "unco guid," and laws were enacted for their suppression, it was all in vain; ways and means were devised of driving the proverbial coach-and-four through the various statutes; the people liked the excitement of these ventures, and would patronise them. At one period a million and a-half sterling was subscribed in the space of sixty days for a big lottery at Mercers' Hall, an enormous sum at that time, equal to more than two millions to-day, as money goes now. Just before Queen Anne's time, and for a few years after her accession, nothing was so small or trivial that it might not become the subject of a lottery—gloves, fans, silk hose, and wares of every sort were "lotteried" day by day, the tickets, in some instances, being as low as sixpence each. As a matter of course, the private lottery system gave rise to a fearful amount of swindling, and but for that fact legislation might have been longer in being brought to bear on that kind of gambling; but as all sorts of adventurers rushed into the business, the dishonest nature of many of the schemes soon became so palpable that authority could not overlook them; and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that an Act of Parliament was passed in the tenth year of the reign of Queen Anne, subjecting the keepers of such lotteries to a penalty of 500*l.*; and in 1716, by another statute, all lotteries and undertakings resembling lotteries were declared illegal, and forbidden under a penalty of 100*l.* over and above (in addition to, that is) the penalties imposed by previous Acts.

As showing how varied lotteries were at the period referred to, the following example is given in Brandt's book on 'Games and Gaming.' "In May 1715, a year previous to the passing of the last-mentioned Act, the proprietors of Sion Gardens advertised a very curious scheme for disposing of the deer in their park. They appointed the afternoons of Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays for killing the animals. The public were admitted to witness the operation at a shilling a head, but those who took tickets from the amount of from four to ten shillings were entitled to different parts

of the deer. The quantity killed was divided into sixteen lots, and the first choice depended on the numbers on the tickets. A ten-shilling ticket holder was entitled to a fillet, an eight-shilling ticket holder to a shoulder, and so on. I have not been able to discover the exact mode in which the details of this quasi-lottery were managed, but no doubt chance came in as an ingredient in the transaction."

As a matter of course, if Parliament had the power to declare certain kinds of lotteries illegal, it had equally the power to legalise others, so in the ninth year of the reign of George II. Parliament passed an Act for building Westminster Bridge by lottery, and subsequently other lotteries were authorised for its completion. I have not at present the particulars of any of these schemes before me, but I presume they were something after the fashion of others of the same description—that is to say that a subscription of perhaps half a million of money was authorised to be raised by means of a lottery, one moiety to be used for the erection of the bridge, the other to be returned to the various ticket-holders in what were called "capital" or small prizes: in other words, in sums ranging in amount, probably, from 20,000*l.* to 20*l.* These schemes, as was natural enough, promoted gambling in a high degree, and very likely to a mischievous extent—all kinds of people speculated in them, who ought never to have done so; and whenever some person, who was not expected ever to do wrong, came to grief, or, as the saying is, "got into trouble," "Oh, it's all along of these lotteries!" was the ready excuse set up for him, just as to-day the blame of many crimes is laid at the door of horse-racing.

I have no desire to flourish a red rag in the face of public opinion, but I have always held, and still hold, that the sort of people alluded to, as the victims of lotteries and betting, had no need of any one's sympathy, or at any rate, seldom or never deserved it; such persons, like those moths which *will* flutter round the candle, are sooner or later certain to meet their fate. If there were no public-houses there would be fewer drunkards, say the teetotalers. Just so. And if no ropes were ever spun, or razors made, there might perhaps be fewer suicides; the one argument is just as relevant as the other. In a large town in Scotland, some years ago a shopwoman robbed her master's till, that she might have plenty of money to buy "sweeties" to give to the children she taught in a Sabbath school; now if Sabbath schools had never existed, that girl might have remained honest. But we can afford to smile at the sort of argument these propositions point to, and, smiling accordingly, let us pass them. In the year 1826, lotteries, so long a "servant of the state" were abolished, but the world, I think, is not much the better. No sooner were the lotteries abolished than betting on horse-racing became a popular rage—in fact, the love of wagering is a part of our natural disposition and national life, and which no Act of Parliament will ever be able to stamp out; and I hope, although I am all against what is called "gambling," that the day is far distant

which will show us an Englishman who dare not back his opinion. When the lottery fell, other means of speculation still existed, and became all the more prominent—one of these may be appropriately referred to at the present time. The Stock Exchange and its time bargains still remain to us; and where can there be found a more wonderful gambling arena than is to be found in the Stock Exchange?—where day by day “differences” to the extent of probably a million sterling are incurred—nineteen-twentieths of the said differences, be it here observed, being the result of sheer gambling!*

With the suppression of the state lotteries passed away for a time that period so well pictured by Charles Lamb, when so many men walked the streets for days with an imaginary fortune in their pockets of twenty thousand pounds. What curious revelations of the period have been made every now and then—what stories of fortune falling unexpectedly on men who had previously been all but beggars! What dreams of luck, too, used to be at times related, of numbers of tickets seen in dreams, and of other omens of success. There is, for instance, the dream of the family who, curiously enough, found their fortune in the Bible—a queer guide to the lottery undoubtedly. I have now but an indistinct recollection of this story, or where I read it, but it was boldly told to the following effect: The father of a family, a small printer in an English provincial town, dreamt one Sunday evening that a voice said to him, as he lay asleep, “You will find what your wife wants in the Book of Numbers.” As he sat at breakfast on Monday morning he could not help mentioning what he had dreamt, and wondering what his wife wanted that could be found in that portion of the Bible.

“Oh, it’s the lottery-ticket mamma wants—the big prize that she says she feels sure she will obtain some day!” said one of the daughters of the house, in response to her father’s story.

Whilst they were engaged speaking, another daughter had gone to her bedroom for her Bible, which she returned with immediately, saying, “It is very curious, but I dreamt two nights since that there was a fortune in the twelfth chapter of Numbers, and that it was contained in the part from the ninth to the twenty-fourth verse, but although I have looked over it I can get no clue.”

* In order to plain-sailing, I may perhaps be permitted, before going further, to say that what I mean by “gambling” is not the subscribing of half-a-crown, or even a whole crown, to a Derby or other “sweep.” That is in no sense *gambling*, if the subscriber can afford to pay the money without crippling his resources. A man only “gambles” in my opinion when he goes out of his depth, when he trenches on his means to such an extent that ruin is likely to follow failure to win what he has gambled for. And that is one of the reasons why I am so much in favour of ready-money betting, as will be explained before I have done. There is all the difference in the world, especially in the result if not in the principle, between the man who keeps his speculative propensities within the limit of his means, and the other man who, having no means worth speaking about, gambles to get them. In my humble opinion the gambler is, in reality, a person who cannot pay when he loses, but who greedily grabs the money when he wins.

While this conversation had been proceeding, a deformed boy, the eldest son of the gentleman, had been so evidently anxious to speak that his father said to him, "Well, Tom, my lad, can you solve the riddle?"

"Yes, I can, pa," was the quick response. "I know what is meant; I've had a share of the dream."

"Well, then, tell me all about it."

"I thought I was at school, and that the teacher gave us a lesson in arithmetic; it was—count the words in the twelfth chapter of Numbers, from the ninth to the twenty-fourth verse; then multiply the words by the number of verses, and the number that gives by the number of *ones* you will find in them."

"Well?" said the boy's mother eagerly.

"Well, ma, I did it," said Tom; "and I was the only one that did it correctly. When the master asked me for the result, I said 89,600, and he said, 'Yes, my lad; that's correct; that's the ticket.'"

There arose then a flutter in the bosoms of all present. Was there a lottery on then? No—but there might soon be one? Yes. And so there was; for in the course of a few weeks there was announced a state lottery for a large amount, with, as usual, many capital prizes. The hero of the dream now became excited. Was a dream worth heeding? he asked. But when he put the question, he was answered promptly that it was—of course it was; thousands had been won before by the means of a dream, and what had come to pass once might come to pass again. So it might, and so the ticket was bought and carefully locked away, and for weeks much of the talk in that excited household began with, "If our ticket should be a big prize!" And strange to say, a big prize it was, £20,000, and all the result of a dream—and a dream, too, in which the Bible played such a striking part!

Now let it not be sneeringly said, as is often the case, that such stories are never true, for such dreams have been dreamt and will be dreamt again; and when a history of the lottery and its surroundings comes to be written, there will doubtless be recorded in its pages many such tales.

Although the subject of the state lotteries is fascinating, I must leave it for the present. I hope I have made it understood that the Acts directed against private lotteries were for the purpose of affording protection to the "great goes" of the state; it was the "little goes" of private speculators that were so much persecuted; just as to-day the man who bets five shillings in cash is hunted down, while another who bets his hundreds on "the nod" is, so to say, protected. The only lotteries which are now legal, or, so to speak, protected by Act of Parliament, are the various Art Unions; an Act (7 & 8 Victoria) was passed "to indemnify persons connected with Art Unions and others against penalties." But, in the very teeth of that fact, lotteries of a kind still flourish, their advertisements, being flaunted before the eyes of the authorities with the

most perfect impunity. I am here alluding to the sales of that description which constantly take place at church bazaars, and which their apologists say should be excused on account of the good object in view. To that I say "No," and I wish it to be understood that I say it emphatically. There is never a Christmas season that comes round, but we find that the landlord of "The Three Tuns," or of some other public-house, is pounced upon for promoting or allowing a goose-club to be held in his house. The bazaar lottery for a grand piano or a pictorial fire-screen, a fancy carpet or a big easy-chair, is to be winked at, but the Paddington turkey raffle must be frowned down, or be dropped on by the police. "What in the officer is but a choleric word is in the soldier flat blasphemy," and so poor Tom Cox must not be permitted to risk his bob in a goose-club. The charity or church bazaar lotteries are in their way quite as demoralising and inimical as the goose-clubs. There is the "fish-pond," for example. You pay half-a-crown for the chance of picking up something of more value than the money you give; and I know from long experience that the desire to get something more than value for your money, even at a bazaar, largely blots out the feeling that, "If you lose, it is all the more to the charity." A resolution has been come to by the "authorities" of Birmingham to put down bazaar lotteries; I shall be curious to know if it succeeds, and if any other town follows the example.

Passing from lotteries and the lottery days, it may prove of interest to set down here a list of games and sports and pastimes that are still legal :—

Backgammon.	Curling.	Putting the Stone.
Bagatelle.	Dominoes.	Quoits.
Billiards.	Draughts.	Rackets.
Boat-races.	Fives.	Rowing.
Bowls.	Football.	Skittles.
Chess.	Foot-races.	Tennis.
Cricket.	Golf.	Whist.
Croquet.	Knurr and Spell.	Wrestling.

Horse-racing is not, it will be seen, included in the list; but neither is it included in the category of unlawful games or pastimes. But all games of skill, athletic sports, and cards, are still legal, except the following, which are banned: Ace of hearts, basset, dice or backgammon, hazard, passage, lotteries (Art Unions excepted), pharaoh, roulette, or roly-poly. Besides these a great number of games and pastimes have died out or become illegal without the aid Parliament.

At the present time the largest amount of pure "wagering" under the name of "betting," takes place on horse-racing. Card-playing, of course, is largely indulged in; but it is a pastime which does not give rise to public betting. Billiard-matches incite to a good deal of wagering, but not to an extent at all comparable with what takes place on the turf. Racing feats take place on a wide arena; to witness the decision of such events as the races for the

Derby and St. Leger Stakes hundreds of thousands of persons will gather themselves together, each more eager and interested than the other. Why? Some for pure love of sport, some from their sheer love of gambling, as betting of all kinds is called. After the decision of these races, and also after the decision of some of the more popular handicaps, an immense amount of money will change hands—half a million probably in some years, a whole million on some occasions—the total sum being made up of a vast number of “differences.”

The Derby is undoubtedly, of all others, the most popular betting race; men venture their dollar, or their sovereign, on a Derby horse who will not have another bet in all the twelve months which compose the year. Then there are the numerous Derby sweeps. Where is there a town in all England in which there is not to be found at the proper time a Derby sweep, or, for the matter of that, half-a-dozen or a whole dozen of them? In London, as is well-known, there are thousands of these institutions—in nearly every warehouse, workshop, club, and public-house they are arranged; the stakes may be as low as sixpence in some of them, and as high as five or ten guineas in others, just as is suitable. But the police—do not the police interfere with these sweeps? Of course they do! Every year, as the Derby comes round, we find a police prosecution, the victim as a rule being some poor publican who panders to the sinners who frequent his house by getting up a Derby sweep. We never hear, however, of the prosecution of any of the larger clubs, where, I believe, sweeps are just as illegal as they are in a public-house. It was well said, two or three years ago, by a county magistrate who had been summoned to sit in judgment on the village publican for the crime of allowing a sweep to be held in his house, that in this instance he administered the law with the greatest possible reluctance. “I am punishing you,” he said, “for giving persons here, who have a shilling to spare, the same opportunity as was given to me in one of the London clubs, where I put my pound into a Derby sweep. I am bound to convict; but I shall make the penalty as light as possible, and, more than that, I will pay it myself, and I hope that any of my brother magistrates who are placed in similar circumstances will do the same.” When I read that little story, I said mentally to myself, “Bravo, my good magistrate; you are certainly one of the fine old country gentlemen sort!”

But of all the “fads” (the reader will, I hope, excuse the vulgarity) connected with wagering that has cropped up during these recent years, the denunciation of ready-money betting certainly is the most extraordinary. “Ready money-betting is illegal!” Monstrous! Why should betting for ready money be illegal, if betting on credit be competent; if betting of any kind be competent assuredly it ought to be betting for ready money, than which there should be no other kind of betting? The rules of logic were surely never so defied as when it was decreed that betting by means of the payment of ready money should be *illegal*. Let me not be misunderstood;

I am using here popular phraseology ; probably, by an interpretation of the law, there is no such thing as legal betting—indeed, one would naturally suppose that all kinds of betting are illegal. Bets, popularly speaking, are not recoverable at law, hence bets are illegal. This is a subject upon which I have written before, although not in the pages of ‘Baily,’ and my argument on that occasion was that it was in the very nature of the matter that betting ought to be for ready money only. Surely if betting for ready money be bad, betting on credit is worse. Everything points to the probability that betting, when it began, was for ready money, and for ready money only. “I’ll bet you a crown,” said Bob. “Done with you,” said Dick ; “down with your money.” And there and then the matter was clenched, the crowns were given to a person to hold, and duly paid over when the event wagered upon was decided. Why should it not be so to-day ? With the advent of the credit system in wagering came in the “blacklegism” of the turf, the frauds and swindles, the poisoning, and pulling, and scratching, with which we are now so familiar. Judging from the bent of legislation, it seems to me that what our parliamentarians are so sore at is that betting should have been fostered into a trade requiring the intervention of that middleman, the obnoxious bookmaker ; but it is every way better that it should be so. I cannot conceive of any spectacle that is more humiliating or more immoral, than a man *doing* his personal friends over the Derby or any other races. But that, as I read the signs of the times, is what some people desire—to them the professional bookmaker and his doings is utterly abhorrent ; but I trust, if horse-racing is to endure, and betting to continue, that the office of the book-maker will be magnified, and, as I once recommended in another periodical, that he will be licensed—not only so, but that he will pass a stamped voucher of his transactions. In addition, I would have rigorous ready-money betting, or at all events daily settlements ; if the parties met an hour before the beginning, or an hour after the conclusion, of the meeting it would afford them ample time to square their accounts. As the *Edinburgh Review* put the case a few years ago : “If a man were compelled to deposit his stake every time he made a bet, he would be more cautious in betting. ‘Put me down the odds to a monkey’ is easy to say, but it is not so easy to pay, and were it to pay at the moment, the chances are that no monkey would be put down.” The effect of the “licensed bookmaker” would be to squelch the welsher most effectually. “Show me your licence !” would settle the case. For my part, I dislike exceedingly betting between private friends. Think of Captain Bobadil laying Captain Semple 100 to 20 against a horse which he *knows* won’t run in the particular race it is being booked to win. It may be said, of course, that the bookmaker has the same knowledge, and so he may, but then the bookmaker is neither your mess-fellow nor your private friend. All things considered, I much prefer betting with a bookmaker, when he is a safe man—you are in that case sure of your money, which is not always the case when you bet with a

private friend, and in such private betting many things that will not bear the light of day are done.

A propos to the welsher. How is it that these blackguards cannot be punished? A welsher does neither more nor less than obtain your money by false pretences; why then should he not be imprisoned when his fraud is found out? "But it is betting, you know," will be said, "and the law does not recognise betting." Welshing is not betting; the welsher is simply a thief, and should be treated as such, not by Judge Lynch on the race-course, but by the magistrate, "nine months with hard labour" would very speedily thin off the welshing fraternity.

Harking back for an instant to the arguments in favour of a ready-money system of betting, it is pretty certain that, if a man were required to table his five, ten, or twenty sovereigns every time he made a bet, bets would speedily become fewer, and less would be heard of the iniquities and crimes of the Turf. When a man has betted for a week at Epsom or Ascot, and the luck has gone against him, he will stick at nothing to settle his account, for he may have interests at stake that demand imperatively that he should pay up. In my opinion, a man would not deliberately pawn his wife's jewels to obtain a sum with which to make a ready-money bet; but there are circumstances under which he would do so in order to settle, if he had been betting on credit. The following is a case in point: A man a few years ago lost a heavy sum at Doncaster during the St. Leger week. He knew that on the following Monday he *must* pay, otherwise a fine bet of five thousand to fifty which he had on the approaching Cesarewitch would be at once scratched, the horse backed having in the interval become a favourite. In such a case, settlement must take place, and, in the case I am referring to, did take place; but I am not at liberty to state how the thirteen hundred pounds required were obtained. Happily the matter came right in the end—the horse backed won the Cesarewitch, and, as the proverb tells us, all is well that ends well.

Here for the present I shall call a halt; not that my subject is done with—by no means; but as I have a notion of returning to the subject I shall not exhaust it. As to what I have said regarding ready-money *versus* credit betting, there will doubtless be differences in opinion. Be it so. What I have said is not to be taken as a laying-down of the law, it is only an individual argument, and must rest over my own signature—

FORTUNATUS.

THE RECIPROCITIES OF FOX-HUNTING.

"THE ever-reviving question of 'Farmer and Fox-hunter' again!" some of our readers may possibly exclaim as they leave these pages uncut, and skip on in search of a more congenial subject. "Surely by this time we know the rights, duties, and liabilities of every one concerned!" will be the remark of others; while perhaps sterner critics still will summarise the whole matter in the single word "Bosh!" Well, at the outset we may plead guilty to handling a subject that has received attention before in one form or another; though, as all that has been said and written has failed to leave an impression, we have deemed it worth while, in the interest of genuine fox-hunters, to draw attention to one or two points which are but too frequently overlooked, however well known they may be. There could hardly be a better peg upon which to hang an article on "reciprocities" than a letter from a Yorkshire gentleman that appeared in *Bell's Life* of the 20th ult. The writer, who appears to be engaged in breeding operations, says that, owing to hounds running through his pastures when not expected, he has lost £7000 by his mares getting frightened, galloping through gates that have been carelessly left open; and then, from the combined effects of fright and over-exertion, slipping their foals. It was only last year that Lord Zetland's hounds, though they met nearly a dozen miles away, ran over this gentleman's land; and from the causes above mentioned one mare slipped her foal that died; while a second matron gave birth to a cripple. Surely facts like these speak for themselves, and should teach a lesson to the most heedless fox-hunter that ever threw in his lot with hounds; to all they offer matter for very serious reflection; and, after due reflection, the only conclusion to be arrived at is that hunting will materially suffer in the future unless there be a change in the manner in which it is carried on.

It is not, however, the question of damage to farmers and land-owners that has alone to be considered. The duty of the field to those over whose ground they ride is only one of a series of reciprocities; for those who come out to enjoy themselves owe something to the master, who in his turn has duties to discharge towards farmers and covert owners; and these, though in the main the finders of sport, owe a something towards the hunt. In the following remarks, then, we propose to discuss the basis on which fox-hunting, or indeed all hunting must rest, if it is to continue, and to contrast it with what is now actually taking place; and in doing this we shall speak of the obligations of all concerned. Hunting only lives on sufferance, and is, from first to last, a system of give and take—a simple truism that is too often lost sight of.

As nearly all complications arise out of misunderstandings with farmers and the owners of coverts, we may begin with them. We are repeatedly reminded of the benefits hunting brings in its wake.

It keeps country gentlemen at home in the winter, when, if it were not for hunting, they would be down the Straits in a yacht, or wintering in some much more genial climate. It finds the farmer in a ready market for his hay, oats and straw; and brings grist to the mill of butcher, baker, grocer, saddler, blacksmith, tailor, and tradesman of every kind; while it also furnishes employment for a large number of people in the form of kennel servants and grooms. These are adduced as some of the advantages to be traced to hunting; and were the sport to be abolished it would, we are told, bring loss to all these classes, as well as to several others. To a certain extent this is true, but, unluckily, only to a certain extent; though we admit that the giving up of hunting throughout the length and breadth of England would be little less than a national calamity, seeing that of the large sum now spent in hunting, in the aggregate not less, probably, than between two and three millions, a large proportion would be directed into other channels, and be spent out of the country. It may therefore be granted that, so far as the whole of England is concerned, a large number of persons directly benefit from hunting, but it is an absolute fallacy to imagine for one instant that those who suffer most by it—the farmers—get as much in return as they ought, in many countries at least.

Let us look at the farmer's position. He either owns or rents land out of which he hopes to make a living. In some countries he has very little grass, in others very little arable land. We have never been among those who believe that a field of any kind is, in ordinary circumstances, much harmed by men riding over it, though the hoof-marks are of course an eyesore. In very wet weather, and on strong clay soil the greatest harm is done. But it must be remembered that nowadays hunting countries are subdivided until each one contains but a comparatively small area, and, were it not for an abnormal supply of foxes, no country in England could stand the number of hunting days it has to afford. This state of things involves, first, far larger depredations by foxes than when an area equal to three or four countries, as at present constituted, only sufficed for two days a week, and when hounds were kennelled here and there, and only hunted for a month or six weeks in a season in each division of their country. Secondly, small countries necessitate each holding being much more often crossed than they were under the old style, so that, whatever may be the pecuniary loss occasioned by a single visit, the total damage for the season sustained by each farmer may be set down as ten or twelve times that of a single day. Nor is it only with one pack of hounds that the farmer has to do. Take a hunting map in your hand, reader, and look at the configuration of some hunts. See how this long and winding one has its head just in between two other countries; how it throws a limb into two others on the right; how it boasts but a few acres of its own on the left, where it meets other hunts. A fox found anywhere near such junctions must perforce soon leave his own country, and then master and field are indebted

to their neighbours for the ground to gallop over—ground that is probably pretty well worked by its own pack. Observe, again, how many points there are at which three or four hunts meet. Each pack will be in that corner about once a week, and the farmers who happen to live there find their land ridden over with inconvenient frequency, to the certain destruction of fences. And all this liberty and licence to gallop anywhere is granted voluntarily on the part of the farmer, who has but to lift his finger to keep his farm as private as the squire's vineyard or tennis-lawn. Surely no one will deny that hunting men to whom such freedom is allowed have duties to perform—duties as imperative as though they were embodied in a document duly signed, sealed and delivered.

The least that hunting men can do is to ride carefully. Yet how often do we see men making fresh gaps all along a fence (hounds not running at the time), when they might just as well avail themselves of those already existing, the work of some previous incursion. Shutting of gates, too, should not be overlooked, though it is, even when the harm of leaving them open is self-evident. But we may pass by the question of riding to hounds, as we have already dealt with it, and go on to another, and, if possible, a more important matter. As we mentioned above, it is claimed for hunting that it finds the farmer in a ready market for his hay, oats, and straw. In too many instances it does nothing of the kind, and, to put the matter plainly, a very large number of farmers have to put up with whatever loss occurs to them, without getting anything in return—not even cheap civility. This is certainly not as it should be, and small wonder that farmers seem less zealous in the cause of fox-hunting than they used to be. If every hunting man were to go to the farmers of the district and buy what he required from them, they would snap their fingers at damage; and claims for poultry—an ever-increasing item in hunt expenditure—would decrease. In a few out-of-the-way “unfashionable” countries, where the fields are recruited entirely from residents, there may not, perhaps, be so much to complain of in this respect, because, for the most part, hunting will be less of a business than an incident in the life of a country gentleman, who will not be overhyped in keeping the number sufficient to enable him to appear with tolerable regularity with his home pack, and who will not therefore find it necessary to have recourse to ill-advised economy. Moreover, in the few primitive places now left to us, there are not the same facilities for getting forage from a distance. In hunts like these, however, farmers rarely complain; fields are small, and nearly every one contributes in kind towards hunting. If A rides over B's land to-day A will find the galloping ground for to-morrow. But in hunts near large towns, and in countries affected by visitors, things are very much the other way. It too often happens that men horse and overhorse themselves, and, forgetful of their obligations, are driven to save sixpence wherever they can, to make both ends meet. We only wish that hunting men and masters of hounds had our opportunities of hearing what goes

on, and what farmers really say to it. They would find that men with large fortunes, a stable full of horses, and who hunt their five or six days a week, have their horses foraged by contract from London or some other city; or buy their oats in Scotland, or join some friend in buying a shipload at some of our ports. "Rubbish!" some one will say—"foreign oats, except New Zealand oats, are not good for hunters." We beg, however, to state that we know as a fact of a shipload having been bought recently, and the oats divided among stables miles and miles away; and we also know of oats being procured from Ireland and Scotland, by persons who do not possess an acre of land in either place, and brought into a country in which high-class oats are grown. Less than a month ago, a farmer to whom we were talking on this subject said, "There are upwards of fifty horses kept within an easy walk of my house, and they eat more oats than I and my neighbours could supply, yet I have a lot of old ones by me that I can't sell, as most of the horses are foraged by contract, and the rest of the gentlemen get their oats from —; I have sold about 10*l*. worth of straw, and three tons of carrots to them." So much for hunting finding a ready market for the farmer's forage; and many other farmers, in many other countries, could tell the same tale. It is bad enough for the ordinary hunting man to go to a distant market; but it is ten times worse for a master of hounds to do so, as he, who can only get a return for the trouble and expense incidental to his office by the co-operation of farmers, could not hit upon a more certain plan of alienating the goodwill of those who have rightly been called "the backbone of hunting." Yet we regret to state that we know of some M.F.H.'s who do not hesitate to get their forage from a distance. "We cannot even sell at a decent price to the corn-dealer," said another farmer to us the other day. "Mr. A—— went to the corn-dealer last Thursday, and offered him the job of foraging his horses at a certain sum per week per head, saying at the same time that, if he did not care to do it, there was another person who would. The corn-dealer refused the contract, but if he had accepted it he could not have given me a fair price for my oats, so they hang on hand, while quarters and quarters are being consumed all round me; but the people who are too economical to buy my stuff are not above riding over my land."

Now it seems to us that it is the bounden duty of hunting men to go to the farmers over whose land they ride for their forage, especially in the case of men who leave their own country for one offering superior attractions. They have not an acre of land in their adopted country; they pay no rent for the ground they ride over; and the only compensation it is in their power to make is the spending of what money they have among those who provide the sport for them. If people, as a rule, did this, a farmer might count upon a ready sale of all the oats, hay, and straw he had to part with, and this alone would reconcile many half-opponents to fox-hunting. But the matter does not stop there. A prompt turn-over of capital, and a pecuniary gain into the bargain, are no doubt what a farmer

requires, particularly in these times of "agricultural depression;" but he, like other mortals, expects consideration, and sees no reason why the stranger should lose sight of the reciprocity side of the question. If hunting men spent their money with the neighbouring farmers, the latter would feel that they were thought of, and would then believe in the "sporting instinct" of Englishmen, of which we hear so much, but see too little. What is more common than to hear people say, as an explanation of the exercise of some legal right, "It is not the value of the thing that I care about; but I object to be treated in a cavalier manner, and so I have done so and so." Might not this apply equally well to the farmer; and what would be the effect upon hunting if he took that line?

Objectors may possibly urge that they have a perfect right to go to the cheapest market, just as the farmer does. This argument will not hold water in the case of hunting men. A man who keeps only harness-horses, and who is never off the highway, may plead with propriety that he asks no favours and takes none from any one, and may therefore please himself. Far otherwise is it with him who hunts. Every day that he goes out he is beholden for his amusement to perhaps half-a-dozen men, and sometimes to more, and, so far as we can see, there is no way of getting rid of the obligation, though it can be acknowledged in the manner we have pointed out. It is improbable, we think, that the bulk of hunting men really know what farmers think of hunting; they get so little chance of having a quiet talk with them about it, and are not behind the scenes. The man who takes up his position at some convenient hunting centre, and who forages from a distance, is not likely to be in the farmer's confidence. The man who comes by train to hunts goes home as soon as his day is finished, and sees nothing of farmers. But let any one who is curious upon the subject get hold of a farmer he knows very well, and attend with him when the hounds meet at some railway-station, particularly one at which several lines meet. As train after train brings its horse-boxes, and men booted and spurred, the inquirer will probably hear from his companion a few remarks that come from the depth of his heart condemning the unfairness of men who come to hunt at no more expense than that involved in the transport of their horses and themselves. He will learn, too, that a love for fox-hunting is by no means synonymous with feelings of delight in having his land ridden over by a lot of irresponsible strangers. At the same time, there can be no greater testimony to the true sportsmanlike spirit that exists in farmers than the fact that, despite what goes on day after day, the men who will not allow hounds across their holdings are very few and very far between—a happy state of things that does not, however, absolve those who reap the advantage from the observance of their obligations, for we consider that the purchase of forage from the farmers in the district in which a man hunts is an obligation that will at no distant date have to be enforced.

The fact of men buying their forage elsewhere is all the more foolish because so little is saved by it. We must assume that every

man feeds his horses on good oats ; and suppose that, by going to a distance, or by joining a sort of co-operative society, he saves 9d. a bushel—as a matter of fact he will not save so much by the time he has paid carriage and contingent expenses. Let us give each horse the over-liberal allowance of three bushels of oats a-week, and there is a saving of 2s. 3d. per horse per week ; or an economy of something under 3l. 10s. for thirty weeks, a period that will include the hunting season, and some of the time consumed in the process of conditioning. Then say that during twenty-six weeks the one horse does three days a fortnight (including cub-hunting), which will be equal to thirty-nine days' hunting. Frost and lameness may of course reduce the number of working days, but in calculating these a man must go upon general principles, just as he would with regard to his subscription to the hunt, which no one with common decency would cut down in the event of a hard winter. Assuming, then, that the fox-hunter goes to the farmer and spends 3l. 10s. more in oats for one horse than if he went to the cheapest market—and this 3l. 10s. is a most liberal calculation—he would be paying at the rate of a fraction over 1s. 6d. per hunting day for the privilege of riding just where he liked. Why, when a year or two back Mr. Long, the Kensington livery-stable keeper, had a small ground at the back of his establishment, he charged you 2s. 6d. for the privilege of trying a horse over a few gorsed hurdles and made fences ; and who would say that the 1s. 6d.—practically it would not be more than 1s.—was an exorbitant sum to pay as an acknowledgment for favours received ? At this Lilliputian outlay the farmer would derive whatever benefit hunting could bestow, and he would feel that his interest was considered. Farmers, like other folk, do not want to be the recipients of charity, but, like other men, they do expect fair treatment, and an acknowledgment of their position, which is that of master of the situation, for it rests entirely with farmers whether the present season is or is not the last one of hunting. Dinners to farmers, of which there are too few by a long way, are all very well, but they are simply spasmodic efforts, and bear too strong a resemblance to the civility of gentlemen who are about to solicit the suffrages of the voters at a forthcoming election to be reckoned as worth a very great deal. Coupled with careful riding over a country, and the purchase of forage in the district, dinners to farmers are well enough ; and if the three conditions were found combined, there need be very little fear as to the future of fox-hunting.

Passing by the farmers, we come to the owners of coverts, who occasionally have some hard things said of them when shooting arrangements run counter to hunting. Here, again, it is a case of give and take ; if it is entirely optional with a man whether he will have his coverts drawn or not ; and, if he allows it, surely he is at liberty to reserve to himself a day or two for shooting, should he be partial to that branch of sport. In the case of a non-hunting owner of coverts, the sacrifice of allowing them to be drawn is all the

greater because he thus furthers an amusement which has no attractions for him, and which no doubt does, in some degree, interfere with the shooting. It is therefore perfectly obvious that, so far as the master and field are concerned, the convenience of covert owners should be consulted, and that hunting men should not expect to have matters entirely their own way. On the other hand, covert-owners, having once undertaken to preserve foxes and to allow their coverts to be drawn, have at least a moral duty to perform. In most countries there are places in which it is useless to expect to find a fox, and sometimes whole districts are found similarly wanting. To say one thing and mean another, and to connive at fox destruction, having once undertaken to preserve them, is manifestly unfair to the hunt. Money is subscribed, and a large establishment is kept up upon the understanding and assumption that the country will stand so many days per week, if all promises as to fox-preserving are kept. When those promises are broken, the money is practically wasted. It would be really kinder for the covert-owners to say at once that they will not preserve, because in that case the master might get rid of some of his horses and hounds, leave the unfruitful part of his territory out of consideration, and reduce the number of his hunting days. In many cases we know that the master means well, but, not knowing himself how to preserve foxes, he is in the hands of his gamekeeper, a functionary who humbugs an inexperienced "governor" to any length. On some future occasion we may have something to say on the secrets of the traffic in foxes, and if the extent to which that nefarious trade is carried on and its *modus operandi* were commonly known, we imagine that there would be a good many keepers in want of a situation to-morrow. This does not, of course, hold good of all keepers. Thanks be, there are some who do their duty to their master, are proud to show a litter of foxes, and glad to keep them longer than the first day of cub-hunting, a period that is too often the vanishing point of so many vulpine families, after which they are captured and "consigned" to the dealer to do duty as bagmen, perhaps in the very country in which they were bred and born! In fox-hunting there are verily wheels within wheels. People who undertake to preserve, but who do not do so, at all events successfully, may be met with the argument that they are selfish, and by driving fox-hunting out of the neighbourhood are depriving farmers and others of a source of gain, a piece of logic that would possess greater weight if hunting men were themselves more consistent, and acted more in conformity with the principles they preach. So long as the state of things mentioned in the former portion of this article exists, the chided covert-owner has only to retort, that when the men who would ride after his foxes do their duty by those who provide the land for them to gallop over, it will be quite time enough to talk of obligations; so that in this way hunting reciprocities are inseparably linked one with another, and the failure of one party to observe theirs, gives a handle to another party to repudiate

their side of the bargain. We have, however, yet to mention one of the most glaring anomalies in connection with fox-hunting. In two countries that we know of, coverts are owned by gentlemen who are masters of hounds in other countries, and who might therefore be supposed to set an example of zeal in fox-preserving. But no! In the countries in which they are not masters of hounds, not only are foxes scarce in their coverts, but hunting has to give way to shooting to an extent seldom met with, even where the covert owners hate the sight of a hound. If these things are done in the green tree that we can see, who can say what enormities will not be perpetrated in the unseen dry?

To discuss at length the duties of a master of hounds would be to re-write much of what we have already said; to deal with fox-hunting in a manner more general than comes within the scope of these remarks. Tact, in the highest degree, is called for in relation to everybody concerned. Upon the personal popularity of the master the preservation of foxes will in a great measure depend; and this popularity can only be gained by consulting the convenience and interests of the providers of sport—the farmers and landowners. Because foxes will not lie in certain coverts, it by no means follows that foxes are not preserved; as every one of experience knows that, for some reason or other, certain coverts will not hold foxes in some particular year; when this is found to be the case there is often a strong temptation to leave this side undrawn, and to work rather unfairly a more favoured district. No more egregious mistake could be committed. The fair hunting of a country, from end to end, is the surest means of ensuring a supply of foxes, though this remark will not apply to those places wherein foxes are never found, and which have already been alluded to. There are plenty of men who will preserve if their coverts are regularly drawn, but who think that rare visits are tantamount to an expression, on the part of the master, that foxes are scarce and the journey is not worth the trouble. Moreover an unfair hunting of the country may do a wrong to some of the subscribers, for they, as well as landowners and land-occupiers, have to be thought of, and hunting can no more go on without the money of the one class than without the land of the other. In consulting the convenience of subscribers, however, there is sometimes a tendency to consider them too much, and to leave the farmers out of the question.

Without labouring the subject further, we trust that enough has been said to show that hunting can only exist if all parties concerned give and take, and respect the position of others. Especially must the small holders be respected, and small holders are an increasing class, for when an estate is sold it often happens that it is cut up into small lots, and the multiplication of these small holders means an increasing difficulty to fox-hunting. It may be a serious matter—at any rate it may be thought so—for a man who has but forty fences to have twenty of them more or less injured, whereas on a larger estate the harm done might be thought nothing of. It

is the ways of hunting men that need mending, if hunting is to continue to be our national winter sport. It is imperatively necessary for them to feel that they owe everything to the people who find land for them to hunt over, and it is not less imperative for them to indicate their feelings by their acts in the manner already specified. As things are at present, hunting men, as a body, are fox-hunting's worst enemies, and do more harm to it than all the "patriots" and agitators put together.

A NEW TRAINING EXPERIENCE.

WHYTE-MELVILLE introduces his readers, in one of his semi-sporting, semi-romantic novels, to a curious character, who had a parochial, if not a provincial, reputation for knowing all about horses, and who of course become oracular and didactic on the strength of this vast reservoir of hippic lore! We may, I think, be quite certain that the circle or society that could credit any individual with such science must have been profoundly ignorant of the habits, wants, and capacities of the noble animal. For modern induction and generalisation lead to a very different conclusion, and confirm the impression that we are still "in the dark ages" in respect to horse science, and that the further we advance the wider grows the horizon. How wise and practical were the views enunciated by Edmund of Langley, one of the sons of Edward III. of England; who, in giving directions as to the training of a huntsman, lays down the proposition that the study should commence from the age of eight or a little more, because that hunting "is a craft that requireth all a man's life ere he be perfect thereof." And indeed the noble author might have added that, unless the pupil had an inborn genius and aptitude for hunting, all the coaching and cramming—all the training and teaching in the world would fail to create the first-class huntsman, who, like the poet, "*nascitur, non fit.*" If, however, in the closing decades of the nineteenth century, when the horse enters more than ever into the national pleasures and pastimes, and has become an arbiter, so to speak, of many men's destinies and futures, we are bound to confess that we have still much to learn about his capabilities and the full development of his powers and faculties. We may, at any rate, congratulate ourselves on having got rid of much of the dogmatic ignorance of our ancestors, and of having illuminated the economy of our stables with the light of common sense and experience! What says the immortal Flaccus, whose aphorisms and *γνώμαι* have stood the test of centuries?

"Sapientia prima
Stultitiâ caruisse!"

and it is certainly a stage on the path of progress to have got rid of the absurd idea that training was an art and mystery, comprehended

only by a select and esoteric circle, and that there was neither safety nor success in venturing to neglect or disobey the axioms laid down by these hierophants of the hippic Eleusis! Law is said or supposed to be the acme and quintessence of common sense, but we all know that the practice of our courts has travelled far beyond the scope of ordinary intelligence and untrained reason, and that its common terms and everyday language requires a skilled interpreter. So the education of our horses, which ought to be within the range of common sense and observation, had grown into a quasi-abracadabra utterly unintelligible to the general public. The legal fictions have in a great measure remained—the crust of that splendid old port, the British constitution, which it would be sacrilege to shake up with profane hands; but the cobwebs of the training stable have been swept away to a great extent, and the laws of health and hygiene have supplanted the unnatural stable system which prevailed and flourished for so many years.

Markham published his 'Masterpiece' in 1713, and in that quaint volume there is probably embodied as much of the empirical veterinarianism as had developed itself in England. The author adds a curious chapter on training, styling it "The Compleat Jockey." Many of the recipes it gives are inimitable. How a race-horse's bread should be made and baked. How oats should be steeped in muscadine or canary, and how carminative balls should be administered every morning during the preparation; and aromatic gums or frankincense be burnt to banish noxious odours. Markham lays it down that a fat horse off grass can be prepared by his system to race in two months or ten weeks; a thin poor horse in six weeks; a moderately fatted one in four or five. Modern grooms would fancy these terms barely sufficient for preparing for and working off the physic necessary for preparation.

Then the recipe for "the Dose or Scowering" is charming. "Just get a pint of the best canary and add to it one ounce three drams of clarified rosin beat into powder, and stir it about in the wine. Then add more, half a pint of olive oil, the best that can be got (for if it any way stinks it will make your horse sick, and cause him to cast it up again), and mix it well with the former; then take an ounce and three-fourths, or if you will two ounces, of sugar-candy, beat it small, and put it to the rest; all which being well mixed together, place them in an earthen vessel upon a gentle fire till they boil, then take it off and let it stand till it be blood warm, and so give it your horse. If he refuses to take it you must force him to it by pouring it down his throat, and holding up his head till he have quite swallowed it down. The virtue of it is to take away the scouring, and sometimes by gentle sweat all foul and gross humours that too much heat or overstraining had caused to gather in the stomach or bowels; it dissolves crewdy grease, that having been melted is again settled in hard knobs, and brings it away in what part soever; in fine there is not a wholesomer drink can be given to any horse, especially after running."

Here is the manner of making his last diet : " In this you must use three pecks of wheat and but one of beanes, and let them be ground together upon the black-stones as small as possible they can be. Then dress it through an exceeding fine dressing cloth : for note that every bread must be finer than the former. Then put to it the fore-mentioned quantity of ale yest, but be sure it be not soure nor the grounds. Then pound it together and make it up into loaves as formerly : but to this, above what has been spoken of, you must add the whites of two or three-and-twenty eggs, and instead of water put milk—so much as will make it up. They being baked, let them stand their usual time, and then cut the crust away, or, as some call it, chip them ; after which dry a quart of oats well, and after that sift them, so that there be no defect left in them, in which put your beans in like manner ordered, and then give them all three mingled together to him."

There is, moreover, the recipe for an embrocation after galloping, to remove stiffness—oil of swallows or earth-worms.

One could go on quoting elegant extracts from the monitory Markham for ages, but I shall only add one more direction to the trainer ere he runs his horse prepared *secundem Markhamiam artem*. " Just as you are going to lead him dip the bit of his bridle in muscadine or alicant, and then, drawing off his muzzle, draw on his bridle. Then spread soft wax, such as shoe-makers use, under your girt (girth) and saddle, which done put it gently on his back, so that he scarcely feels it on. Then spread a large white linen cloth over his saddle, and omit all his other clothes, which likewise being slightly girt, stick wisps under his girts or surcingles, but let them be very soft. Then cover him with some piece of rich tapestry, or cloth of state, to make him shew gallant, after which pour down his throat with a drinking-horn one pint of muscadine, alicant, or, for want of either, canary."

Now these extracts from a classic author on training and horses in general ought, I think, to convince the most sceptical that whatever deterioration there may be in our modern horses—a *favourite* cry nowadays, but hardly an *intelligent* one—there certainly is none in our manner of treating them. We do not burn incense, for instance, to keep off foul vapours from our boxes and stalls, or rather to subdue them to our perception, but we pay attention to our draining and ventilation. We do not darken our stables to enable our horses to rest the better, nor do we draw curtains to simulate night, so as to induce them to sleep ; but we try to proportion exercise and food to constitution, and by giving a horse lots of

" The nitrous air and purifying breeze,"

we trust that sleep will come, when wanted, by nature.

Having had our little laugh at the quaint recipes and curious dietetics provided for the racing horse by our sporting forbears, I would propose to give an illustration of my original thesis that common sense and observation are worth tons of dogmatic precepts

and canons as to training, prefacing my observations by remarking that what I write I saw, having been a great friend and a guest of the man whose method with a particular animal achieved success. In the waist of the century, as Shakspeare might put it, were he telling the tale, I was spending some months in the island of Jamaica, which, among other products (occasionally exported too), may boast of its store of thoroughbred horse-kind—thoroughbred they are, as the original sires and dams have their places in the Stud-book, duly authenticated, and, though the island has no horse peerage of its own, yet the breeders may be trusted to avoid miscegenation. Nor is there much temptation in this line, for though there are a few small animals, derived probably from barbs imported by the Spaniards, they are carefully excluded from the regular pastures and paddocks, and fulfil quite a different vocation in horse life, while the hackneys and half-breds of England are unknown there. A race had come off in some part of the island a few months previously, and in the Breeders' Stakes a very smart filly by Javelin, of whom great things were expected, took it into her head to bolt with her little black jock, who rode 5 st. 11 lb. (two-year-old weight). The breeder's calculations were all upset, and the luckless losing filly was sold to an officer in one of the West India regiments for a few pounds—her destiny a dog-cart. Broken hastily, trained to gallop when, probably, she had not been more than two months off grass, no wonder that this young delicate Creole, when put into regimental *regimen* and given a dole of hard maize and bad "guinea" grass for daily rations, melted away to a shadow, and became a most ethereal weed, such as in England might be seen in the paddock near the county kennels and the boiling-house. She had now attained the mature age of three, her coat was staring, and altogether a more miserable specimen of horseflesh it would be hard to find in any corner of the globe. The wise men of the regiment suggested vermifuges, but what the mare really wanted was care, very soft food, and a little stable management. She was over sixteen hands, with broad, rather ragged hips (indeed they had become very ragged from scanty bedding and hard lying), a beautiful hand and rein, the best of shoulders, that left only just room for the saddle, forelegs and hind-quarters perfect in formation, though the latter were wholly devoid of muscle—and altogether a fine anatomical specimen of nature's handiwork. My friend was a fanatic about make and shape when allied to good blood; he felt sorry to see so fine an animal in so sorry a plight, and his offer of a pony-cart and harness for the filly was gladly accepted by the West India warrior. So she was removed from a very bad stable to a large roomy box; and I recollect how the maize was ground almost to meal and mixed up with any likely soft substances for her daily food. Amongst other soft substances were ripe mangoes, which, containing a quantity of something like turpentine in them, acted at once on her skin, and made the latter assume a fine glossy look instead of a Dandie Dinmont appearance. She was never backed, but led out in the hand, and in a few weeks

the filly had put on flesh and regained heart and spirits. My friend had a lot of horses in training for the Kingston Races, that were to come off in rather less than a couple of months, and his practice was, as he was living a couple of miles or so from the sea, to send his horses, at least once a week, to the ocean for a good long swim, a practice which the riding lads liked excessively, and which seemed to agree with the stud, though of course it rather dulled their coats. This bathing and swimming exercise used to take place very early in the morning, before the sun was up in his might, and the horses had generally done their swim, and been dressed and stabled, before nine o'clock A.M. The filly was beginning to look so improved that it was suggested she should join the string one morning—she bathed very kindly, and took to the ocean like a duck—and after one or two experiences of this kind, my friend told the lad who was riding her to canter along a bit of softish ground that formed part of the road to the beach. Her action was perfect, and seemed to come with the regularity and ease of a machine; the sea seemed to improve her in every way, and from this date she got regular swims, with the walk backwards and forwards—perhaps four miles in all. One morning after the bath, my friend cantered her on his own ground for a few hundred yards—certainly not half-a-mile—and her style was so good that he thought he would give her a chance in a three-year old race still open at the Kingston Meeting, now only a fortnight off. The mare's diet was not changed; her food was still soft, and she was tempted with guinea grass hay—in fact anything of the sort she liked. She never got a gallop or saw a muzzle. When the eventful day came the filly looked well and healthy, but “untrained,” of course, and my friend told the lad who rode her to do the best he could, but not to press her to come home if she tired, for the race was in mile and distance heats. At the distance the mare shot out and won in the commonest of canters by several lengths. Naturally her owner was pleased and surprised too, and he strictly enjoined the jockey this time to keep with his company, and to win nearer home if he could. The boy obeyed orders; but still the ease of the win was apparent. Of course the mare rose at once into popular favour—trained to the hour, of course; her breeding carried her through—and so on. From hack price her value became very considerable, for she had beaten one or two decidedly smart three-year-olds, and a great career was apparently before her; so thought her owner, and he kept her on; he told his groom—a good one, though probably a little opinionated—his ideas about the mare; that her speed was extraordinary, her temper and manners were good, her galloping method faultless, and her wind clear as crystal; that probably her constitution was weak, and would remain so for some time, if not for ever; and that nursing and freshness were the keys to bringing her out well. The man had seen what swimming could do; but he had the old notions about *putting length into her*, so she was sent under his charge to several places, and never earned another sixpence, for she was worked along with the other horses: two-

mile gallops every morning, or every second morning, and she had not the stamina for such a preparation, nor the groom the perception to know that "preparation" was a farce when nature had bestowed exceptional gifts; at any rate she never was *in the swim* after her first and only victory.

GENTLEMEN HUNTSMEN AND HUNT SERVANTS.

IN the year 1800, to the best of my knowledge and belief, there was no gentleman hunting his hounds in England. In the year 1884, according to the lists of hounds as published in *The Field* and other sporting papers, there are over fifty gentlemen who carry the horn themselves, either entirely or on alternate days, in England, Scotland, and Ireland; according to the returns I think it is fifty-six, but it is as well for our purpose to speak in round numbers, putting the number of packs hunting, also in round numbers, at one hundred and seventy; this gives us nearly a third of the packs as being hunted by gentlemen.

The question I would ask is, Is this conducive to the true interests of sport? And, in these days of adverse feeling to our old-fashioned field-sports, is it likely to conduce to their popularity and welfare? There were great men before Agamemnon, and there is no reason to doubt that there were men in the last century quite as capable of carrying the horn as those that have done so since, not to mention those who are hunting hounds at the present day. I think few will doubt that Mr. Meynell could have given weight away to any man living at the same time, as far as knowledge of the chase, both in kennel and field, were concerned; and no doubt, as he was undoubtedly a good and straight rider, that had he chosen to take the horn he would have acquitted himself quite as well as his huntsman, Jack Barlee. John Ward's weight, some might say, would have militated against his taking a pack of hounds in hand, but as Stephen Goodall scored a good twenty stone when lured on to the scales by stratagem—he had such a horror of them that he would never go there willingly—he would not have had such a very great pull over the Father of the Chase in that matter. The Belvoir and the Berkeley have always been in the hands of a professional huntsman. The Marquis of Worcester, who took the horn at Badminton many years ago now, when Tom Clarke left, is the first of the line of Beaufort who has fulfilled the duty of huntsman to that pack. And both the Berkeley and Fitzwilliam have so far kept free of the amateur element, for we have never yet heard of Berkeley Castle or Milton being without a professional. Yet who shall say that the owners of these, I may say, princely packs, were not capable of taking the duty, had they been so minded?

Moreover, we have the authority of Peter Beckford himself for saying that he did not hunt his own hounds, and I think we may

fairly conclude that it was only within the nineteenth century that gentlemen took to hunting their own hounds. Among the first batch of names of those who did so, we find Mr. Assheton Smith, the Grove, 1806; Mr. Ralph Lambton, the Durham, 1809; Mr. Osbaldeston, the Burton, 1810; Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. Musters, the other Tom Smith, Sir Richard Sutton, &c., &c. Then we come to Mr. George Payne, Captain Percy Williams, and another batch that leads us up to the veterans of a later day, including such men as Captain Anstruther Thomson, Sir Charles Slingsby, the present Mr. Musters, the Rev. John Russell, Mr. Taglby, Mr. Selby Loundes, and many others whose names do not strike me just at the present moment of writing.

Now I have said above that those gentlemen in the last century who did not take the horn themselves must have been perfectly capable of doing so, or they could never have made the name that they did in the hunting world; and, in anything I may advance hereafter on the other side of the question, I beg it will be distinctly understood that I in nowise underrate the ability of gentlemen to hunt hounds on the score that they are amateurs, any more than I should have questioned the ability of the Duke of Dorset, Hon. G. Germaine, Lord Wilton, General Gilbert, Mr. Osbaldistone, Captain Percy Williams, Mr. E. Kard, Mr. Edwards, or Mr. Arthur Yates, to ride a race. The convenience of their acting as their own huntsmen is another matter, and one altogether aside, especially in the altered conditions of hunting in the present day. Amongst men of note of a later date, who, although to all intents and purposes quite efficient for the task, but who declined to carry the horn, I may instance Lord Henry Bentinck, Mr. Foljamb, Lord Galway, Lord Spencer (as a rule, although he donned the cap and square-cut coat for a season or so). The present Duke of Beaufort, who, old Will Long said, was the best whip he ever saw, and who actually, I believe, did hunt his pack for a short time when Will left suddenly—and of him Whyte-Melville has left it as his opinion that he could kill his fox in a Bath chair—the late Duke of Buccleugh, and hosts of others I could name. By the way, I must not omit Mr. Farquharson, the Meynell of the West, as he was called from his knowledge of hounds and hunting. Of those I have named, Meynell, we know, fed his own hounds, and was super-excellent in the art. Mr. Lambton followed his example, and from all I have heard must have nearly or quite equalled him in the way of bringing each hound into the field in such condition as to make the most of him. Assheton Smith did not; but his hounds were so fond of him that they would break away from the men when they heard him coming up to the meet. Whether the elder Musters fed his own hounds or not I never heard, but his were equally fond of him, and “Nimrod” relates the anecdote that once, when he was before them in their road to covert, having dined at a friend’s house overnight, they broke away for a mile or two, and one bitch actually leaped on his back when she got to him. All these men I have mentioned had, by some

means or the other, secured what may be termed a thoroughly good education in woodcraft before they commenced to carry the horn themselves, or attempted the onerous duty of hunting a country. Some of them were the sons of men who kept hounds, and thus may be said to have been initiated into the science in their very earliest years—almost as soon as they were able to walk, in fact; others commenced very early in life, with harriers or beagles, and thus got the rudiments of what they were to undertake at about the same time that other knowledge was being instilled into their youthful minds, but one and all were in some manner qualified in youth for the task that they were about to undertake in manhood. Thus we find Assheton Smith hunted beagles round Solitary Hill at Tedworth. Mr. Lambton and his brother kept and hunted harriers at Melton on off-days, when not out with Meynell, as that gentleman hunted but three days a week. Osbaldistone began with harriers in Yorkshire; Mr. Anstruther Thomson hunted a regimental pack of harriers or beagles when in the army, and, in fact, we may say of all that they had served a very good apprenticeship to the craft when they commenced to hunt foxhounds. Things, however, are wonderfully altered in this respect in the present day, as we constantly see young men of no previous experience with hounds, if they can afford to buy good horses, and can ride them fairly straight over a country, think themselves able to hunt a pack of hounds quite as well as any of the worthies named above; and thus we see young men, who only a year or two before were “paper chasing” at a public school, essaying to hunt a pack of foxhounds—no doubt, for a time, much to their own satisfaction, but most decidedly not so much to the satisfaction of those who go out with them. *Nascitur, not fit*, may be true of a poet, but it most decidedly is not of a huntsman. I have heard of heaven-born huntsmen in history, but have altogether failed to see them in actual life. In fact, Beckford says that genius “in a huntsman, though a desirable, is a dangerous quality, and if not accompanied with a large share of prudence, and I may say humility, will often spoil your sport, and hurt your hounds.” What, then, shall we say, if this is the case with professional huntsmen, to those young men who, without any previous experience, save that of riding across country, *think* that they are qualified for huntsmen? On the other hand, it is Beckford who is responsible for the following: “It is the opinion of a great sportsman, that it is not less difficult to find a perfect huntsman than a good prime minister. Without taking upon me to determine what requisites may be necessary to form a good prime minister, I will describe some of those which are essentially necessary towards forming a perfect huntsman—qualities which, I will venture to say, would not disgrace more brilliant situations: such as a clear head, nice observation, quick apprehension, undaunted courage, strength of constitution, activity of body, a good ear, and a good voice.” One thing is very certain, a fool would not shine in either place; and it is usually held that a great deal of experience is necessary in both; Pitt is, I think,

about the only instance of a young prime minister, and although I have known young huntsmen in the present day—that is comparatively young men to what they were formerly—I can answer for it that their later efforts have been far more successful than their earlier ones, and that they have steadily improved as they gained experience. Indeed, I could point to more than one acknowledged good huntsman now, who was certainly a very bad one for the first few seasons of his carrying a horn. This, it may be said, argues well for young men of fortune taking to the craft, and if they could be placed in the same situation as the huntsman, it certainly would do so; but they are not, and the great probability is that, if unsuccessful, they give up altogether, after having spoilt the sport of the country over which they ruled for a year or two, and probably the hounds also. A huntsman once embarked in his profession cannot well give up without ruining his prospects for life, and consequently he has every inducement to do all he can, and strain every nerve to attain excellence in his calling, which the amateur has not. Those huntsmen that I have seen improve in this way, have in each instance been under singularly kind and patient masters perfect in the craft themselves, who have given every advice and opportunity in their power as well as time, no doubt having discerned that germ of future excellence in them that others could not see, and, moreover, they have in each instance come of “good hunting blood” families, in which others had made a name as huntsmen before them. With the amateur, this, as often as not, is most decidedly not the case. What a huntsman should be is summed up by Beckford in these words: “The keeping hounds clean and healthy, and bringing them into the field in their fullest vigour, is the excellence of a good kennel huntsman, if besides this, he make his hounds both love and fear him; if he be active and press them on whilst the scent is good, always aiming to keep as near to his fox as he can; if, when his hounds are at fault, he make his cast with judgment, not casting the wrong way first, and only blundering in the right at last, as many do; if, added to this, he be patient and persevering, never giving up a fox whilst there remains a chance of killing him, he then is a perfect huntsman.” Very few gentlemen huntsmen, I fear, come up to this standard. In pressing on their hounds, they are in general no wise deficient, but at that point they, as a rule, cease to go on all-fours with Beckford, and if they get into difficulties, a wild cast ends the performance, and they go off to find another fox; in fact, generally speaking, if the hounds cannot kill their fox without them, they cannot with them. A few have the knowledge and patience to work through difficulties, but their name is not legion; it is perhaps invidious to particularise, but perhaps some have been more celebrated for it—Hambleton Smith, and Mr. Anstruther Thomson; while of Assheton Smith it was averred that he often recovered the line of his fox because no fence ever prevented his making a cast *at once*, in the direction he

wanted to. The minutes in getting round to a gate or gap are sometimes precious in emergencies like these, and once lost can never be regained.

There is in my idea a still greater objection to a gentleman's hunting his own hounds from a public point of view, even, than a certain amount of want of experience and incapacity, looking to the general welfare of the chase, and it is this. He cannot hunt his hounds and keep his field in order at the same time, or at any rate, if he attempts to do both, his attention must be distracted either from one business or the other. Twenty years ago, even, gentlemen huntsmen were much better situated as regards this matter than they are at present. Their fields were, I admit, larger considerably than in still earlier days, but they were nothing compared to what they have become since. When the Smiths, Osbaldistone, Sir Bellingham Graham, and Mr. Musters hunted their own hounds, they had nothing like the fields that are to be found in the counties they hunted in the present day. And, moreover, the increase of hunters is not the only difference; those who came out with them were, as a rule, all sportsmen, and for the most part country gentlemen. They meant to ride hard, no doubt, and did it quite as hard as we do now, but, as was said of Lord Charles Russell, they not only knew when to ride but when not to ride, and would, at least, give hounds some chance. Moreover, they were all, or nearly all, acquainted with country matters, and would avoid doing unnecessary mischief on every occasion. Railroads and the increase of wealth have, however, altered all this, and men who at that time would have been content, like the immortal Jorrocks, with a couple of hunters and the hills (no joke) of the Old Surrey, now take half-a-dozen horses to either the Vale of Aylesbury, Northamptonshire, or even the once sacred precincts of Leicestershire itself. Many of them are, no doubt, good sportsmen, who ride fairly to hounds and do no unnecessary harm; but then, again, there are others of quite a different character, who, having gone to an outlay for quarters and horses, or else in railway fares, think it is only right that they should get the greatest percentage they can for their money in the shape of fun. For that no one can reasonably blame them, only unfortunately the farmers do not like it. These men as a rule, I believe, have not the slightest notion that they are doing any harm in larking from covert to covert when the ringing a fox or a bad scent will not allow their enthusiasm a legitimate outlet, neither have they an idea that the agricultural mind rebels at their proceedings. They are big men, no doubt, on 'Change or in their own City wards, but Farmer Brown, Jones or Robinson knows nothing at all of them in that light, and very naturally asks why they should come and ride across his lands and break down his fences when hounds are not running. He is, as a rule, a sportsman at heart, and minds little what ensues in the legitimate chase, hence his preference for staghounds, where the weak ones are soon weeded out and take

to the roads, and even the good ones have something more to do than lark, but sets up his back at the present large fields with foxhounds, where a feeble management, perhaps a huntsman none too fast, and a spell of bad scent lets loose a horde of men to ride when and where they will under the pretence of hunting. In such cases as these—and they are common all over England at the present day—a strong man is wanted as master to keep the field in order and prevent unnecessary damage: one who knows what ought to be and what ought not be, and will enforce it, offend or please as he may. But—and here lies the rub—he cannot do this and hunt his hounds at the same time; it is quite enough for the man with the horn to see where a man hedge-cutting or a plough team half-a-mile ahead may have turned his fox from his probable point, and in what direction, without troubling as to whether Johnson of the Guards, or young Consol from Capel Court has jumped into a piece of wheat or swedes when he might have gone round it, and so led half-a-hundred other men, equally ignorant with himself, to do the same; whereas a strong master—such, for instance, as Lord Spencer when he had the Pytchley country—would by a timely word have averted the mischief, and also have turned away the wrath which Farmer Twopound will probably cherish until the end of his days, unless he gets ample compensation. I say this is more needful with foxhounds than staghounds, because I have seen men larking with them all day long right in the fore-part of the battle, when hounds were hunting a cold scent, or trotting from covert to covert, who would have been done up and done for, only too glad to get their horse on to the high road before they had gone three miles with staghounds, by which time all power or inclination to lark would most completely have left both man and horse. Only last week I saw a shopkeeper from London, who especially prides himself on his hunting knowledge, and is, moreover, a great gun with more than one pack, ride right across a piece of swedes, without rhyme or reason, as if it had been merely stubble he was crossing, and could not help thinking, “Ah, young man, if we had a master here who made it his especial business to look after the field and keep them in order, you would not do that, or at any rate would get a well-deserved wiggling if you did!” No doubt it was done in innocence (although he has hunted long enough to know better), and he has no idea what a swede or turnip is like unless it is mashed, and served in conjunction with boiled mutton. Again, this season, out with harriers, I stopped a man who was going into turnips on the land of a non-hunting farmer, who would have taken great offence at their being ridden over; the answer I got was, “Oh, what does it matter? we are out for the day.” But, unless masters are found to curb these excursive spirits, the whole hunting community will find that it does matter, and that the chase will become each season more unpopular, so that at last nothing but the deer-cart will be left to us. The crowds cannot be stopped, I firmly

believe, because if the meets are kept secret farmers say they cannot secure their cattle or sheep, which is reasonable enough; and, more than that, I know from good authority they do not like the plan; but with the right man in the right place they can be governed and kept in order, but not if the man to whom the task falls is hunting hounds at the same time. There is another thing—only *the master* can keep a field in order. I have seen it tried often enough, always to end in failure. He may depute his authority to any one he likes, but their word will never bear the same weight that his does. If he *can* ride in front and pull up at the right moment to give hounds and huntsman a chance, others will do it also, but for no one else. The same in going from covert to covert—he and he only can keep people from mischief; but he even must be a man of weight and standing, one known as a first-rate sportsman, and respected as such, and one whose word shall be law—an autocrat of the hunting-field in reality. Many suggestions have been put forward as to what is to be done with such large fields as now come out in the fashionable countries, and I firmly believe the only solution of the question lies in finding the right man as master. Assheton Smith would have solved the problem for himself; and I can remember a few people out with the Pytchley when the Empress of Austria hunted from Cottesbrooke during Lord Spencer's mastership, but, if memory does not deceive me, he kept fairly good order, and there was not much grumbling even if the numbers did approach something like six hundred at some of the Wednesday] fixtures. The two men used different means, I admit, for enforcing law, but the result was the same in both instances, and what one man can do another can if he will use similar means. But there must be no favouring of persons; in the hunting field all men are equal if they conduct themselves properly, and must be so treated if a master is to have any command over his field.

Now we come to another side of the question, and that is, how so many gentlemen handling the horn affects the hunt servants themselves, and it is a point by no means undeserving consideration. These men, as a rule, commence as boys either in the stables or the kennels, and so work their way upwards; the odd boy at the kennels in time becomes a second horseman, and if he is smart and clever, and displays sufficient knowledge of his business to be intrusted with the second horse of the master or huntsman, he may reasonably look for the post of second or third whip if three are kept, as in some large establishments, in due time, and this more especially if he has been odd boy about the kennels and there learnt something of the work beforehand. Once put into boots and scarlet, everything that a huntsman can achieve is open to him if he is clever, truthful, sober and industrious. And the prizes in this lottery are by no means to be despised. I have heard of one huntsman, by no means an old man, whose income was computed by those who should know best as approach-

ing very nearly to seven hundred a year, and I know of another who refused to exchange the post he held for one where five hundred a year would have been certain. Of course there are all the various degrees from these down to the modest hundred a year and a house, that our forefathers in the provinces, at any rate, thought ample remuneration for hunting a pack of hounds. Thus every under-whip who dons scarlet may be said, like Napoleon's soldiers, to carry a marshal's *bâton* on his saddle, if not in his knapsack, and if he does not achieve the highest honours, there is many a pleasant and remunerative half-way house at which he may hope to rest and secure a provision for old age. But, it must be remembered, he has to work hard, and go through an immense deal of drudgery before he can hope to have the horn at his saddle—drudgery of which the amateur huntsman of the present day, at any rate, knows nothing. He may drop short into a brook in that last dim half-hour of twilight in which it is possible for hounds to run, on the eve of a hard frost, and have twenty or even thirty miles to ride home at "hounds' pace," even if he can go as fast as that with his clothes literally and truly freezing on his back, while the gentleman huntsman is gone in a close carriage or on a galloping hack. If he is under a martinet of the old school, and there proves to be a couple of hounds, or even a single one, missing when they arrive at the kennel after an hour or two of travelling in darkness which, like that of Egypt, may almost be felt, he must mount a hack, having scarcely a mouthful of food and drank a glass of beer, and search the country until he find them. Is a fox run to ground in a place where it is suspected poachers or fox-stealers will never allow him to come out again, except into their nets, it is equally the whip's duty, no matter what his day's work may have been, to mount his hack, re-seek the earth, and see that no tricks are played, and, if any stratagems are afloat, he must do his best to counteract them. But it is needless for me here to enumerate all a whip's duties: let it suffice that they are sufficiently onerous to deter any man not imbued with a strong love of sport and a laudable ambition to rise in the world, from entering in them—among the least in these days of annual sales being that of riding all the rough and awkward horses of the establishment at the risk of his neck. Now, I ask, is it likely that, seeing one-third of the posts of honour to which they may reasonably hope to aspire taken up and filled by gentlemen to their exclusion, young men will be so ready to take the minor posts of hunt servants as they have been? The post of huntsman requires as much knowledge and preliminary practice as any other craft; but, if the post is not to be reached, will men take the trouble to acquire that knowledge, or will they not rather say any man is good enough to whip in to a gentlemen who knows little or nothing about the business he has undertaken, so that, if they take the situations at all, will the duties not be performed in a perfunctory manner, very detrimental to the true interest of sport? How many now, from want of knowledge, weight, and other causes,

are forced to drop into the position of grooms, feeders, &c. How long is the weekly list published by that admirable institution, the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society, of men wanting places which are not open to receive them ! Reduce those places, which are the reasonable goal of their ambition, by one-third, as is done at present ; and what an amount of encouragement is taken away from those who would like to join the ranks if they could see a chance of rising in their profession ! A few gentlemen huntsmen of the old school could always find men of the Jack Stevenson, Dick Burton stamp, who would be glad of a whip's place to a thorough sportsman hunting his own hounds, because such men under such masters would take rank, and no doubt pay also, with ordinary huntsmen at any rate ; and there are men of quite first-rate capacity as whips, who never would or could make huntsmen ; and they know it, and are, moreover, wise enough to stick to what they can do well. Tom Rance of the Cheshire was one of those, and refused more than one good post that was offered him as huntsman ; and there are others also I have heard of, though not such noted men as he was. But posts under such men as Mr. Smith the Squire, Sir Richard Sutton, &c., are as rare as the men who had the luck to fill them, and whipping-in to an ordinary gentleman huntsman is a cat of another colour altogether. As I have said before, if a gentleman has the gift of making hounds love him and act for him, and, moreover, can give up the time to gain the experience that a regular huntsman does, there is no reason he should not hunt hounds ; but such men must ever be few and far between. And, in the true interest of sport in every way, I should be glad to see "The Master" figure less often in the column devoted to huntsmen in the annual tables.

N.

A TALE ABOUT A DOG.

By "WILDFOWLER."

Editor of THE SHOOTING TIMES.

SOMEWHERE about the end of August 1874, I was, in company with a friend, enjoying a *mazagran* at the Café du Phare, Ostend, when a peasant-looking sort of fellow, dressed in a blue blouse and corduroy trousers, made his way, cap in hand, through the tables, and, addressing me, said—

"Mr. Clement ?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, sir," he said, hauling forward a very handsome black-and-tan pointer, "I am told that you are a *grand chasseur*, and that you are very fond, and a ready buyer, of a good dog, so I have taken the liberty of bringing you this one."

"Ah, yes! but, you know, 'handsome is that handsome does.' I don't care a rap for looks. This dog of yours is a fine-looking animal, but that is not enough for me. I should want to see what he can do."

"You may," he retorted at once. "He can do all that a shooting dog should do. He is staunch, steady, good-nosed, and retrieves well and tenderly. Ah, sir," he added suddenly, with a sigh, and wiping his eyes on his sleeve, "it will be a sore trial to me to part from him! Riflard and I have been always together, night and day, since he was born, three years ago. I brought him up and trained him myself, and we never have been separated a single day, so it will indeed be felt at home when poor old Riflard goes from us! He has been a true friend to me."

Well, I felt a great lump rising in my throat; and my chum, screwing his monocle into one of his optics, was studying microscopically, I should imagine, the contents of his glass, judging by his wry face.

However, I cleared my throat, and then asked—

"What causes you to part with Riflard, then?"

"Why, sir, he trespassed on the Count's land the other day, and they have prosecuted me, and I have to pay a hundred francs fine."

"What, for a mere dog-trespass?"

"Well, sir, Riflard caught a leveret and brought it to me."

"Ah, I see!—poaching, eh—not trespassing only?"

An apologetic smile spread over the man's countenance.

"You cannot always prevent a dog from doing that sort of thing," he murmured.

"Of course not," I rejoined. "Well, now, what figure do you put upon the dog?"

"Two hundred francs."

"Right. If the dog turns out all you say, the money shall be yours. But when shall we try him?"

"Now, if you like, sir. I know of a covey of young birds near the fortifications, five minutes walk from here; and you can shoot a moor-hen in the moat, and see the dog retrieve it."

"Very well; come along, then."

So off the three of us went. I took my gun, *en passant*, at the Hôtel de la Plage, and once out of the town in the open, we sent on the dog, across the fields, in quest of the birds. He made two or three casts; then pulled up short in very good form, and stood them well. I flushed the birds—did not fire, of course, as the season was not on—and, though the dog looked surprised at this, and seemed at first inclined to go after the birds, at an oath from his master he came to heel. Then we looked for a moor-hen—not a difficult task—and I knocked it over, and in the twinkling of an eye Riflard had got it ashore to us.

"I should buy that dog if I were you," said my friend, *solto voce*.

"So I am going to do," I replied.

And we made our way to the nearest inn, there to settle the bargain.

The man sat down, looking most disconsolate at the thought of parting with his dog, and we both felt really sorry for him. There are but few amongst us who have not, at some time or another, owned a dog who was more than a dog to us. Ay, if it comes to that, we have had at least *one* dog we have looked upon as a dear friend, and parting from such is always a very trying ordeal—I can speak from experience on that point.

I was, therefore, anxious to cut the matter short, so as to avoid rending unnecessarily this poor man's heart at selling his faithful companion. So I asked the innkeeper to bring paper and ink, and I requested the man to write me a receipt in due form. This he did; now and again, as he awkwardly scrawled his hieroglyphics over the paper, he heaved an involuntary sigh, and more than once his eyes filled with tears; and when all was settled, and he had his money, he handed me the chain, patted the dog on the head, stooped and kissed him, and then abruptly left the house, and in a minute or two he had disappeared.

"Rather a hard job for the poor devil," said my friend.

"Yes," I replied; "a good thing it is over. Such unpleasant affairs are troublesome."

And we went our way along the esplanade, I leading the dog, who had quite made friends with us; and we were congratulating ourselves upon our splendid acquisition, when suddenly a portly, grey-headed old gentleman comes rushing up to us, shouting like a maniac.

"*Mon chien!* My dog! My poor Médor!"

And he was trying to pull the dog away from me. I pushed him aside, gently but firmly, and explained that it was *my* dog.

"Oh, nothing of the sort!" he screamed. "He was stolen from me two days ago, in this very town. I have seen the police about it. Come with me to the Commissary, and you will see that I speak the truth."

"But I have just bought the dog!"

And we explained all that had just taken place, and produced the receipt; but of course I had been done. My two hundred francs were by that time far, far away—so far away that I have not seen them since.

As to the fellow who *did* me, let us give credit where it is due—he was a good actor!

"DO NOT RIDE OVER THEM NOW!"

A SPORTSMAN'S PROTEST.

BY CAPTAIN CLARK KENNEDY.

I.

OH, silence, we're told, is likened to gold,
And patience is pleasing to show!
And, if at the meet the ladies look sweet,
Our master is charming, we know!
But when from the cover the little red rover
Steals quietly over the plough,
In the woodland resounds—"Hold hard for the hounds!
Pray do not ride over them now!"

II.

Hark, hark, to the sound of the opening hound!
How the colour flies up to your brow,
And mantles your cheek, for the fun that we seek
Is only *beginning*, I vow!
And hunter and hack, at the crash of the pack,
Impatiently wait in the slough
By the head of the wood, where they often have stood,
For they *long* to be after them now!

III.

"Hark ba-i-ck into cover!" There's Fantasy over,
She's back at the crack of a whip!
How sweet to the ear of peasant and peer
When "Tally-ho!" gives us the tip.
Ah, what do you say? By Jove, he's away!
What a scamper, a scurry, a row!
But give them fair play, *do*, gentlemen, pray!
Then *after* (not *over*) them now!

IV.

How gallant and gay! see them streaming away;
They speak, with one voice, to the line!
All keen for the brush—some fools make a rush,
Like niggers elated with wine;
But our huntsman aloud yells out to the crowd,
"Hold hard! you are tinkers, I vow,
Or worse—but no matter, not even your hatter,
I swear, would ride over them now!"

V.

Now, now for a burst!—*all* cannot be first,
But funklers are jealous, they say;
When they dawdle to look at oxe or brook,—
Pop over, and show them the way!
For first in the flight are they who delight
In the pride of an Englishman's pluck;
But those who come out to swagger about,
Ride, trusting, like duffers, to luck!

VI.

From sharing the fun the roadsters are done,
The brook was their "boundary stone!"
And some, from the pace, are out of the race,
And many a good one is blown;
And some of them cast, while some are stuck fast
By the stream in the clay and the slough;
But the few who can stay are for'ard away,
And the tinkers are out of it now!

VII.

Yet faster they go through the valley below—
The hounds and the pluckiest men;
That youngster from Eton, though not to be beaten,
Could never ride over them then!
The scent, boys, is burning; see, Reynard is turning,
He's done, for a "monkey," I trow!
And the pack make a swing, like a hawk on the wing,
And there's *few* to ride over them now!

VIII.

Now down through the vale, over oxe and rail,
Away where the fallows are sown!
Ho! follow who may our stout-hearted prey,
For he's gallantly holding his own!
Yet they gain on him still, as he faces the hill—
Can he last till they run to the brow?
By Jove, what a stoop! It's over!—Who-whoop!!
And there's *none* to ride over them now!

"OUR VAN."

THE INVOICE.—"On the Front."—In Piccadilly.

DECEMBER found us at that fashionable watering-place, Babylon-by-the-Sea, whither we had taken flight to avoid December fogs, and where we encountered in their place December gales. Wind is an unpleasant factor in out-door enjoyment—at least we think so—though many Babylonians-by-the-Sea hold contrary opinions. Did we not, when battling against a nor'-wester that swept the King's Road in the early days of the month—a nor'-wester that necessitated holding on by railings and clinging to posts—encounter that distinguished officer Sir Boreas O'Toole, whose exclamation of a "glorious gale," heard with difficulty in the roar of the storm, made us shudder? Neither do Babylonish womankind mind the searching blast; and portly dowagers, young women, and what our friend Mr. Ashby Sterry calls "girlettes," were all to be found "making" the windy corners, and apparently delighting in the embraces of the rude Corus. And, by the way, "the Laureate of Frills" must have been able to indite several fresh, pretty sonnets, in which black stockings and trim ankles figure so pleasantly. He was by the Babylonish waves, we know, and in his next "Snailway" Journey we shall expect to see some pleasing reminiscences of the gale in the first week of December. All the fashionable seminaries, boys and girls, were down by the sea wall; the successors of Mrs. Pipchin; "the finishing touches," so well applied by Mrs. MacTwister and the Misses Prunes and Prism. The sight of the "finishing touches" almost reconciled us to the gale.

The inhabitants of the Queen of Watering Places (there are one or two Queens, by the way, disputing that title with our little Babylon) tell us that it is worth while having three or four days of bad weather in order thoroughly to appreciate the fine when it comes. We were informed that if we had two fine days out of eight we were bound to be content. As we had only one in fourteen, we had no opportunity of putting this dictum to the proof. Bad weather asserts itself here more forcibly than in town. Dwellers on "the front" have it brought before their eyes in a way there is no escaping. A waste of waters on which not a sail can be seen, an horizon wind-swept and storm-laden; not a rift in the leaden gray of the clouds: there is no getting away from all this. Of course we have bad weather in London, but we don't know so much about it as we do when we look out from our windows down by the sea.

Still is the place cheerful. The coffee-room of the Residential Orleans is particularly cheerful at the luncheon and dinner hours, and certainly if ever a home is to be found in Clubland it is to be found there. Hotels are full, so are the shops, and if the rain ceases for half-an-hour the inhabitants turn out of doors. Nothing prevents the young ladies who ride from taking their daily lessons. In the worst weather they pound up and down between Hove and Rottingdean, and if the cabmen require "shelters" they will find no sympathisers with these Dianas of the road. Then, if the weather is too bad even for this, our "Queen" is rich in the attractions of concerts and bazaars. We would back it to give any other place, double its and treble its size, two stone and leave it standing still. Who goes to all the concerts, and what the tradesmen think of all the bazaars, much puzzled us. Good concerts and in-

different bazaars—some of the latter rivalling Mr. Hill's emporium in artistic luxury, and others a collection more or less of rubbish, all were fully and well patronised. People seemed never tired of music, from the notes of Albani or Nilsson, to the mild tenor of the social circle; from the solos of Carrodus to the gentle fiddling of the family physician. Not but that there is plenty of amateur talent down at Babylon-by-the Sea, but mixed with it of course there is the inevitable mediocrity. Very little of the latter did we hear one afternoon at that Amateur Society of which Herr Stern is the parent and conductor, and where the young lady violinists were both pleasant to ear and eye. We verily believe that every day there is a concert within hearing of the sad sea waves; and the week the 'Princess Ida' company was at the theatre it was full every night.

A few well-known faces are down "in the front," some sitting at Residential windows, others gazing from those of the Bedford or The Grand. We were glad to see "the Mate" so far recovered as to smoke the cigar of content, and we trust convalescence. Sir George Armytage is to be found at that coffee-room window of the O.R.C. that commands the best view of the King's Road and the ankles thereon. "Atlas," on his black cob, may be looked for in the early morning, wet or fine, inhaling the ozone of his loved watering-place, a stalwart figure on which the half century or so of life sits very lightly. And here we must say that our evenings, and a good portions of our day, would have been wearisome if we had not had 'Edmund Yates' with us. Those charming pages held us; they were not to be put aside and taken up again at a convenient opportunity, but to be read through. Here and there somewhat melancholy pages to us of the generation now growing old! We, too, had heard the midnight chimes of the great city, and could recall many of those our friend had mentioned, now in the silent land. It was pleasant to read how all were spoken of with liking and affection; many with love. The nature of the writer shows itself on almost every page; failings lightly touched on, all good qualities brought to the front, but not unduly magnified. When the howling blast shook the timbers of The Old Ship, we piled on the coals, went to our easy chair, took up 'Edmund,' and with, it might be, a little of the old Scotch (we were particular about the *old* Scotch) by our side, midnight was upon us, and it was time to go down and have that last "old" with "Arthur" before we were aware.

But we must tear ourselves away from the little and return to the greater Babylon—the all-absorbing—to its muddy streets, its cheerful clubs, to our dearest 'Juliet,' to that charming 'Young Mrs. Winthrop,' to our chosen 'Candidate,' to a severe 'Hamlet,' and "the Farewell Season" at the Hay-market. With cozy little dinners at cozy little clubs—not bad things; better, perhaps, than the everlasting nor'-wester or nor'-easter, as the case may be, the leaden horizon, with soaked cabmen for a foreground; far better than Sir Boreas O'Toole; and if the ankles of the "finishing touches," and the last things in "black and white" are missed, why there is our friend "the Laureate" before mentioned, who will tell us all about them when we meet at the Toasted Cheese. We must put aside all such trivialities now, and attend to the fat bulls of Bashan, in that charming little village of Islington, of which we are so fond. The eighty-seventh meeting of the Smithfield Club seems to have been a very satisfactory one in all respects, good in numbers (in this respect, indeed, the best on record); and if there was no extraordinary merit in the show, it was fairly good all round. Time was when the "Van" Driver used to find himself lunching on the opening day with the worthy Chairman of the Agricultural Hall Company, in the days when poor little

Sidney was secretary, and we used to listen to the words of wisdom that fell from the mouth of him who is known in the eastern counties as "Bob Leeds." But somehow those times are changed. We only read about the show now; the visit of H.R.H., the hand-shaking with his Norfolk neighbour, and the announcement, conveyed with the usual happy courtesy of H.R.H., that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to sanction the adjunct of "Royal" to the Islington Show; and a proud and happy man must Mr. Leeds have been when the Prince, whose idea we shrewdly suspect it was, gave him the gracious message. There must have been much conviviality in the Board Room that afternoon.

We are not expected to go through the Hall, we presume. Our readers have learned by this time all they want to know about the "well-filled level backs," and those that were "slack," the "good upper thighs" and the indifferent, the perfect hocks and those that were "somewhat close." It is satisfactory to hear that Windsor and Sandringham were well represented and took honours, and that all our leading breeders were to the fore. The sheep, particularly the lamb classes, were wonderfully good, and the only falling off was in the pigs. It is worthy of note that the champion beast of the year came from the cross-breed division, which would seem to indicate that the pure breeds were not up to the mark; but yet the experts tell us it was a good show, and we believe what we are told.

We did not go to Sandown or Kempton, but we trust our friends who did enjoyed themselves. There was not much to see; the same old "crops," a dark "gee" or two from Ireland, the Messrs. Beasley, &c., &c. The properties were old, but we have got accustomed to this, and are only surprised when something new turns up. There were three days at Sandown, for which the authorities were freely criticised; but, as we have often pointed out, Saturday is a favourite day with Londoners, as the attendance at both our Metropolitan clubs almost invariably proves. The sport, too, was better on the last day, and though the weather was bad, that did not prevent the S.W. specials from being well filled. Though the class represented was not high, there was some very pretty racing, the Great Sandown, the chief event, showing us what at the last fence promised to be a close race between three, until Kilworth dropped from the clouds. He was well ridden by his part owner, Captain E. R. Owen, who, we believe, in conjunction with Baron de Twiggell, gave Count Kinsky 900 guineas for him. About a quarter of a mile from home it looked odds on three, Jolly Sir John, Dog Fox, and Frigate, while Zeus was also going well. However, when Kilworth came on the scene it was all over, and he won anyhow. Bell Tower, who was a strong favourite, was never in the race, and pulled up lame, and the distance was too far for Frigate, who prefers three miles, or, better still, two and a-half, to four. Sachem must be written down a failure. He looked lighter than when Tom Cannon had him, and, though he was backed at even money, never seemed able to gallop, old Abbotsford surprising many people by going to the front half a mile from home; and though Woodman tried to get near him, Lord Ellesmere's horse never gave him a chance. As Woodman the following week beat Springkell and Comrie at Kempton as easily as Abbotsford beat his field at Sandown, the old horse must not be disregarded in the coming season. He may have a big win in him for aught we know.

The Kempton meeting, from what we can make out, was something like a failure, with which the weather had probably a good deal to do, and the attractions of the Cattle Show more. We doubt the policy of holding a meeting that week, and perhaps the Kempton Committee are of the same way of thinking. The meeting, too, was marred by some bad falls over

hurdles, and, much as we regret that Behan and Hale should have suffered, we should be glad to think that hurdle-jumping had had an extra nail driven into its coffin by this accident. We hope the day is not far distant when all "Grand Internationals," and other big prizes over sticks, will be swept from the face of the earth. Frigate did her three miles in the Middlesex Steeplechase with ease, for Potosi came to grief before they had gone half way, and so the daughter of Gunboat had only to dispose of Von der Tann and Pallas, which she had no difficulty in doing. Idea took one of the hurdle affairs here, and is a fair horse, we fancy. He made Madrid stand still, giving him 15 lbs., and beat Woodman, who won the next day, a long way. Idea was much fitter than when he ran at Leicester, and will have to be looked after if he gets fairly well into a cross-country handicap. The Chief had run well enough at Sandown to make him favourite for the principal steeplechase at Kempton, but he jumped in a very slovenly manner, and at last fell at one of the ditches. In fact, Kempton on this occasion was rich in falls.

While on steeplechasing, we are glad to see that the Grand Military are going to break fresh ground next year, and that their gathering will be in the Vale of Aylesbury, over which we have no doubt our gallant military jocks will render a good account of themselves. We have no wish to disparage Sandown, which is all very nice and charming; but change is good, and one of the essential elements of the Grand Military, as of the Grand National Hunt, was that they were movable fixtures. The Vale fences are doubtless known to many of our defenders. They require doing, but there is nothing in the least degree unfair about them, and they are natural fences, of which our good friend Mr. Tom Pickernell, we venture to think, can have but one opinion. It has been made a subject of regret by some writers that there will not be "a gallery" at Aylesbury, or at least that ladies will not be found there. Probably not in such numbers that flock to Sandown—but there are many good sportswomen and true, well known with Sir Anthony or the Grafton; and moreover the Vale is thickly populated, and there are country houses by the score that will turn out fair contingents, we will go bail. There will be quite gallery enough, we can assure the malcontents. We think we can also promise them luncheons.

And the Grand National Hunt are going to Lincoln next year. Well and good. The meeting wanted something to give it substance, for there was little, save its Handicap, to attract. We presume the G.N.H. will open the ball on the first day, and make the old city lively. It is not very lively in the way of accommodation, but there are good billets in the neighbourhood, and snug lying at Newark, Grantham, and other towns. The last time the G.N.H. pitched its tent in Lincolnshire was in 1871, at Burton, four or five miles from the cathedral city, close to Lord Monson's place. A splendid course was that, and a splendid race we had at the finish between Daybreak and Melton Mowbray, the former, steered by Captain Smith, winning Mr. Houldsworth his first, and as yet only, Grand National. The colours of Lord Poulett, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Studd, &c., were all to the fore in those days, and we had some steeplechasers. Will those days return?

Of Christmas books, most of us are aware to our cost, there is no end, and somewhat curious is it that at this presumably festive time, when there must be but little leisure one would think for reading, there comes upon us such an avalanche of literature. Perhaps, however, some of it is not meant to be read. There may be a good deal in that. Certainly some of the books that load an editor's library table at this time are very hard reading in one sense, and who reads them beyond the poor hard-worked critic, who

skims their pages, it would be difficult to say. There is one destiny that Christmas books accomplish—they are good to give away. Well got up, in tasteful or fantastic bindings, they appeal to the lust of the eye, and as for their contents, well that, perhaps, is a secondary consideration. An illustrated volume is before us, bearing the honoured name of John Russell, which, we suppose, comes within the category of Christmas books, though the reason for its appearance, unless for the admirable photograph of our old friend at the door of his rectory, we fail to discover. It is true a reason is given in the fact that Mr. Russell possessed a set of D'Oyley napkins done in Indian ink by the late Mr. Thomas Bouchier Marshall, an artist by profession, and a hunting chum of the Devonshire worthy, that caused a great competition at the sale at Black Torrington. As relics of John Russell they are valuable, and as curiosities they have no doubt a certain attraction, but we confess we cannot see that their reproduction by photography, and their appearance in a book called 'The Russell Album,' and dedicated to the Prince of Wales, will be of interest to the general public. The original idea of the napkins, or D'Oyleys, was quaint, and there is a certain amount of cleverness in the drawing, but we would rather, as admirers of the dead-and-gone man, have had something in the 'Album' to which more of personality attached than these napkins. The horses that he rode, the hounds he hunted, the arm-chair on which he sat, the sanctum in which he smoked his evening pipe—these are what we should have prized as memorials of John Russell. His old friend Mr. Mohun Harris has written an introduction to the volume containing some interesting particulars of family and personal history, which we could wish Mr. Harris had made longer, so pleasantly and affectionately are they told.

Captain Clark Kennedy's is a name too well and favourably known to 'Baily' readers to require any introduction from us. His account of "Wild Sport in the Orkneys" has only lately been finished in this magazine, and many a stirring hunting ballad have we had from his pen. Now Captain Kennedy has essayed a bolder flight, and there has just been published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 'Robert the Bruce,' an historical and romantic poem, in four cantos, with copious and interesting notes, the metre that of him who "was the last who sung the lay of ancient border chivalry." Captain Kennedy, as perhaps our readers may have gleaned from his writings, is a thorough Scotchman, proud of his native land and her traditions warlike and peaceful, the former especially; an ardent lover of its lovely scenery, and passionately attached to its wild sports. The character of the Bruce has had many attractions for the author, as he tells us in his preface, and there is a ring about the verse that shows us Captain Kennedy's heart is in his work. His descriptions of scenery (he knows, we verily believe, every nook and corner of Scotland) are all good—we are inclined to think about the best passages in the poem, though there are many stirring scenes of warfare told with great power. The book, which is dedicated to the memory of the lamented Duke of Albany, who took a great interest in the work, is one that should be read by all Scotchmen and Scotchwomen.

Captain Hawley Smart is welcome at all seasons. He is never out of it, be it Christmas or Midsummer; and the story he has to tell we know is meant to be read, and not like the razors celebrated in history, only to be sold. 'From Post to Finish' is his latest contribution to the many sporting novels he has given us; and if we say that he jumps off from the start at a good pace, never for an instant drops away, and makes a rattling finish, and of course a winning one, we have pretty accurately described in a general way the last novel of our sporting novelist *per se*.

Captain Hawley Smart never dwells; he rattles along, and carries his readers with him without giving them time to think whether this or that incident is a trifle far-fetched or not—whether he is not drawing a little too strongly on his imagination. He writes *currente calamo*, and flits from place to place as rapidly as some of the sheeted strings he loves to write about breast the Warren Hill. His latest novel is, if our memory serves us, the one most purely racing he has yet written. It is of the Turf turf. From the opening chapter, "Phaeton's Leger," to "The Cambridgeshire," with which the story ends, vice discomfited and virtue triumphant, the whole book is redolent of the race-course and the training ground. Very happy is the author on both. His description of a Yorkshire training establishment, which many will recognise; his sketches of owners, trainers, jockeys, and bookmakers, to whom most of his readers will be able to give the right names, are all excellent; and we follow the career of the hero, the son of a Yorkshire magnate, who finds himself on his father's death compelled to face the world without a sixpence, and who enters a training stable with the intention of becoming what he does become eventually—a successful jockey—with unflagging interest. Of course Newmarket figures largely on the scene, and First Spring, July, and Houghton are all admirably sketched. The three volumes, too, are bound in the red and black of "Sir Joseph" of many racing memories. Read them.

Although hunting appears to be going on right merrily in most hunts in Ireland, yet we are sorry to say that at the beginning of last month we heard of three hounds being poisoned in the Limerick country, one of which died on the spot—of foxes being found dead, one of them being nailed up to a tree with a copy of *United Ireland* stuck in his jaws. These hounds were very late beginning cub-hunting, of which they only had three weeks; but although they have had some very fair gallops up to that time, only moderate sport on the whole, for as soon hounds got fairly settled to a fox, he gets to ground in a drain.

The Belvoir have had a few good gallops. On November 18th they met at Stubton, found in the Ice-house Plant, ran by the Hall, past the Gorse to Hough-on-the-Hill. This was a good twenty minutes over a big country. Then they drew Barkston Gorse, found, and went away at once past Carlton Ashes to Hough Gorse, through it on to the Beacon Hill to ground. There was only a small field out, amongst whom were Mr. John E. Welby, Colonel Fane, Captain Tempest, Mr. Lubbock, Mr. and Mrs. James Hornsby of Horrington Hall, Rev. A. and the Misses Crofts of Caythorpe, Rev. J. B. Young of Wilsford, the Misses Willson from Ranceby, and Messrs. J. Hutchinson, Crawley, Platt, Birch, Goodson, Rudkin, and Bemrose. On November 25th it was a sharp frost, and not many turned out when they met at Leadenham, as a great many gave up all idea of hunting. It was nearly two o'clock before they threw off, and then they had a sharp twenty-five minutes over the heath, from Crow Bottom to Ashley. On November the 29th they had a real good twenty-five minutes to ground, when they bolted the fox and then fairly killed him, as Gillard took the hounds well away, and gave him a good start. They met at Piper Hole, when the ground was again so hard that they had to wait until one o'clock, when a slight change took place, before they could throw off. Then they trotted off to Old Hills, and went away at once (the hounds fairly beating the field), going by Scalford Gorse down to Melton, bearing to the right by Welby Fish-pond, over the hill to Hoby, where he got to ground by the side of the railway, where they bolted him; and he then tried to get back to the fish-pond, but the "ladies" rolled him over. Amongst others

out were Lord and Lady Waterford from Quenby Hall, Hon. Alan Pennington, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Candy, Mr. E. and Miss Chaplin, Mrs. Sloane-Stanley, Mr. J. Coupland, Mr. Hill Trevor, Mr. A. Brocklehurst, Mr. R. Hornsby, and Messrs. Knowles, Brewster, Birch, Boyce, Kennedy, &c. On December 8th, they had the best forty-five minutes of this season, when they met at Elton. After drawing it blank, they found in Mr. Fisher's plantation, ran through Orston, past Thurgarton by Subthorp Gorse, nearly to Flintham and by Skelton, crossed the Devon, on to Staunton, where they killed under the dining-room windows, after just forty-five minutes, without a check over a big country from find to finish.

While the ground was hard as iron, even dew dried up when the sun rose, so there was no sport worth recording in Hertfordshire during the months that were devoted to cub-hunting, and even when the regular season commenced, many coverts had not yet been rattled about by hounds; so foxes, though plentiful, were still backward in education, and sport was not of the best. Scent has been very bad, as in most countries, so hounds have not often been able to press a fox without assistance, and this assistance generally means that more than half the field ride after the whipper-in, who gets forward for a view; and they expect not only that hounds can hunt after perhaps ten horses have galloped on the line of their fox, but that the huntsman must get his hounds' noses down to hunt as soon as the whip can no longer view the fox. Dear old Bob Ward could do this, but he was one in a thousand, and now that he is enjoying a rest, Charles Harris, who has whipped-in and learnt all he could from the veteran during fourteen seasons, is doing his best to show sport; so those who hunt should do their best to help him and enjoy themselves without interfering with the sport of others, which often results through ignorance. This country never holds scent unless saturated with rain, and often, when deep enough for hounds to get well away from horses, good old-fashioned runs are enjoyed without any help from the huntsman. One of the best days this season was on November 14th, when they met at Water End, Gaddesden; found the first fox in the covert near Cherry Tree Farm, and ran to ground in a dell on Mr. Illott's farm. Found another in a turnip-field of Mr. Hornby's at Flamsteadbury, ran to Sett Wood, away to Revel End, and by Holtsmore End Green to East Brook Hay; round through Thomas's Wood to the Golden Parsonage, and Gaddesden Hoe to Ballingdon Green and Beechwood, across the park to High Wood; turned right-handed to Row End Farm, and left-handed to Buckwood Stubbs, and past Deadmansea to Heath Wood, near Whipsnade Common, where he died stiff and stark, after a run of one hour and ten minutes. Amongst those who enjoyed it were Captain Blake, M.F.H., Lords Clatendon, Cranbourne, and Kilcourse, Mr. T. F. Halsey, M.P. (through whose coverts they ran), Mr. and Mrs. Creyke, Mr. and Mrs. Pryor, Mr. Rawle, Mr. Godwin, Mr. Rowe, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Hornby, Mr. Cox, Mr. G. Field, Mr. Taylor, &c. At Bricket Wood, on December 5th, they found a fox in Black Boy Wood, and ran by Cuckmans, to Park Wood, and Birch Wood; round to Park Wood again, away to St. Julien's, and to ground at Park Street Station. Found another in the open near Pre Wood, where there was no scent to hunt him. Found another in Black Water Wood, ran through Furzen Fields nearly to Gorhambury Park, and round by Leverstock Green to Abbots Langley, where Mr. Dickinson's earths were open in the Old Berkeley country. At Cheverell's Green, on the 12th, they soon found a fox in one of Mr. Greenfield's coverts outside Beechwood Park, and killed him after forty minutes in the woods. Another fox from High Wood went away over the open by Row End to Kensworth,

round to a covert near Markgate Street, where he was headed, and went back through the horsemen, who had been late in getting away; so the last became first, as hounds ran nearly to Buckwood Stubbs, turning into High Wood, where Charles viewed him and brought him to hand in the corner of Beechwood Park, after forty-five minutes as good as many have seen this season. From Higham, on the 17th, found a fox in Silsoe, and ran over a good country to ground in the stone quarries. An afternoon fox from Sharpenhoe took them down over the grass by Pullox Hill to Mr. Campion's at Westoning, on to Woburn Park, in an hour and twenty-five minutes, when a snowstorm saved his life, so a good fox was left in the Oakley country. On Saturday, from Legrave Marsh, they found in Sundon Holt, ran by Strealy to Barton Leate, over those awful coombes by the Roaring Meg to Hexton, and on by Wellbury to Offley, West Wood, Wain Wood, on to Hitch Wood—a long hunting run of about two hours, till a fresh fox jumping up saved his life. Foxes are very stout, and take a lot of catching in the big woodlands or on the hills down in Bedfordshire, while the fields are not so large on Wednesdays, so the best sport is enjoyed.

There is no change in either staff of the Old Berkeley, Mr. Longman's, or the Old Berkeley West, Mr. Mackenzie's; and both packs have had good sport. While the country was dried up, and every one grumbling, Bob Worrall with his nippy ladies was making merry, and bringing cubs to hand with useful scent in the most satisfactory manner. On the last day of cubbing at Haresfoot they had extraordinary sport in Mr. A. Dorien Smith's coverts, killed one cub, ran another to ground in the Hon. Dudley Ryder's Park, West Brook Hay; found another in a turnip-field close by, and raced to Scatterells, where they whipped off late in the afternoon. Perhaps the best day they have had this season was from Maple Cross on December 8th, when a large field met them. Mr. Longman was not out, but there were Lord Clarendon with his little son and daughter, the Hons. Grosvenors, Colonel Leicester Hibbert, Mr. and Miss Harvey-Fellowes, Mr. Ben Way, Rev. E. Drake, Captain Drake, Mr. Clutterbuck, Mr. Webber, Miss Stevens, Mr. Peter Crawshay, Mr. and Mrs. Burbidge, Mr. Day, Mr. G. Gurney, &c. Found a fox in Denham Marsh, and ran hard with plenty of music through the big woods towards Chalfont—a big ring, round by West Hyde and Mr. Ben Way's Island to Colonel Goodlake's coverts, and back to Denham Marsh, where another fox led them a ring, till he was viewed, and Bob quickly took them back to his hunted fox, which they killed handsomely. Mr. Gurney had an afternoon fox in his gorse at Bottom Wood, and a good old-fashioned sort, for he set his head straight for the open, and the hounds raced him through Lady Walk nearly to Gilliatt's Gorse, bore to the left through Blackett Gorse to Fox Wood, through by Green Street to Chenies; right through the Mount, and across the river below Goldington's, up the hill, past the house, bearing round towards Micklefield Hall, where he was viewed, and turned down into Beeching Grove; luckily finding Mr. Clutterbuck's earths open, so a real good fox lives to run another day, with forty-five minutes to his credit that will not be forgotten by those who rode through it.

With the Berkhamstead Buckhounds Mr. Rawle and his staff of volunteers opened the season at Studham Common on November 5th, when the long wished-for rain had fallen, so the going was all that could be desired and scent was good, while they ran merrily to Ashridge, and took the deer at the Bridgewater Arms, the snug little hotel at Little Gaddesden. On the 12th from Harpenden Common they ran into Rothamstead, and very fast way to Childwick, Batch Wood, and Beech Bottom to the Midland Railway,

which turned the deer into St. Albans, where he was taken. From Haxter's and on the 19th they ran from Bottom Farm (where they had the great run to Totteridge on February 6th last season) nearly to Tring, turned back and ran through Latimer's, on to Rough Wood Farm, near Chalfont. On the 26th from Corner Farm they ran again into St. Albans, and took the deer after a very fast gallop. On December 3rd from the Plough, Dunstable Downs, the deer was taken after a very fast gallop of forty minutes close to Dunstable, so the master for the first time in three years enlarged the second on Whipsnade Common, which was taken in fifty-five minutes at Inion's Farm, near Caddington, while a select few, many with very dirty coats, saw the finish. The run of the season so far was from Mr. Bailey's, Cuckmans, near St. Albans, on December 10th. The deer went away from the meadow at the back of the house, while the field was well entertained indoors. Hounds ran fast down by the little covert, bearing round to Potter's Crouch, and skirted Birch Wood to Pre Wood on their right, down to Bottom House, and turned right-handed alongside Gorhambury Park away to Cherry Tree Farm, near Hemel Hemstead, to the railway, which turned them to the right, alongside it nearly to Redbourne, turned right-handed again to Mr. Connor's water meadow, crossed the river and high road, bearing still right-handed to Redbourne Bury, where they turned down-hill to the river, and their followers had the first chance to take a pull at their horses after the fastest forty-five minutes that many had ever seen. Turned up-hill to Batch Wood, through Sir Edmund Becket's grounds, out on to Barnard's Heath, and across Mr. Reynolds's farm to the Midland Railway into St. Albans by Sandpit Lane, where they viewed their deer and raced him across the railway, over the deep ploughed field by Cunningham Hill, across the Great Northern Branch Railway, very fast to Mr. East's Stud Farm at Highfield, where he was taken by Herbert Brown and Jack Rawle after a run of one hour and twenty-five minutes. On the 17th from Mr. Williamson's Pitstone, they had a pretty hunting run over the hills and through the Ashridge Woods at first, then away, over the open by Ward's Coombe to Dagnal, over Whipsnade Hill, past the village to Studham Common, into High Wood to Beechwood Park, away by Flamstead to Harpenden Bury, where the deer was taken.

In Cheshire sport has been fair, and on one occasion brilliant. This was on Friday, the 12th ult., when, after having compressed into the morning as much galloping and jumping as would serve for a whole day, a fine old-fashioned travelling fox was found in a swamp near the pretty village of Marbury. He soon put a canal between himself and his pursuers, after which he set himself the task of beating hounds for speed and endurance, and only failed after going as straight as a line for three-quarters of an hour, in which time he covered seven miles of ground. A want of promptitude in getting away; and a faulty forecast as to the direction to be taken, were among the reasons that caused some of the field to be left at the post. Those who allowed themselves to gallop down the road and over the canal bridge were only just in time to get away and take part in the gallop of the season over a glorious grass country. The steady hunter, troubled with the slows, is out of his place in this run, for something that can gallop is wanted, like this young thoroughbred that comes rushing by in the experienced hands of a gentleman rider. Very well he jumps, too, as his pilot hands him over a post-and-rail fence. Norbury is passed, and, no South Cheshire run being complete without a trip to Wrenbury, the fox takes his course over the Frith, where a gentleman on a grey horse, that luckily makes noise enough to give notice of his approach, nearly jumps on one of Cheshire's most

undaunted performers. "Ware wire!" is a hideous cry at all times, and especially so in the middle of a straightaway run, yet it greeted the field as they came to Wrenbury Brook. In two-tvos three or four are off their horses, posts are pulled up, the wire is pulled down, and a passage is effected, though not before hounds have got something of a start. A slight check at Wrenbury Moss, a thruster down at a gate which did not deign to open; the Master on his back at a forbidding-looking place, but luckily on the right side of it; a gentleman taking a brook, with hedge in front of it, "at twice," is about all that happens, except a gradual tailing, as the chase passes by Baddiley and Swanley. Just beyond Ravensmoor windmill this good fox is pulled down, after a forty-five minutes that must satisfy the most exacting. In strong, and, as some would say, bitter contrast to this cheery gallop was a long dragging hunting run of over two hours that took place on the 9th. Cholmondeley was the point of departure, and somewhere near Swanley the finish, but between these two points hounds ran in a serpentine fashion. The fox was eventually lost near a farm, and no one could guess how he escaped, till it came out next morning that he had sheltered himself in a corn-bin, whence he emerged in the morning as soon as the lid was lifted.

The Shropshire have set the fashion of swimming whenever navigable water comes in the way. They set the example on Friday, the 28th of November, when they met at Haughmond Abbey, found a fox in Holly Coppice, and ran an eight-mile point to the Wrekin. After facing the wind for a short distance the fox turned, and, running by Uffington village, ran over the fields by Upton Magna, through Withington, over the canal to the River Tern. The fox crossed, regardless of the absence of a bridge, and those who would see the end dryshod diverged right and left to distant bridges. Four there were who were determined to stick to hounds at any price, and all would have got over had horses and riders been of the same mind. As it was, only two reached the other bank, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Price. Of the other pair, one stayed where he was while his horse got across, and the fourth was involved in hopeless struggles with his horse when last seen. As the hounds did not check on the other side, the *per mare, per terram* couple had it all to themselves for a while, until a check at Charlton let up the Master, one of the whips, and a few more who had come by a bridge. Henceforth the pace, that had hitherto been very fast, moderated for a time; but at Aston hounds ran agair, and pulled down their fox close to the Wrekin, after an hour and eleven minutes galloping. Since this the swimming feat has been repeated by a hard-riding doctor with Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds, once across a river and once across a canal! The Loppington day on the 8th was a failure, as the hounds could scarcely walk after their fox; but on Monday, the 15th, they had a first-rate evening gallop, and since then one still better, finishing up at the Carradoc; something like twenty-five miles from the kennels.

The neighbouring pack of Sir Watkin Wynn's has put some excellent runs on record. One of the best took place on Saturday, the 29th of November. There had been a sharp frost over-night, and on Saturday hunting seemed pretty well hopeless. The hounds, however, turned up at Iscoed, and began to draw the home coverts soon after the appointed time. The morning's proceedings showed that Mr. Godsall had not tended his coverts in vain, for there were plenty of foxes in the park, if they did not show very much sport. Then Goodall came out of the lodge gates, crossed the road, and went to Kiln-green Wood, where a fox was no sooner found than he went to ground, amid a general lengthening of faces. Never mind; there was another at

home, and a good one he proved to be. Regardless of horses and horsemen, he came out of covert, and made straight for the brook by the Wyches, where, as luck has it, an easy crossing is found by the mill. Between Tushingham and Macefen is a difficult country, in which jumpers jump to their hearts' content. "The hunt and St. Chad's chapel are both in the same field," says a yokel, for a moment in doubt which is the more glorious institution of the two; and then comes Willey Farm, with its wide, deep, and boggy drains, four of which must be crossed, if the rider would reach Bar Mere, towards which the fox is certainly heading. "Oh, for a water-jumper!" is the general cry, especially on the part of one man, whose gee pulls up short at the second drain and slips in, where he remains for a month of Sundays. Nor is he the only victim of these obstacles. What becomes of the fallen ones nobody knows, for "the pace is too good to inquire." Bar Mere is skirted, the Tarpoley road crossed, and then the hounds run through Norbury Common. The flying Wrenbury country is appreciated by all at its true worth, and in Wrenbury Moss the fox gets out of harm's way underground, after a rattling gallop of fifty-five minutes.

Just one week later another excellent day was enjoyed—three good runs; the best of them was the last, an out-and-home gallop one hour and seven minutes long, and about ten miles in extent. The famous Ash Wood, that had given us a fox in the morning, provided the material for the evening's amusement. We went as straight as a dart to Shavington, three and a-half miles, in a quarter of an hour, right through that extensive demesne, and out on the Market Drayton side, where the fox, instead of turning back, ran round the outside, skirted the water, and faced the open in the country of the South Cheshire. Leaving Kent's Rough on the right, the fox ran by Wilkesley, and then back to Ash, where the hounds were whipped off in the dark close to the wood. We hope it is a sign of better times coming for the farmers, that, in all the good runs that have taken place, a farmer or two have been conspicuous from find to finish. There are plenty of them that can ride with any one if they can only get the cattle to go upon.

Sport with the Atherstone has been only middling, excepting in the Friday country, where some good gallops have been had. Castleman has been laid up with a bad attack of gout, which he cannot shake off, and Mr. Oakeley has had the misfortune to break a rib; consequently everything, including scent, has been against sport, and some of the field have given Ned Farmer (who has been doing duty as huntsman) but a sorry chance of recovering a lost line, as, instead of standing still at a check, they shuffle their horses almost on to hounds' backs.

The Meynott are having capital fun. In Derbyshire there are lots of foxes, and since rain came sport has been the rule rather than the exception. To prevent the large fields of late years general with these hounds on a Thursday, the Radborne country will henceforth be hunted on Tuesdays, on which day most of the neighbouring packs also hunt. On Saturday, December 20th, the bitch pack had a very fast twenty-five minutes from Walton Wood to Catton, then by Homestall Wood, leaving Lullington and Clifton to left, raced into their fox in the River Mease, the boundary between their country and the Atherstone.

The South Staffordshire have suffered much from want of scent, which is natural in their light plough country; only two or three fair things have fallen to their lot last month.

Earl Ferrers has had, perhaps, as good sport as any one, and the "silent system" his lordship adopts has answered this season, at any rate. On Monday, December 15th, he had what may be classed as an historic run

from Langley Wood, Killing, to Plumtree, between Nottingham and Melton, a fourteen-mile point, and nearly twenty as hounds run; time, two hours and a-half.

That good sportsman, Mr. James Lowther, has been rather sharply criticised for an after-dinner speech delivered by him at the annual dinner of the York Gimcrack Club last month, for taking, in the opinion of his critics, too optimist views of the state of the Turf at the present time. Mr. Lowther evidently does not believe in the so-called and much-talked-about "jockey combinations," ignores the existence of any "clique" or "cliques," and, putting aside one or two little black spots, such as the heavy betting of jockeys, &c., is quite content with things as they are. While unable to quite go with him in all of his somewhat roseate views of things, we are glad to see he does not join in that strong feeling many people profess to have about gate-money meetings, and takes the opportunity of speaking in terms of approval of Derby, a meeting which, as our readers know, has often been mentioned in these pages as a pattern and example to others, holding, as it now does, thanks to good management and liberal outlay, such an important position in the racing world. Mr. Lowther sees that a well-conducted gate-money meeting, where shareholders are content with moderate dividends, and where the financial arrangements are equitable, "confers a distinct advantage on the racing community." This is what we have always maintained since the time when Sandown first showed us how the once opprobrious term "gate-money," supposed to be synonymous with robbery and rowdiness, could be brought to mean order, comfort, and even luxury. Mr. Lowther gave a gentle reminder to the Epsom authorities that a good deal of money may be made out of racing without the adoption of the gate-money system, and from the general tone of his remarks we thought we gathered that, supposing the York authorities entertained the idea of enclosing the Knavesmire, they might count on their former member's support. He manfully stuck to his view of the reading of the rule that bore on the value of stakes, what was to be deducted, &c. As he had Sir Henry Hawkins' opinion to back him up, we, for one, shall bow to that decision. Our good friend *The Field*, we see, sticks to *his* guns too, and defies the majesty of the law, the Jockey Club, and all their works. So be it. But we are glad Mr. Lowther does not disapprove of gate-money.

And speaking of Turf matters reminds us that some little stir has been caused by the action taken by the Stewards of the Jockey Club in reference to the horses belonging to "Mr. Abington," otherwise Mr. Baird. By the refusal of these authorities to allow Gurry to train his horses, Mr. Baird is precluded from using the establishment he has just rented from the Dowager Duchess of Montrose at 1800*l.* per annum—at first sight a seeming hardship; but as the Stewards had reason to believe, what we fancy was shrewdly suspected by most racing men, that while Mr. Baird was doing his term of banishment from the Turf he owned race-horses and ran them in another man's name, we think most people were inclined to thoroughly approve their action. Now Mr. Baird denies, we hear, that he had anything to do with owning horses during his retirement, and as the Stewards are, we suppose, bound to accept this denial, it is possible that Gurry will yet be allowed to train his horses at Bedford Lodge. Some regulations of the Jockey Club as to applying for licence—giving in a list of employers, &c.—appear not to have been complied with, but we presume these offences can be condoned. We trust we have heard the last of Mr. Baird, and we also trust he has learned wisdom.

That the Stewards are determined the Turf shall be as much as possible

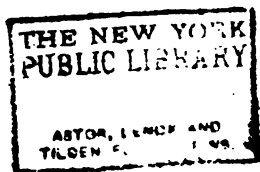
purified from scandals is shown by the warning given to jockeys in a recent number of the *Calendar*, as to their habit of "betting largely on horse-racing, and also of receiving presents in connection with races from persons other than the owner of the horses they ride in such races." The Stewards intimate in plain language that such practices will not be tolerated, and that when proved to exist the offenders will be liable to have their licences withdrawn. That this may help to check the evil we have great hopes; that it will cure it none of us can be sanguine. The difficulty of diving below the surface of the Turf world, and detecting and laying bare its dirty secrets, is immense. We may have a suspicion, and more than a suspicion, that this jockey bets largely, that another is the owner of a lot of horses, that a third is deeply in debt in the Ring, but the proof of all this will be hard—almost impossible indeed—to get at. As to the heavy betting indulged in by many of our leading jockeys, that, we think, can be effectually checked, and for this reason, because their commissioners are well known. Every jockey does his betting through a third party. He is careful not to appear in the matter himself, but still it is of every-day occurrence during the racing season; hearing that such and such a jockey has a pony, or fifty, or a hundred on something that is running—not by any means, as a rule, the horse that jockey is riding—and it is whispered as an open secret, and the B. P. hasten to follow suit. Now, as we have said before, the commissioners are well known; and, though the notice of the Stewards above quoted from does not refer to them, we have no doubt their attention has been called to the fact. Whether their edicts can touch these commissioners is another affair which we will leave to Sir Henry Hawkins to give an opinion on.

The Cambridge Undergraduates held their Biennial meeting at Cottenham on October 4th. Nothing was wanting, either as regards the weather or sport, to ensure a pleasant day. Proceedings began, as usual, with a one mile flat race, last year's winner, Mr. Rawdon's Snowflake again winning. The chief event of the day came next, the University Challenge Cup. Ten faced the starter. Of these Mr. Rutherford's Reality, well ridden by Mr. A. H. Straker, soon spread-eagled his field, and won in a hack canter by forty lengths. The winner is a hunter all over, with a fine turn of speed. The Pony Race was next on the card. General opinion was here at fault, as Nana, on whom long odds were laid, was never in the race, Mr. Airey's True Love at the finish winning easily. The finish for the Red Coat Race proved very sensational. At the distance there was nothing to choose between three; in passing the Paddock two of these bolted in, leaving Mr. Phillips to win as he liked. In the Pony Match, between Tommy and Toby, Mr. F. Straker showed that he had made no mistake, Tommy carrying his pretty colours home the easiest of winners. We think, however, that Toby might have been nearer had he been ridden with judgment. In the Welter Race we saw the best-looking hunter on the course in Mr. F. Straker's Jumbo, who, with Mr. A. H. Straker in the saddle, was made a hot favourite. The good-looking bay, fencing in capital style, looked all over a winner a quarter of a mile from home; but condition told in the end, and he had to put up with second place, the winner turning up in Mr. Marling's Sir Stafford. The Open Hurdle Race proved the good thing it looked for Snowflake, who always had the race in hand. This brought to a conclusion as pretty a day's sport as it has been our lot to be present at this year.

By the death of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, Lord Rocksavage, an enthusiastic hunting man and the keenest of fox-preservers, succeeds to the title. In their obituary notices of the deceased nobleman, some of the papers

describe the present Marquis as the son of a Lord Rocksavage. This is wrong; the present Marquis's father was never a Lord Rocksavage.

The death of the ninth Earl of Scarborough in the fulness of years had been for some time expected by those most dear to and intimate with him. It is more than twenty years ago that we saw him, for the first time, within the enclosure at Doncaster reclining in his carriage placed immediately under the Jockey Club Stand—a delicate-looking but still animated invalid; taking evidently the keenest interest in the stirring scene before him, engaged in conversation with his many friends, and perfectly *au courant* with all that was going on. To look at him then was not to imagine that his life would reach to man's allotted span, and yet he was in his seventy-second year when he breathed his last at Sandbeck, close to Tickhill, so long one of the homes of our thoroughbred stock, indeed about the oldest now in existence. If we mistake not, the great-uncle of the nobleman just deceased bred at Tickhill both Catton and Tarrare, the latter the winner of the Leger, and a rank outsider, in 1826. The Lumleys of latter days were all-round sportsmen, from father to son, and there were few among them keener, until the terrible accident that rendered him a cripple for life, than the nobleman whose loss we have to deplore. The circumstances and locality of the accident have been variously described, but it is sufficient here to say that a fall from his horse resulted in paralysis of the spine, and Lord Scarborough was doomed to years of painful and hopeless inactivity. To say that he bore his fate with courage and uncomplaining spirit is only to say he was his father's son. There never was yet a Lumley who blenched before danger or defeat; and though, to such an ardent lover of all field sports, the privation must have been hard indeed, he never murmured. The oldest breeder of thoroughbred stock in the kingdom, he had now to confine his attention to that alone, and the Tickhill stud was his occupation and amusement. Tickhill has been the roof-tree of many of our most celebrated sires. The record goes back to Languor, Cardinal Puff, Hetman Platoff, and the celebrated Newminster, who was sold by Lord Scarborough to the Rawcliffe Stud Company, before his fame as a sire had been established. Rataplan was another Tickhill-bred one, and a great favourite with his owner. When the horse died, he was assigned the honours of burial by the side of Languor and Tarrare, and Strathconan was purchased to supply his place. A very promising colt in next year's Derby, Kingwood, claims paternity from one of the present Tickhill sires, Silvester, but as that claim is also shared by Lowlander, we hardly know if the good-looking Silvester is to be credited with him. At all events, thanks to the foresight of Lord Scarborough, who knew but too well how frail latterly was his tenure of life, all his foals since 1881 have been nominated by his son, Lord Lumley, now Earl of Scarborough; so Kingwood will give Sir George Chetwynd a Derby chance not to be despised. There was much sincere sorrow round Lord Scarborough's grave. A kind and gentle nature, a good landlord and master, his death, though long expected, came as a shock to his family and many friends.





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Joseph Brown

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therefore, at the commencement of the season, intimated to the
Committee his intention of resigning, unless a proposal of his own

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BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. ANDREW KNOWLES.

OVER that pleasant country on which "Malvern's lovely heights" look down—a country chiefly in Herefordshire, but inserting itself into corners of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire—has the subject of our present memoir for the last nine years hunted the pack known as the Ledbury Hounds, showing good sport, and enjoying the liking and support of all sorts and conditions of men. The second son of Mr. James Knowles of Eagley, Lancashire, Mr. Knowles had, previously to his taking the Ledbury country in 1876, hunted regularly for five or six years with the Cheshire and earned a good degree over its pastures. It was on the retirement of Mr. Morell, who exchanged the Ledbury for the Worcestershire, that Mr. Knowles assumed the mastership of the former, and as Mr. Morell had taken his hounds with him, the new master had to get together a pack, which, by the aid of an early draft from the Belvoir kennels and much help from Croome, he soon succeeded in doing.

He is well supported. A very keen man to his hounds, which he hunts himself, and very popular with that backbone of the hunting community, the farmers—all the principal land-owners take care that their coverts provide foxes. Lord Somers, as might be expected, is a staunch preserver of the Eastnor Woods, and far-farmed Beacon Hill is a sure find. Mr. Ricardo's woods at Bromsberrow are seldom empty, and the same may be said of Mr. Gambier Parry's coverts at Highnam. Major Probyn, a keen sportsman from his earliest days, and Mr. Dowdswell of Pull Court are both to be depended on, as is Mr. Canning of Hartpur, *cum multis aliis*, good men and true.

As the country is a large one, Mr. Knowles finds that the four days a week absolutely necessary for hunting it entail more time and hard work than he feels himself justified in devoting to it, and therefore, at the commencement of the season, intimated to the Committee his intention of resigning, unless a proposal of his own

could be carried out. He is willing to hunt the country south of Ledbury two days a week, if a Master could be got to hunt two days the country on the north side, and, failing the latter arrangement, that the Committee should do so. A deputation from the Committee had an interview with Mr. Knowles about the middle of last month, and as dividing a country is a step to be avoided if possible, it was agreed that the Committee should endeavour to obtain some gentleman who would take the entire country; and, if that could not be effected, Mr. Knowles's first proposal will in all probability be carried out. In some way we trust the services of such a thorough and popular sportsman will not be lost to the Ledbury country.

FOX-HUNTING FALLACIES.

FOX-HUNTING might probably celebrate its bicentenary in several parts of England during the coming lustrum, and its growth has not been like that of the prophet's gourd, or even like the conifers, who assume greatness and height in the course of a generation, but rather like that of its native oak, whose foundations, according to the poet, are laid as deep in the earth as the height to which its column ascends skywards; unlike the oak, however, save in its vigour and vitality, the gusts of change and fashion affect it most sensibly; and, to borrow a simile from the acacia of the tropics, it proves highly sensitive to the touch and temper of the times, and changes its costume and complexion as often as a queen of tragedy. Hence, in its progress towards what we, heirs of the bygone decades, take to be scientific perfection, the chase of the fox undergoes mighty mutations, and many of the accompaniments and accidents, so to speak, that our forbears considered almost essential, and part and parcel of *their* established system of hunting, are now as completely obsolete as the pop-guns of Drake and Lord Howard of Effingham's men-of-war would be in a modern naval engagement. Curiously enough, however, a good many of these ancient customs and observances have been so celebrated in song and story by contemporary writers, that several young sportsmen, whose theory is more extensive than their practice, grow up with a certain morbid faith in these traditions of a past and vanished age, and are apt to feel something akin to disappointment when they discover their mistake; while, on the other hand, the romance of the chase has expanded to such an extent in the hands of the novelist, and in the highly-coloured descriptions of brilliant passages of sport in the modern press, that a host of fallacies on the subject of fox-hunting has grown up and ripened in the popular and untutored mind. Be it our task to puncture a few of these wind-bags, and thus cause an escape of noxious gas; and the word gas suggests a few paragraphs on the immense change which a generation or two has made between the present noiselessness of a field of good sportsmen and the old

noisiness which was considered part of the joviality of the chase, and to which many voices contributed in the days gone by. Addison, whose "style" in *Essay* was probably far better than his essays at style in the saddle, tells us something of "the tintamarre" of the chase in his day, through the mouth of our dear friend Sir Roger de Coverley. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the *hollowing* of the sportsmen and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure." We know from Shakespeare that the same uproarious system obtained "in Crete, in Sparta, and in Thessaly;" while Dan Chaucer tells us how, when a fox was first found, all animate nature used to *open* on him—

"Ran cow and calf, and eke the very hogges,
So fired were for barking of the dogges,
And *shouting* of the men and women eke,
They ronnen so hem thought her hertes brake"—

and Thompson (of 'The Seasons') exhorts sportsmen to raise their voices high when the fox is

"from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd—
Then let all *the thunder* of the chase pursue."

Probably this ensemble of hounds and humans was a survival from the times of those Pagan pursuers of whom Virgil tells us, and how their stags are driven to the toils with shouts and halloas: *Ingenti clamore virum ad retia tendunt*.

Col. Cook, who wrote a capital treatise on the chase, flourished as a sportsman in the first quarter of the tenth century, and efforts were, it would seem, then made to abate the noisy nuisance, which is as about as aggravating to a sedulous hunting staff and master as the "Conspirators' Chorus" in 'Madame Angot' on a hurdy-gurdy when you are studying the differential calculus, or making an equation of odds on a double or treble event. Here is an amusing anecdote told by the gallant author:—

"But still, as I have above stated, great as is the mischief done by persons who over-ride your hounds, you may even put up with it, although very annoying, if they will but refrain from *hallooing*. There may be some faint hope of improving a field that ride too forward, but a *noisy one* you can never mend. To prove it, in some measure, I will relate the following fact: It happened some years ago, I was out cub-hunting, and had found a litter of foxes in some small coverts detached as much as a field or two from each other; a farmer joined us, whom I knew to be free with his tongue, and when the hounds were holding merrily together on one fox, and had nearly beat him, he was seen to halloo them to a fresh one, and swear it was the same we were hunting. After begging him to desist without effect, I rode up and spoke to him in anything but gentle language; when he instantly got into a violent passion, and declared nothing on earth should ever make him halloo another fox

for me ! I thought for once he was silenced ; but before the words were scarcely out of his mouth, a fresh fox crossed the main ride in the covert, and the moment he viewed him he was at it again—‘ Tallyho ! tallyho ! tallyho ! I will be d——d, sir, if that is not the hunted fox.’ ” Here is another : In a county that shall be nameless, where every one not only fancied himself a huntsman, but would on some occasions put his fancy into practice, a farmer actually came out one day *with a horn*, and began blowing when we found ! The manager was also a good deal annoyed by a hound named Thunder, a great favourite in the hunt before he had the management of the hounds, and, to do him justice, he was a good guide, steady from hare ; and when he threw his tongue (which he was very free with) it was so singular a one the whole neighbourhood knew it, and he was a most determined skirter. Now, in this county alluded to, there is a succession of small coverts, and a fox generally visited them. Thunder had a trick of going alone from one covert to another down wind, after the hounds passed, and of throwing his tongue either on the hunted fox or a fresh one ; and at most of these little coverts there was a skirting rider who, the moment he heard Thunder’s voice, began halloaing and cheering him, so that very often it was nothing but “ Hark to Thunder ! ” the whole day through. On one of these occasions the master’s patience was quite exhausted, and the prospect of a good day’s sport totally lost. Returning home not very well pleased, in conversation with the whipper-in he said : “ What do you think of Thunder ? ” “ Why, I think, sir, we shall never kill a fox while he is living. ” “ I am of your opinion, ” answered he. “ You may have his skin. ” Will was so anxious to get him out of the way, fearing his master might change his mind, that when he went out to feed his hounds a few minutes after his return home, Thunder was no more ! The next hunting day, when the hounds found, many exclaimed, “ It cannot be a fox, it is only riot, for we do not hear Thunder’s voice. ” “ Indeed, ” said the master, “ and what is more wonderful, you never will again. ” It was soon whispered about that poor Thunder was dead ; so many long faces were scarcely ever seen before ; one gentleman was observed going up to a rich farmer ; “ What do you think has happened ? ” “ What ? ” answered the farmer with the greatest anxiety ; “ have any more banks stopped ? ” “ No ! ” replied the gentleman, “ worse than that, poor Thunder is draughted, and we shall never have any sport again. ” The means taken had the desired effect for a time, but a subscriber was lost, who coolly observed he never would go out hunting again if he was not permitted to halloo to the hounds whenever he pleased. Many of us will recollect Surtees’ sportsman, who was such an inveterate babbler, that he never went up and down stairs save to the cry of his own tally-ho. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and no matter how cheery may be the feast of reason and the flow of soul, how pleasant the gossip of the coffee-house, how “ fulminating ” the wit and repartee as we ride to the first draw, silence instantly becomes “ all

golden," and the Masonic motto, *Audi vide tace*, the rule of the riders, who turn "trappists" for the occasion, intent as the old postulants of the Sibyl of Cuma, or the Pythoness of Delphi, for the first utterances of the oracles within the boundary fence. Signalling now takes the place of screeching, and we no longer hear how Tom Price "yelled on the view the opening pack," or how Captain Crasher galloped across the enclosure, shouting "Tallyho!" or "Forrard! forrard! forrard away!" "Silence," says that exquisite delineator of hunting scenes, the late Whyte-Melville, "is the criterion of pace." He means the remark to apply to hounds (in which I think he errs), but certainly it is very true of humans; for who can find breath to shout and halloo when a brilliant burst has just begun, the probable prelude to a great run, and every nerve and every fibre is strained to its utmost extent to realise the legend "Be with them I will"? Hence I cannot help looking with great distrust on those authors and novelists who make their heroes and heroines talk in set phrase to each other in these ecstatic instants; just as I hold these stories of leaders of men making formal speeches in the heat of the *melée*, or the fury of the fray, to be most decidedly apocryphal. Of course, in these remarks I allude only to small country spinneys, sticks, or gorses; in the weariness of woodlands, no doubt, talk, under certain restrictions, is admissible; but even here the babbling man and the babbling hound are very nearly in the same category—both noisy nuisances, and, in the words of the old Gallic aphorism, we may say, "*Le bruit est pour le sot*."

After the day's work is over, the fountains of the great deeps of silence may be unsealed.

Another very common and popular fallacy in connection with the chase is that immense speed is required to keep on fair terms with fox-hounds, so highly bred are the latter now and so tremendously fast! What is really required by a man who has the nerve, the judgment, and the quickness to be able to ride his own line, with the hounds for his guides and occasionally for his pioneers, is a hunter well *bent* and *broken* (for the two things are often not combined), handy to turn, and capable of jumping cleverly the ordinary obstacles of the country—with a will in complete sympathy with his rider's—and of course power and breeding sufficient to master the weight assigned to him. Such a horse need not be fast as racing men understand speed; he must know how to gallop (an art acquirable by nearly all true-shaped horses, but an art which very often is not acquired, or at any rate improved to the fullest extent, because the rider does not know how to teach it), but this gallop need not be very much faster than extremely good trotting on a level road, and in point of fact there are not unfrequently runs when a really fast trotter who had the gift of taking the fences as they came could be quite as well placed as the speediest sprinter of the entire field. All this may sound very paradoxical and even denigrant to the dignity of fox-hunting, but I think for all that that there is much practical truth in the remarks just made. To be sure, if we could only credit

the runs we read of and hear of, from and in sources that have the seeming stamp of genuine authenticity, they would be very absurd ; but, then, when do hounds run, as we read occasionally, for an hour, and an hour and many minutes without checking ? while a very great number of the runs that fill the average hunting diary (if faithfully kept) are little more than a constant succession of checks, little jerky progresses, little short sentences, with pauses and commas, and colons and semi-colons, and an odd full stop ; not the fluent, flowing oratory which, seeming never to falter or lack its inspiration, charms our ear, whether from pulpit or platform, and rivets our attention if the matter be equal to the style and manner of delivery—ten miles per hour is good—very good hunting pace—twelve extremely good—and anything between twelve and fifteen phenomenally good, and not likely to continue long. Now a fox is an extremely fast animal, far faster than the average foxhound ; but then his condition and stamina are vastly inferior to that of the latter ; and so, though he can beat him in a course over a field, when he is fresh, he has to twist and turn after a short time ; he squeezes through passes that the pack are delayed at, he tries to baffle them for moments in the brook or on the road, and all this time the pursuing pack is handicapped by the necessity of stooping for the scent, and unable to use its great powers of condition, staying, and speed. Of course I do not allude to those rare days or portions of days, when the guiding and inspiring *aura* enables hounds to shake off the shackles of patient plodding investigation, and to give free vent and scope to their running capacity, when in fact heads up and sterns down is the order of pursuit, and best pace is required on the part of any horse that would live with or near them. These conditions, terrestrial and atmospheric, are the exception, not the rule ; and of course in the selection of hunters the average rather than the exceptions should be considered. Six real genuine statute miles are seldom covered by hounds in a plough or mixed country in thirty minutes ; on old turf of course there is an acceleration of speed, but then, as old turf is generally assigned to heifers and bullocks, who require to be encompassed by strong and often repelling barriers, the hunter who can accomplish the task of six miles with fourteen stone on his back, on old pastures, is by no means a tardy tortoise, but an honest and good servant, worthy of all care and attention that a master can bestow. To be sure, one reads of ten or twelve miles being done under the hour on cold, bad scanty reaches of arable, but in all probability, if strict tests could be applied to these dicta about distances, a little enthusiasm would be found as an element in the calculation. In stag-hunting longer distances are often covered in shorter time than in fox-hunting ; for though the pace for bursts may not be so fast, the checks and pauses are fewer. The men to whom great speed in their hunters is absolutely indispensable are the indirect division—in other words, the followers who do not attempt to go straight, but gallop off to this gap and that gate, who hesitate at the fences they ride at, and too often fill their hunters with their own vacillation of purpose ; or

men who do not put their horses well at their fences from faulty hands or some such cause, and cause their hunters to refuse or swerve, and have to gallop very fast to make up lost ground; in fact, if you look into the matter, you will find that these men make a run of four or five miles into six or seven, and of course extra galloping power is necessary for such exigencies.

Another very common delusion or fallacy on the part of fox-hunters is that of possessing too many hunters for their wants. In England plethora rather than poverty is to be dreaded in the stable, and gentlemen's horses are rather under than over-worked, over rather than under-fed, always supposing that they are sound in wind and limb, and of good constitution. Ask any of our officers who have done some campaigning in Egypt and the Soudan, and they will tell you that the little native Arab slave does twice the work that English gentlemen's horses would be expected to perform. The frontier cavalry man in America does journeys that would be considered quite excessive in England, and that without any injury to his mount. In England we constantly see—even in the middle of the season—horses quite above themselves, and almost dangerously fresh. Of course stable pride and imitative ambition has much to do with this state of things, but for all that it is a fatal fallacy, and makes fox-hunting a more expensive luxury than it need be. Second horses and second horsemen are an admirable institution when carried out properly and when required, in the majority of cases they are both misapplied and unnecessary.

Youth, whether golden or electro-plated, is ever sanguine of sporting success; but few more fatuous conceptions ever entered the head of a neophyte in the science of the chase than the notion that he can really go to hounds on a number of new and different horses, who have all got their peculiarities of mouth and manners when brought into the excitable and exciting arena of a fox-chase. Only experts can accomplish anything with good and satisfactory results under such circumstances, and hence the spectacle of the man with many hunters having nothing to ride. Just as we hear and read of the lady with a score of fine frocks having nothing fit to wear we may paraphrase the Horatian homily—

“Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Recte beatum,”

into—

“’Tis not the many-huntered man
Who oft or always leads the van!”

And we often notice the sportsman with four or five useful seasoned hunters infinitely nearer hounds between November and April than the lord of a dozen handsome pedigreed pretenders full of quality but lacking experience.

Another fertile source of disappointed expectation is the buying of a hunter who has earned a great character in his shire in the hands of a *professor* or (as they style them) “a workman.” The new

purchase may turn out worse than any white elephant; and the old story of the Eastern king, who refused to recognise a successor unless he could pull his famous bow, should be recollected; while equally dangerous and "trappy" is the axiom—wise in itself—that in buying hunters you should have them a stone or two over your weight, for that depends greatly upon *your hands and seat*, and their *manners*. Another very common delusion and fallacy—a fatal one sometimes—is the idea that hunting can be made a self-supporting pastime by the barter and sale of horses. Horse-dealing is *not* a lucrative business even in able hands, and the exceptions only prove the rule. Copers are very apt to part with their generally slight capital in the effort, and sometimes character follows cash. Perhaps one of the most noxious fallacies of the day is that fox-hunting is a grand old English institution that can flourish, like the chameleon, on air, or like some mysterious gentlemen "without any visible means." Mr. Arthur Aymondesham Arnold is a very smart young gentleman of the period. His name is not in the Stud Book, but it may be found in the 'London Directory,' in connection with the Stock Exchange. He has good length (without breadth) of limb, and is strong without any lumber. His uncle, a sporting attorney, entered him to hounds very early in life, and his style and seat on horseback were unimpeachable. Bulls and bears have helped him to a good many thousands, and his yearning is for hunters and hunting; so a nice lot of very fair horses are distributed along sundry lines of railway, and, though he has achieved no great triumphs, he has been remarked several times as "a stranger who went well." But the season progresses, and our friend has skimmed its cream, but no "ponies" has he paid to the various packs whom he has honoured with his plutocratic presence—

"He loves (hunting) and he rides away,"

and his case is that of many whose contributory and consequential damages, as assessed by a jury of farmers, comes to a round sum; and the system is sapping the foundations of hunting in several parts of England, by souring the farmers, on whose support the chase depends. Indeed the organised way in which the hunting exchequer is *bilked* every season of what might be deemed its "dues" will certainly call for some financial remedy ere long; for the burdens of masters of hounds are, as Mr. Weller says, "swellin' wisely."

The fashionable fallacy that costume is *absolutely necessary* for fox-hunting is only held by men or boys of uncertain age and status; but, if not absolutely necessary, a good get-up, well put on, adds much to the style of the outward hunting man, and if the things be well made they are aids to progress; but to those who maintain the aforementioned fad, I would quote this extract from the pen of Whyte-Melville: "Who that has hunted in Ireland but can recall the interest and indeed amusement with which he has watched some mere baby, strangely tackled and uncouthly equipped, sailing along in the front rank, steered with consummate skill and temper by a

venerable rider who looks sixty on horseback and at least eighty on foot. The man's dress is of the shabbiest and most incongruous; his boots are outrageous; his spurs ill put on, and his hat shows symptoms of ill-usage in warfare or the chase, but he sits in the saddle like a workman, and age has no more quenched the courage in his bright Irish eye than it has soured the mirth of his temperament or saddened the music of his brogue."

Racing for a start is a very foolish fallacy indeed, and generally brings its own penalty in the odium incurred (and sometimes expressed by the higher powers too). When the pack are well on their line and have "settled," then indeed may reins be given to youthful (or aged) ambition, but the attempt "to steal a march," so to speak, constantly defeats itself; for if the fox has merely feinted, and means going away for any opposite point, the first will in that case become last.

Another very frequent source of disappointment and shipwreck is the *incompatibility* of hunters to the country they are required to cross, and the oblivion of Laureate Louth's lines—

"Every species of ground every horse does not suit,
What's a good country hunter may here prove a brute."

Some hold that a good horse is at home in every country, but it is hardly fair to put an extra-keen highly-bred hunter, whose forte is striding over grass pastures and their boundaries, into a close, trappy, cramped country, where pace is no desideratum—rather the reverse, and where "caution marks" (or ought to mark) "the guarded way," while the creeping characteristic of the hunter at home in such a district are wasted in the breadths of Bullock Land.

Perhaps, after this recital of a few fox-hunting fallacies, the critic may remark that fox-hunting itself is a fallacy and an anachronism. Theoretically it may be, practically, it is not. The depression so general in the world has not affected the chase in England, Wales, and Scotland, while in Ireland even the Nationalists are plumping for it in some quarters; and if we turn to the Continent, to America, to Australia, we shall see increasing instances of that form of flattery said to be the *sincerest*, namely, *imitation*.

LORD CADOGAN'S "STATE OF THE TURF."

It has been said, by one who followed "the game all round," when speaking of the morality of the ring, that speculation is a normal vice in man, and that the world, with its usual unfairness, would persist to frown on it when it is applied to horses and dogs, but would smile complacently when viewed in connection with bulls and bears, and that the men who gamble in time bargains and lives, would think their credit as fathers of families compromised if they were known to bet on a horse-race. Lord Cadogan is

deserving of thanks from every lover of the turf for his article in the *Fortnightly Review*, but at the same time I think it necessary that racing, and matters appertaining to the turf, should be regarded from another standpoint besides that from which his lordship writes. He acknowledges that gate-money meetings have "wrought a considerable change in the character of racing generally during the last few years," and also "that the system will compare, in some respects, favourably with the old"—i.e., meetings on an open course. He continues to say that "owners of horses are no longer satisfied with the prizes offered for competition at old-fashioned meetings, and the stakes must therefore be increased to thousands where hundreds used to attract large fields of horses." This demand for the increase of stakes is met by the extra funds coming into the hands of managers by aid of the entrance money. It therefore follows that gate-money meetings must be regarded as an accomplished fact, and an innovation on the old state of things, called forth by the go-ahead and progressive times in which we live. The "good old-fashioned meeting," adjacent to some quiet and time-honoured town, will soon become as obsolete as the old stage-coach and pocket borough of our forefathers. And now, closely connected with racing, and particularly with regard to gate-money meetings, comes the question of ready-money betting. The legislature were undoubtedly wise when they abolished list-houses in the metropolis; but with respect to abolishing ready-money betting on the course, I think, if adopted, we should be making one law for the rich or influential portion of mankind, and another for their less favoured brethren. If such rules are ever rigorously enforced horse-racing must cease to be looked upon as the national sport or pastime. And I question if such rules would not destroy the very backbone of racing itself. They would certainly ring the death-knell of all gate-money meetings. Commerce itself would never flourish without speculation; and without betting horse-racing would die of consumption. Men do not attend race-meetings merely for the love of seeing superb animals gallop. If that is all they require, they could pay their shilling at Sanger's and admire the sleek and bespangled horse with easy and untiring action gracefully canter round and round the circus. The primary cause of the bulk of those men who attend race-meetings is the love of speculation, and therefore the main object is their chance of winning money. And it may be granted that the greater number of those who frequent gate-money meetings are men who follow ready-money betting, men who are not members of the leading turf clubs, and whose status in the world would not warrant their aspiring to such a position, and who are therefore debarred the privilege of betting on credit. Would it not be interfering too much with the liberty of the subject to altogether deprive such men from the pleasures of betting? And could horse-racing afford to lose the support these men unquestionably bring to it?

If Lord Cadogan can devise such means as will purge racing and

the betting-ring of its dishonourable and objectionable members, he will confer an immense boon upon all true lovers of the sport. The rowdy element at last reigned supreme over prize-fighting, and then that institution became doomed. It is now exerting its detestable, abominable, and disgraceful sway on our race-courses, and if not checked will stifle and extinguish the national sport. He must not class all ready-money bookmakers as men without credit, and deserving the severest reprobation. Bookmakers are certainly not heaven-born, but they, like members of any other profession, must have a beginning. The gentleman or amateur bookmaker is a man to be avoided. He is generally a person who conceives the brilliant idea of "peppering" two or three horses strongly, on the assumption of his own superior knowledge that neither of them can possibly win. Consequently his book is a sheer gambling one; and should either of those horses, which he has so cleverly and unmercifully "peppered," happen to win, the amateur becomes a defaulter, and quickly lost to sight, though to memory dear! Another matter should also not be overlooked. Many backers who bet on credit occasionally ignore the settling day, especially after some of our largest and most important meetings. A little ready money is then useful to the bookmaker, because if he don't receive he can't pay. A bookmaker's business ceases when he does not pay up to time; but, unfortunately, many backers will now and then shirk Black Monday with unblushing impunity. What induced J. B. Morris, one of the most genial and straightforward men that ever wielded a pencil, to bid his native land farewell? The tens of thousands that were owing him in his booked debts. The biggest of our bookmakers at the present time, even those regarded as the leviathans of the ring, were not always perched on the pinnacle. I think Robert Lee can remember when ready money, although little fish, was very sweet; and Henry Steele used to have other settlements beside those which take place on Mondays. And so it was with their predecessors. Are we not told how Davis, one of the most dashing and fearless pencillers who ever offered odds, began as a ready-money man, being glad to take half-a-crown; and he would travel from Newmarket to London each day after the races, so that his numerous customers in the metropolis should make sure of receiving their winnings on the following morning. When Lord Cadogan says that the ready-money bookmaker "has no capital and less credit," his assertion is of too sweeping a nature; and he forgets that it is the ready-money bettor, *i.e.*, the taker of the odds, who cannot command credit. If welshing bookmakers are tolerated either in or outside the betting-rings, betting men and stewards are alone to blame. Stewards and promoters of race meetings should do their utmost to stamp out welshing. It could easily be done. A common fund should be established to which all promoters of race meetings, and all legitimate bookmakers, should subscribe, for the purpose of employing and paying an efficient staff of plain-clothes policemen, whose duty it should be to hound all vagabonds

of the welshing fraternity off the various courses. These plain-clothes policemen would be in addition to the constabulary now employed to keep order on the course itself. It is certainly worthy the consideration of men like Lord Cadogan, and all members of the Jockey Club, whether betting outside the rings shall be allowed or not. If abolished entirely a second ring should always be established, with a minimum entrance fee of, say, five shillings. The day is coming, even if it has not already come, when bookmakers will have to be a little more alive to their own standing in the betting world. The best of them have hitherto, so long as the golden sovereign continued to pass into their possession, regarded the stability, and I may add respectability, of their calling with a wonderful amount of apathy. They have, with one or two notable exceptions, always regarded the doings of the vagabonds around them either with supreme indifference or else with a stare and a smile of amusement. If they wish their chosen calling to continue and flourish they must adopt some means of ridding it of its disreputable elements and surroundings. They are, one and all, as a rule, sharp enough where their own individual interests are concerned, but supremely careless of the dirt around them. They should form themselves into a guild, and no bookmaker should be allowed to ply his calling on any racecourse unless he be a *bonâ fide* member of the guild. This would, in a very great degree, guarantee the substantiality of the bookmaker, and also in a great measure tend to do away with the wide-mouthed, bleating, and fantastically dressed gentlemen who are such an eyesore to Lord Cadogan. There is no reason on earth why a man because he takes up with horse-racing should be considered as outside the pale of respectability, and regarded as one whose utterances are always seasoned with adjectives of the strongest and most villainous description. Betting men have themselves to thank for this; and I speak thus plainly because I believe the time has arrived for plain speaking, and for professional bookmakers and betting men generally to be roused from their indifference with regard to this matter. *Sera nunquam est ad bonos mores, via.*

We may take this for granted, and it is useless to blink the question—that without betting horse-racing would cease to exist. If Lord Cadogan, in his zeal for turf purification, imagines that the presence of a few high-minded gentlemen, looking on without betting, is sufficient to support any race-meeting, he will be most egregiously mistaken. He says that betting causes misery and ruin to the thousands who now indulge in it. This is another very sweeping assertion, and can scarcely be borne out by bare facts. Let those plunging individuals who experience misery and ruin through betting leave the game alone. A child once burnt becomes cautious ever afterwards of fire. Betting has a broad back, and sins not belonging to it have before to-day been placed upon it. Gambling-hells, where cards are the order of the night—nap, loo, écarté, baccarat, &c.—are the games which pluck alive the poor

pigeon, and leave him not a feather to fly with. Where one man comes to grief through betting, a thousand seek their own ruin and degradation through the vice of drunkenness. If Lord Cadogan wants to fight a new crusade, let him take up his lance and meet, in the lowest slums and dens of the metropolis, from west to east, the demon Drink. His victims can be numbered by tens of thousands, and in his retinue are crime, disease, madness, and death.

Lord Cadogan speaks very strongly of the evils of jockeys betting. They would be less than human if they did not. Would he prevent a jockey backing his own mount? Or would he consider it a crime for a jockey not riding in the actual race to back his own fancy? He says he would also have those persons punished who aid and tempt jockeys to bet. This sounds like a little bit of Mrs. Grundy, and seems to regard all jockeys as mere boys. Whoever tempted George Fordham or Thomas Chaloner to bet? Yet I imagine those celebrated horsemen knew what they were about when they used to back their own mounts. Custance, too, in his day would have been a nice individual to tempt to do anything wrong. Henry Constable made a bet now and then, yet his last employer entertained something more than mere personal respect for a good, zealous, and honest servant. Does Archer often back a horse in a race besides the one he rides himself? Jockeys have been pampered a little too much during the last few years, and now it appears as if a reaction were about to set in, and we are called upon to treat them as something like spoiled children. With regard to a "ring" having been formed between owners and jockeys, so that only certain horses should be allowed to win by pre-arrangement, I think this sheer nonsense. It would, did it exist, tend to punish bookmakers most severely, and I think we might trust to their natural sagacity to smell such an unwholesome rat; and then good-bye to the combination. They soon found a way of combating and finally swamping Denman's systematic scheme of betting, and I think we may safely leave the bogus ring, supposed to exist between owners and jockeys, to the tender mercies of the bookmakers. But any dishonest collusion between owners and jockeys, or between bookmakers and jockeys—the latter far the more feasible of the two—should at once and always be traced to its foundation, and exterminated in the most severe and rigorous manner.

If an owner should suspect a jockey of unfair riding through having become involved in betting transactions, let him at once have the jockey before the stewards, and then and there demand an explanation of his conduct. In this respect owners of racehorses should act promptly and fearlessly. A jockey with a taint upon his name soon loses *caste*; and then his popularity wanes, and he will have the displeasure of standing down while his straightforward brethren are in the saddle; then the tainted one will begin to think what an ass he was not to go straight when he had the opportunity. His next rung in the ladder is also a downward one, for

Fleet Street, and Leicester Square and its purlieus, will know him as an occasional tipster cadging "dollars," and even shillings, from the unwary and eager backer. Let owners deal with such delinquents with a bold, firm hand. I remember well the day when Judge won the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot. William Day had two horses in the race, Judge and Oxonian. Sir Frederick Johnstone owned the former, and the latter, I think, ran in the name of Mr. Hughes, of Chester. Judge became a warm favourite in the ring, when suddenly the odds expanded, and backers were eagerly rushing to put their money on Oxonian. This somewhat startled Sir Frederick Johnstone, who at once, and before the horses had left the post, sent for William Day and had him before the Stewards.

"Now, Mr. Day," said Sir Frederick, "I want an explanation. Your friends are backing Oxonian, and I am informed that you have told them that horse will probably win; whereas you have led me and my friends to believe that Judge will win the race. How do you explain this?"

"Quite right," answered William Day. "If it is a fast-run race Judge will win; but if a slow-run race the superior speed of Oxonian will enable him to come out at the finish and then win the race."

This was satisfactory. William Day knew the merits of both horses to a nicety. Both were very speedy, but Judge was the best stayer. The race was run at a cracking pace from start to finish, and was won by Judge, Oxonian not being in the first three. It appeared to me that Judge galloped the whole distance as fast as he could go. William Day was one of the best, most skilful, and successful trainers of the day; and yet his principal employer did not hesitate to investigate a supposed grievance, which was at once met and refuted in the same open spirit in which it was made.

Lord Cadogan's remarks with respect to selling races are perfectly right. They enable a sharp practitioner to make his own handicap to a very great extent; and consequently they place him in a position to almost ignore the old betting maxim that "you cannot win if you cannot lose." They afford an opening for men, not over scrupulous, to make almost certain of winning a large stake. There are men of this class in every grade of life. They see a rare chance of making money, with little or no risk, and are consequently not slow to avail themselves of such a golden opportunity. The men themselves are not to blame for this; such tempting baits should not be thrown in their way. The selling race is one much patronised by the professional bookmaker owning, or part owning, a few race-horses himself; and more than one man of this class has, ere now, given his *confrères* a pretty good dose of Yorkshire Relish. Abolish selling races as they now exist, and one evil on the turf will at once be cured.

Φ.

BENT FORE-LEGS.

By W. HUNTING, F.R.C.V.S.

UNDER this title I wish to draw attention to a very common defect which not one man in a hundred, though seeing it daily, knows the meaning of. The fore-leg of the horse should be straight from elbow to fetlock. In what are known as "calf-knees," the knee-joint inclines backwards out of the perpendicular, and thus the front of the limb presents a concave line when viewed from the side. In the opposite condition, frequently described as "over at the knee," the joint inclines forward from the perpendicular, and is the state I shall confine my remarks to. Under an impression that this condition was due to some active disease or weakness in the back-tendons many horsemen have ordered their horses to be fired and blistered. Nowadays blistering alone is generally resorted to. It will be an easy task to show that the tendons are not the seat of the mischief, that more harm than good results from active treatment applied to them, and that the pain inflicted is useless.

The cause of bent fore-legs, in eight cases out of ten, is of a kind and in a position seldom suspected. The cause is—pain; and its seat—the foot. Pain in the feet may result from various conditions, but, whatever its origin, bent legs will infallibly follow its continuance for a few weeks. This will be more evident if we glance at the diseases of the horse's feet, accompanied by continuous pain. Of course the degree of pain bears an important part in determining the rate at which the position of the limb is altered. If a horse receive a serious injury to the foot, as by treading on a nail, pain is great, and the limb completely rested—the horse standing with the knee bent, and the toe only just touching the ground. When such a case continues for a couple of months we find that, on the cessation of all pain in the foot, the knee remains bent, and even force will not drag the leg into a straight line. The reason of this is that the tendons have passively shortened themselves—in other words, they have adapted their length to the altered position of the limb. If we divide the tendons, the leg is easily straightened, and if we, after death, examine such tendons, no trace of disease is discoverable. Now, in this case—I grant an extreme one—we have pain in the foot as the only morbid condition, and bent leg as the direct result; how does it occur?

To explain this requires a reference to the structure of the limb. From the elbow to the knee, the basis of the horse's leg is one long bone—the radius; then we have the knee-joint, made up of a number of bones forming a hinge; below this, continuing the bony column perpendicularly to the fetlock, is the shank-bone, and then, in order, are the pastern, coronet, and pedal-bones. These bones are moved upon each other, and the knee bent by the action of the muscles at the back of the arm. By the proper relative action of

these muscles with their antagonistic muscles on the front of the arm, the perpendicular of the limb is maintained. One set of muscles extends the bones, the other flexes them, but their action does not cease with motion. When the horse is standing still, there is no violent contraction of either set; but there is a sort of passive contraction, or state of toniccy just sufficient to hold the bones in position. Sudden paralysis of the muscles, such as results from a stroke of lightning or a blow on the head, is followed by instant collapse of the supporting columns—the joints are all flexed, and the animal falls because there is an absence of the force which hitherto counteracted the natural effect of the weight of the body resting upon a sustaining column weakened by a series of joints.

There are no muscles below the knee; the connection between the bones below this joint and the muscles above being effected by means of long tendons, which are strong fibrous cords possessing no contractile force of their own. Tendons occupy to muscles a position analogous to the traces to a horse in harness; *i. e.*, merely a passive medium of connection. In their proper condition, tendons are of a length just suited to the distance over which they work. Like a bow-string ready for action, they must always be taut. Just as a slack string would render a bow ineffective, so would a slack tendon impair the action of a muscle. To guard against this evil, tendons are endowed with the power of adapting themselves to circumstances by gradually shortening or elongating to a length most favourable for the action of their muscles—in other words, any shortening of the distance between the junction of a tendon with its muscle, and the end by which it is attached to a bone, is rapidly followed by a corresponding shortening of the tendon. This distance is of course shortened every time one bone is bent upon another. Every time the knee is bent, the distance between elbow and foot is lessened. During healthy action, such shortening is, however, only temporary, and quickly followed by full extension of the limb, so that the effect is alike upon the muscles and tendons on both sides of the limb. Should from any cause this balance be upset, and the bones of the limb be retained in a position out of the perpendicular, tendons lose their tautness until they have shrunk or contracted to the necessary length. When this is effected, the bent position of the limb can only be restored gradually. This shortening is a gradual but by no means a permanent process. Tendons gradually elongate; but to effect this there must be a force tending to alter the position of the bones in an opposite direction. Healthy muscular action is such a force, but it may have to contend with other changes of a more permanent kind. A bent leg of short duration, produced as I have indicated, may regain its normal position; but if of long standing, ligaments as well as tendons contract, and those structures, being less plastic, lead to a more or less permanent mal-position of limb.

Now let us see how this explanation applies to other and more common conditions in which pain in the foot exists. A very painful and common disease of the foot is “navicular disease.” Usually

chronic and slow in its progress, it may exist a long time, simply causing tenderness, but not such positive lameness as to render a horse unfit for work. Hundreds of such cases exist, and in all the legs become bent. When only one foot is diseased the bending of the leg increases rapidly; when both feet are affected the defect appears more slowly, because the poor animal is obliged to rest first one foot and then the other, thus painfully balancing himself and counteracting the tendency of the knee to go forward. These cases of navicular disease are often treated by division of the nerves supplying the foot with sensation. The disease is not cured, but pain is removed, and the horse moves his feet at work, and rests upon them in the stable as if free from disease. It is common enough to see limbs which were badly bent previous to this operation gradually resume their proper position, although the horse shall constantly perform four or five times as much daily work as before being operated on. No more instructive case can be found to prove that bent legs are due to pain in the feet, and that the condition does not depend upon the amount of work done, or upon any active disease of tendons.

Horses suffering from corns (or more correctly from bruised heels due to ill-fitted shoes) are often found "going over at the knee." I remember a few years since a large tramway company adopting an irrational system of shoeing, which caused bruising of the horses' heels. The system was rigidly carried out for many months, and resulted in their stud of young and otherwise sound horses showing a proportion of 65 per cent. of bent-legged horses. The explanation is evident. Bad shoeing causes pain in the feet, pain in the feet causes the horse at work to avoid putting his foot fairly down, and to refrain from properly extending his limb; whilst in the stable he rests his foot and bends his knee. At work and in the stable, then, the flexor tendons are not kept taut, and they passively shorten themselves to enable the muscles to act more effectively. Once they are shortened the mischief goes on increasing in multiple proportion. A number of these cases, which were properly attended to by the simple operation of decent shoeing, at once recovered their soundness, and in time regained more or less of their straightness of limb. A veterinary surgeon who reported upon this stud failed to trace cause and effect, satisfying himself with the old superstition that the evil was only due to hard work on hard roads, and he rather triumphantly asked, "If the cause be the shoeing, how is it the hind legs are not also bent?"

As it is possible some reader may ask a similar question, I will shortly answer it. The construction of a hind leg is totally different to that of a fore. In the fore limb the knee-joint, placed about half-way between the elbow and fetlock, does not break the straight line extending between these two joints. It is simply a hinge affording flexion. In the hind limb the hock-joint, placed about half-way between the stifle and fetlock, is so formed as effectually to prevent a straight line of limb. The hock is always at an angle, and the

degree of angle is indefinite as the form of the animal. The analogue of a bent fore-leg due to pain in the feet is to be found in the straightened pastern-bone of the hind-leg.

So far I have only referred to cases where very evident conditions caused bent legs, and I may be reminded that bent legs are frequently seen where none of these causes are in operation. I frankly admit that there are many bent-legged horses which do not suffer from corns, sand-cracks, or navicular disease, and I further allow—from any other *very apparent* tenderness in the feet. There are degrees of pain, and it is remarkable how much pain may exist in a horse's foot with no external manifestation of it in the organ. The finer degrees of foot-pain, I venture to say, are more manifest in the action and position of the limb than in any special changes noticeable in the foot itself. An examination of the feet of dead horses discloses evidence, in the shape of structural changes of bone and other tissue, of pain and suffering endured during life which are never suspected. Artificial usage and bad shoeing cause tenderness in horses' feet in a hundred cases where the more evident diseases produce pain in one. That bent legs are simply the result of hard work, or of hard work on hard roads, is untrue. If the feet were healthy and uninjured, the amount of work to cause bent legs has yet to be discovered. Never do we find the tendons of bent-legged horses diseased; hardly ever do we find the feet of bent-legged horses free from disease, and such rare cases are accounted for by the well-known fact that the defect may be induced by a condition which passes away but leaves its mark. I have heard it said that horses are foaled with bent fore-legs. I have never seen one, and I challenge the production of a three-weeks-old foal with such defect. I know it is often seen in foals, and I know that a short continuance in the young animal renders the defect life-long; but the explanation is still the same—a passive contraction of tendon and ligament due to bending of the limb to rest the foot. The unshod foot has not so many chances of injury as the shod, but it may be injured. It is not, however, absolutely necessary to have pain in the foot to cause a bent leg. If foals be allowed to run at grass with overgrown hoofs, such deformity may result as to drive the knee forward, and the growing animal is rapidly spoiled by a defect which will be permanent.

I know that these ideas of mine are not accepted as correct by the majority of the veterinary profession, but I am convinced of their soundness. Mr. Charles Sheather, F.R.C.V.S., to whom I some years ago stated these views, was not disposed to accept them as accurate. Since then he has invented and introduced a new form of horse-shoe—a combination of leather and metal—which is intended to give the greatest possible comfort and functional activity to the foot. Good for sound feet, it is still better for lame ones, and has been extensively used in and around London on horses lame, tender or “feeling.” Very many of his patients had bent fore-legs, and nothing has been more striking than that his successful cases

have regained the natural position of limb. In fact, I might say that the alteration in the defective limb has been an index to his success with the lesion in the foot.

The practical deductions from all this are—if your horse has bent legs, look to his feet; if you wish to remedy the defect, remove the cause, which is to be found in the feet, not the tendons; that blistering and firing bent legs is "the infliction of unjustifiable pain"—a phrase the late Lord Chief Justice Cockburn used in defining cruelty to animals. I perhaps ought to add that, when the active cause—pain in the feet—has been removed, a return to the normal position of limb may be facilitated by keeping the heels of the foot low, and by putting a small blister on the front of the arm. The object of the blister is to stimulate those muscles whose action tends to straighten the knee.

"AT HOME."

FROM time immemorial it has been the custom for the leading denizens of the High Woods to hold *levées* in their merry month of February, where gathers from all the neighbouring abodes of foxdom many a specimen of the Reynard tribe—good, bad and indifferent. The spot chosen is eminently suited for its purpose. It is a large expanse of wooded hill rising almost to a peak; at its western extremity there is a grove of lofty time- and tempest-torn Scotch firs, beneath the majestic trunks of which the ground is as bare and soft as a Turkey carpet, while surrounding this grove on three sides are rhododendron beds, the growth of years, that have spread and spread until they have shut out the view of the outside world altogether, except where the hand of man has cut an opening in them as a pathway to the front of the cliff. This is a precipice of sandstone rock, capped by this dark upstanding grove, the leading feature in a landscape, which has few superiors in English Midland scenery.

The moon is well up. The most honoured of the foxy matrons takes the first place as mistress of the ceremonies, and as each visitor from the lowlands arrives he is interrogated closely, and has to tell his history before being admitted into the magic circle formed round this premier lady fox. The earliest comer is a fat, sleek little fellow of not very retiring habits, that whisks his thick, short brush, devoid of white, to the assembly, and thus addresses it:—

"May it please you, I come from those wired-in spinneys yonder. I know I look small, and not full-grown; the reason I will soon tell you. When I was less than a month old I was very hungry, so I crawled out of our old marl-pit earth, where we were born, only to find my mother dead a few yards away. Here I was pounced upon by a man, who stuffed me, in spite of my snaps, into his inside pocket, where there was already a half-grown dead rabbit. Then I was put

in a sort of big rabbit-hutch, and the next day one of my brothers and a sister were brought in to be my companions. They had been, they said, dug out of their hole very unceremoniously. We had plenty to eat, but no room to play or run about in for about two months; and then we were put in a sort of disused dog-kennel, and eventually given our liberty in one of those square coverts, which are surrounded by high wire netting, and full of young trees, thick grass, and a few briars. These were very comfortable quarters after what we had been accustomed to, and, as dead rabbits were thrown to us pretty constantly, we soon became very fat. Still I was unhappy; always quarrelling with my brother, and unable to get away from him, until I one night set to work boldly, climbed over the netting at a convenient corner, and scurried off to find fresh quarters in an osier-bed not far away. Here I took up my abode, generally returning at night to pick up my share of the food that still was provided for us. This was not long destined, however, to be our quiet home—for at daybreak one morning I heard an awful commotion; people in scarlet were riding round the square covert where I knew my brother and sister still abode, while within it there was a din I had never heard before, and shall not soon forget. It was the hounds. It went on for nearly half an hour, and then there was much halloaing and blowing of a horn, and one man appeared on foot out of the thick of the covert with the carcass of my brother in his hand, which was torn to atoms by the hounds within a hundred yards of where I lay, too frightened to move. It would be my turn next, I was sure, when a big man in a shooting-jacket on a pony called out, 'Don't draw the withy bed, please, ——. I don't want the pheasants disturbed there till I have shot it;,' and away the hounds went out of earshot. Oh, how that square covert smelt of the hounds that night! and all trodden down. I merely went there out of curiosity, and if possible to learn the fate of my sister. There was no more food thrown there, and no sister ever turned up again. If she did escape over the netting she was too frightened ever to come back. And then the shooting began. I had to run the gauntlet of sticks in the withy bed, and shouts from those outside, when I tried to get away, and it was only through the thickness of the stubbs that I managed at last to bolt back, and escape, I scarce knew where, with a loud tally-ho ringing in my well-set-back ears from a tall gunner in the adjoining field. I now tried a wood a mile or so away, but still bang! bang! came the shooters in a few days to disturb me; and I then took to the turnip-fields and hedgerows; for being, as I heard a gunner call me, 'a nice little chap,' it took but a small bush to hide me. Then came the hounds again. I was well laid up that day in a thick hedgerow two fields from the largest spinney. This time there was a perfect army of horsemen with them, but the hounds made no noise. They searched every corner in vain, even the pit-hole where my mother was murdered and I stolen from. As two men in scarlet rode down near the hedgerow where I lay, I heard one say, 'Confound this

Mr. —, he is always so big about having foxes, and swears he sees them everywhere while shooting, but after cub-hunting the devil a one is ever here. I'll swear we left a vixen about here at the end of the season, because my friend —'s keeper, whom I can trust, saw her one day when he was rabbiting here go into that pit-hole.' And so, you see, I have managed to keep myself quiet, and my jacket whole, and never have been far away all the time from those little spinneys until I chanced to hear your call, and I adventured almost before sunset on the journey for fear I might lose my way."

"Yours is not a tale of glory, my little friend," replied the hostess; "but we welcome you, and will teach you much that it is good for you to know."

The next comer is a rusty-coated specimen of his race, longer than our little friend, but unhealthy-looking, and with a worn brush.

"May it please you, Lady Fox, mine has been a curious and chequered career. The home I came from to-night is a drain far to the eastward. I, like my little friend who has just joined you, was not allowed to enjoy my cubhood in peaceful wildness. I was caught in a wire in a hayfield when I was half-grown, and sent miles away in a box with a few holes in it, and then taken into a yard full of cages, where lots of other captive foxes also existed. They gave me fowls' heads, and all sorts of nasty raw meat to eat; and nasty little white terriers came and barked at the bars of our cages, and tried to frighten us. Nevertheless I grew to be a fair-sized fox, and was one day stuffed again into a box labelled 'Pheasant Food,' and despatched by night I knew not whither. Then I was given my liberty in a nice wood, where there was lots of game to eat, and I thought it Elysium. I had scarce been there two days when down came a host of men through it, and bang went the guns on all sides. I tried all I knew to escape, but outside the guns kept going off, and I bolted back and pushed myself into a rabbit-hole on a bank, just as the men with the sticks were coming up. I felt a lot of bushes rammed into the hole after me, and I could not get out. That night, to my horror, I was dug out of my hiding-place, and remorselessly popped into a bag; then into the same box again that I had travelled in before, and once more I was carried away, till I found myself back at my quarters in the game-dealer's yard that I already knew so well. 'Returned half price,' I heard the man say. Not for long, however; for I was soon picked out by a swell young gentleman, who came and poked me up with his stick, and ordered me for the country again. Once more I thus regained my liberty; but my limbs were stiff and unused to exercise, and I had little lustre in my eye, when suddenly I was roused by the cheer of a huntsman, who was putting his hounds into the covert where I was. Luckily it was a very thick one. Of course I was soon found out, and obliged to dodge for my life. The hounds seemed to jump all round and on the

very top of me, and yet none could catch hold of me, I dodged so. At last I ventured through the hedge; it was a fine wild field, with a few gorse bushes in it, and there was only one man in scarlet at the corner of it next the wood. I went ten yards and stood still. I could not trust to my strength, for I had so little. I knew not the best direction to take for safety. My heart failed me. The hounds were already close to the hedge, and I turned back; had I not lain down in the ditch they would have caught me there and then; they flashed about like mad things, and I screwed up courage to pop back behind them, and lay down flat in a deep ditch in the wood that ran at right angles to the fence. The whip was cracked: 'Tallyho back! It's nothing but a brute of a bagman, Will; he came and sat up in the meadow, and stared at me; nearly all the hair is off his brush.' And so it was, from continually rubbing against the sides of my cage. Then I heard the master say: 'My hounds don't hunt bagmen, Lord ——.' 'Toot-toot!' went the horn, and I was safe. Only for that day, though, for the keeper hunted me with his retriever the next day, and tried to shoot me, but I was too 'cute for him, and would not cross the ride where he had put his mate to do the deed. That covert never saw me again. My life has been a wandering one since then. I soon learnt wisdom, and gained activity and strength, although my nerves have never been good, and when pressed I always trust to dodging rather than speed and endurance. I have had some rather hard chases to undergo, and have had several narrow escapes, but now that I have found this quiet drain, where, when the weather is pretty dry, I can be safe in the daytime, I am contented. My hiding-place has not been discovered. When I frequented regular earths they were always being stopped and disturbed, and I generally was hunted the next day."

"Poor fellow! yours has been a chance sort of life, but luck has been on your side; we seldom have a survivor of your class amongst us long," was her ladyship's welcome. "But what have we here?" as two limping, toiling members of the fraternity appeared on the scene.

"May it please you, Lady Fox, we come from Farmer Steeltrap's country, and a hard battle it's been to struggle up here. My middle toe is gone, and the joint is stiff altogether. I only just managed to pull my foot out of the trap as he was coming up with a big stick to knock me on the head, and crawled away. The old shepherd dog did not relish the bite I gave him when he rolled me over in the next field. He soon let go, and old Steeltrap swore because he had forgotten his gun. I've licked the wound till it's healed up nearly; but, oh, I shall never be able to give the hounds the slip like I did last season! I was not a bit afraid of them then, only let them give me a fair start, and not too early in the morning. I am quite prepared to die now, only I wanted to come here first and warn you all against this miserable old enemy, who fills all his hedges with these nasty traps just where we foxes like to run

through, and pretends that he only wants to catch rabbits. Here is a friend in distress" (pointing to his companion), "only he was caught smelling after a rabbit at the mouth of a hole; he was rather incautious, I confess. I hope your ladyship will ordain a punishment for these trappers."

"You speak bravely. I remember you last season in the pride of your speed and grandeur, and I ordain that Farmer Steeltrap be at once harassed by our most stealthy vixens—his turkeys, geese, and hens killed indiscriminately—all approaches to be made through gates, and traps to be eagerly smelt for. Another service may also be done. Squire Tebroc's hounds might be inveigled that way, and if any of them are entrapped—hey, snap!—how Farmer S—— will be toasted!"

There is a great emotional titter throughout the assembly at this brilliant idea being started; brushes are whisked gaily, and there is a general bark of delight, which echoes through the High Woods as the two cripples hop into their places.

No sooner done than a new-comer is announced—a great contrast to those we have seen before—a long, lean, greyish-coloured fellow with muscular haunches, a leggy, tucked-up appearance of body, and a fine curved brush adorned by a great white tag. As he came up with his tongue extended from his open mouth, it was evident his journey had been a long one, and the mistress of the ceremonies, eyeing him with evident favour, bid him rest near her for a while until he could find breath to his tale unfold.

"May it please your ladyship, I come from far-off hills beyond the big river that flows miles away from the vale. I am lord of all I survey up there. The grouse dispute not with me, my kennel is the heath, the mountain here affords me sport, and the shepherd's dog barely ruffles the even tenor of my way, if we chance to come across each other in our moorland rambles. The keeper would sprinkle my jacket with his shot where I to give him the chance, but I smell out his haunts to a nicety, and know that he will not venture among my favourite rocky cliffs. Yet withal I was restless as the new year came round. The fame of the High Woods had reached even to my fastnesses—a grey old friend had found his way there last spring. I longed for fresh company—to see some of the dapper little dames that he spoke of—so I stole quietly away from my own old vixen, and worked my way stealthily into the lower country till I came to the banks of the great river, where it flows through broad, flat fields. Here I came upon a snug, thick black-thorn wood, inhabited by several of our kind, who gave me a hearty welcome, and I consented to stay there awhile. Alack that I did so! for very soon my morning slumbers were disturbed by the cracking of a whip, and the hot breath of a hound was upon me. To press through thick underwood was new to me, and to thread my way through enemies within was no easy matter. Once outside and I would wave my brush to them, and bid them catch me if

they could. Imagine my dismay at seeing at least two hundred horsemen gathered at one end of the field, and their leader, a grand-looking old man that I recognised as having seen on my moors, the master of them all. The sight made me quail more than I had ever done in my life before; and ere I reached the hedge out rang a shrill horn, and I knew that I was to be ridden after by men, if not hunted by hounds. Oh, how I gradually extended myself, field after field, to my utmost speed, heeding neither house nor road! It was my home among the hills that I was going for, and yet those hounds still yelped within three fields of me! Could I outlast them? For fully six miles it was a trial of speed, and I had gained but little, when I came to a railway, the division between the lowland and the beginning of the hills. I dashed across it, and was halloaed at by a signalman. The ground now began to favour me; it was more intricate; coal-pits with their black banks came in my line, and I dodged round them. The miners were too busy to look out for me at first, but presently they became aware that a hunt was happening, and they followed me by scores, shouting and taking up the cry, till I was well-nigh bothered into giving up my flight. Indeed, to say the truth, I was fairly blown now, and would have gone anywhere that afforded a chance of shelter, but luckily the shouts of the people or something disconcerted my adversaries, for they did not come on so quickly. I gained the moorland, and was that night safe in my own earth, where neither hound nor horseman ever came.

"Within three days I was quite myself again, perhaps, indeed, in better wind than before, and once more on wandering bent. This time I crossed the big river by a bridge that I came upon in the dead of night, and trotted steadily on, hoping to get within sight of the High Woods ere morning. Not able, however, to do this, I consented, on the advice of a chance friend, to put up for the day at a small gorse covert not many miles down yonder. It was a jolly little place, and there was capital company, and no end of adventures discussed. Evidently all foxes hereabouts were accustomed to be hunted by hounds, and, although many were eaten by them, all here *professed* the greatest contempt for them. I was destined for another trial, for the very next morning a sound I now recognised without difficulty met my ear. No waiting to-day, thought I; so out I popped through the hedge, intending to put a mile or so between the hounds and myself at the start, and leave my friends to do battle with them; when, horror of horrors, there was a sharp-looking, square-shouldered, clean-shaved man with a green collar on within a few yards of me, his horn at his mouth, his spurs in his thoroughbred horse's sides, and after me he came like a madman. I had barely reached the hedge out of the first field before the hounds were there too; and this was indeed a race for life. I seemed to be always in view. There were hundreds of fiery men on racing horses jumping the fences abreast, and giving me no room to turn,

and that grim visage was in the foreground. Oh, how I skimmed over the ground—how I flung myself through the fences, over the big ditches, dashed into and out of the brooks, went I scarce knew whither! Home was too far to reach, of that I felt sure, and yet home lay beyond that big river. Where was it? Oh, it was only the boldness that my wild life had instilled into me that kept me going, in spite the ever-increasing rattle of death that seemed to pour itself at full speed after me! At last I reached the river; had I breath to swim its stream? To hesitate was impossible. In I went, and swam, and 'swam, down its swift waters, till, exhausted and stiff, I gained the other side a long way down. There were the host of pursuers on the other side; the grim-visaged green-collar had stopped his hounds; desperately as he had sworn to have my blood while on the other side of the river, he seemed not to care for it now. I heard what they said. 'What is the use, Mr. C——? If you let the hounds go we cannot follow them, and we shall only be disturbing Sir W——'s country for nothing. He is a good one, and deserves his life.' I lay panting and grateful all that day on the river-bank, and then recovering swam back, and came on here to tell you my story."

The traveller's story brought a whisk of delight throughout all the members of the magic circle. They rose *en masse* to welcome him, and the Lady Patroness made way for him on her right, the place of honour. "We always honour the brave, and a friend from the hills is a guest we love better than all the rest."

Our hero gracefully showed his appreciation of these delicate attentions.

And now it was the turn of the premier vixen to deliver her annual address. "Dogs all, we are pleased to see you, and have listened delightedly to your stories. Your adventures are diverse and curious. You have not spoken of your crimes. Perhaps some of you have deserved your hard fates. Many absent ones have no doubt met theirs. The arts of men for promoting the degeneration of foxes appear to us sad, and worthy of being taken into serious consideration. We consider, after mature reflection, that hunting has been a birthright that we must all expect to meet with. Those that are fortunate enough to live among the hills, where the traveller was born, have the advantage of gaining their maturity before being called on to fight for their life with a mighty pack of hounds. You have heard, my friends, how he barely escaped alive. Is it, therefore, to be wondered that the majority of our progeny here in the High Woods country fall victims before ever our February festivities come round, and that we older matrons are fain to hide ourselves in earths sooner than run the risk of death, if we venture far from our native woods? As to the owner of the wired-in spinneys—the lord who rejoiced in the bagman—the game preserver, and Farmer Steel-trap, they are our perpetual enemies, and so are the whole tribe or fustian-coated men they call keepers. They do not even give us

a fair chance for our lives or happiness, and I propose a united snap to their downfall.

"Now I am a believer in the deep theory of the transmigration of souls, my friends; and I believe, moreover, that foxes, belonging as they do to the superior class of animal in instinct and bearing, will inherit only the spirits of persons of a superior walk of life among men and women. What think you, my friends, of Lord ——, for his sins inheriting the position of the trapped fox? and Squire Bang-bang taking the place of our poor friend at the dealer's shop? Then, again, we might picture old Steeltrap hunted to death in three fields, because he had supped too hotly on all the rabbits caught in Fustian's wires outside a pet preserve. And as to Fustian himself, he is not worthy to be turned into anything so dignified as a fox; he must try his hand at being a mole, and see how long he can hide his lying head under ground. Personally I hope that that old lady, who asks large parties to stay with her for the meet, and puts her keeper to shoot at me out of a tree near the main earths (oh, those shots tingle now!), will have the fate of that poor vixen, the mother of our little friend the early comer, so that just as she is becoming fond of her little family, and is beginning to take a pride in their gambols, a piece of delightful-looking rabbit will suddenly deaden her jaws, and leave her stiff and stark, a sad sight to her bereaved cubs! Three snaps for those demons of poisoners! And now, my friends, the moon is waning, and morning will soon be here; our dance must begin. Three loud barks for the High Woods and the fox preserves." And no town caterwaul ever sounded through the night air so far as this fox scream did through the lofty grove, and down through the cliffs and lower woods, even to the plain below!

"One parting wish," says the traveller. "When I'm gone, may old C—— of the green collar, for his sins inherit my carcase, and let the best hounds of the future be let loose after him. I'll warrant he is quicker away from the covert than any of them, and if ever he reaches that big river, don't let him hesitate to slip in, rather than stop on his own side, as he did the day I escaped from him. He will find as fair an enemy and as generous a friend on the other side as ever foxes could have. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will lead off the first country dance, for time is on the wing; and I was told by a friend that the earths down below were being stopped, as Squire L—— intended coming this way to-morrow."

At this news there was a general skedaddle, and the fox's "at home" for February 1885 was numbered with the past.

BORDERER.

THE FOUR STAGES OF SALMON LIFE.

I. PREFATORY.

BEFORE taking in hand the proper subject-matter of this communication, it will not, we fancy, be out of place to refer to the salmon angling of last season, which, taken all over, was not nearly so productive as that of some preceding years. In the very early fishing days, the water was not good enough at such places as Loch Tay, there being upon the surface of that fine lake a deep veneer of what the local fishermen called "snae bree" (melted snow); and when the season had advanced into the summer months there came a "drought" of great severity, so that in many salmon-streams there was scarcely a drop of water, far less salmon or trout. The writer in June and July was able, on two or three occasions, to walk in the channel of some important Scottish rivers without wetting his boots. Rain enough to bring on the desired floods was long in coming, although most fervently prayed for by the patient anglers. But it came at last, although almost too late to be of much benefit to the disciples of "old Izaak." When stock of captures came to be taken, however, and the results of the season could be summed up, it was found that a few really presentable fish had been captured—indeed many salmon of large size and in prime condition fell to the prowess of both Scotch and English anglers.

As far as is known to the writer, not a single diseased salmon was caught in the Tay by any of the anglers of last season, which is of itself a gratifying fact; and, better still, during the period of the commercial fisheries not a single case of *Saprolegnia ferax* was observed by the net fishermen. As to the total numbers of salmon that fell to the share of anglers in '84, no person can give the figure, because statistics of those caught are not preserved, but I have a note or two of the weight of some of the individual fish captured on the Tay, which is the best and most productive of all our British salmon-streams. Mr. J. E. Millais, the great artist, a keen fisherman, landed a fish which pulled the scale at 44 lbs.! A salmon which weighed 1 lb. more than that was also taken from the Tay, and several were captured by anglers which weighed from 36 to 42 lbs. Indeed, Tay fishermen were well rewarded for the paucity of fish by the size of those they obtained. As regards the commercial fishings of the same river, it is on record that one salmon was taken which weighed 60 lbs.; another which weighed 53 lbs.; four of 50 lbs., and quite a "quantity" varying in weight from that figure to 10 lbs. less. What a happy change! Some twenty years ago salmon of these weights were rare indeed, and, taken over head, the average weight of the fish all over Scotland had run down to about 17 lbs. Now the average weight of our salmon has increased since the period spoken of by about 4 lbs. In all the Scottish salmon-streams—Forth, Tweed, Spey, Dee, &c.—big fish were taken in '84

both by anglers and nets ; salmon under 40 lbs. are not now wondered at as we have seen them wondered at in the days that have passed away.

It is singular, notwithstanding all that has been written during recent years upon salmon growth, that so many errors still prevail as to the chief points in the natural history of that fine fish. Only the other day, so to speak, a writer in a newspaper accounted for the salmon scarcity of last year by suggesting that the spawning season of the previous year had been a bad one! Now the spawning season of any particular year, whether good or bad, can have no effect on the fishing of the following year, because, as a matter of fact, the eggs will only have been hatched in April, and till the young are a year old they do not seek to remove many yards from the place of their birth.

It is because of the publication of such paragraphs that we have penned the following brief summary of the four stages of salmon life, risking perhaps, in doing so, the charge of repeating some facts and features in the biography of *Salmo salar* which may be already known to readers of 'Baily;' but as there is always much that is essentially "new" connected with fish life and the economy of the fisheries, we shall on this head willingly accept any blame that may be meted to us.

II. INTRODUCTORY.

We must, of course, in following the salmon from its cradle to its grave, begin by describing its "home," if a fish possessed of such roving propensities can be said, in a literal sense, to have a "home;" but for the purposes of this paper we will assume its "home" to be the place where it finds a procreant cradle, from which in due time come forth an army of heirs and successors.

The home of the salmon, then, which we have just now in our mind's eye, is situated in a picturesque portion of one of the tributaries of the river Tay. The stream flows gently through a wild glen, overshadowed with trees, in an intensely rural district of the "land of the mountain and the flood." The reach of water in which the graceful salmon constructs its watery nest and deposits its eggs is overlooked by a castle hoary with age and peculiarly Scottish in its architecture. Its towers are "mantled over with ivy," in which the owl and the starling find a congenial home ; its roof being broken into crow-stepped gables, and its sky-line varied with quaint chimney-stacks. A gamekeeper's cottage nestles near the mansion, covered with honeysuckle, its little garden glowing throughout the summer season with roses and fuchsias. All day long the mavis sings in the woods, and the voice of the starling rings from the grey towers. The noisy plash of a tiny waterfall may be heard in the distance, whilst the gurgling river in the foreground is "leaping with life;" young par timidly hunting for food, and young smolts seeking their way to the sea, being abundant. The place is a paradise for the

angler; a happy hunting-ground for the naturalist. Luxuriant vegetation, teeming all around with animal life, makes up a book which man has but to peruse in order to acquire knowledge.

The stream which we have called "the home of the salmon" deserves the title, all the members of the *Salar* family finding a residence in its watery bosom: lively little smolts flash in the sunlit river, whilst bigger fish, watching for prey, rest under shady banks or lie hid beneath projecting stones. At the river's edge hover infant fish, timid and cautious; but in a deeper stretch of the water a few silvery grilse, lately from the sea, may be seen dashing along with the speed of the deer. Here in the gloomy days of chill November, the parent salmon having arrived from the mighty deep, in which they have been seeking food and gaining strength and—if we may be allowed the word—stature, begin to make a furrow for their eggs; and in this watery nest, covered with protecting gravel, their ova remain a hundred days and nights before being nursed into life by the rippling stream.

Even in mild winters salmon ova require a century of days and nights to hatch, whilst in severe seasons as many as a hundred and thirty days are required for that process. In November and December, and even as early as October in some rivers, and as late as January and February in others, adult salmon figure on the spawning-beds, and near at hand may be seen that host of attendant harpies which, instinctively knowing the proper season, are always in waiting ready to devour their share of the newly exuded ova. A female salmon, we know, nearly yields a thousand eggs for each pound of her weight, and it is well that salmon are prolific, for the annual waste of ova is known to be enormous. It is not, we think, too much to assume that a full half of the eggs of every salmon that spawns is lost. Experts have calculated that only a small percentage of the eggs of these fish reach the table, perhaps about one in a hundred. If half of the eggs never come to life, it is no exaggeration to say that a full half of those young fish that are hatched is devoured by enemies before reaching the sea, and the salmon mortality incidental to a residence in the great deep is equally large. The smolts going down the river to the sea, may be compared to an army marching to battle: after the conflict is over, a fragment only of the army is left to return. In the sea, as in the river, there is perpetual warfare, where the weakest, as usual, go the wall; or, in other words, where the big fish gobble up the little ones with all their might, and become fat during the process. In the sea the population may be divided into two classes, one that eats and another that is eaten. A yellow trout in the river will think nothing of eating a few hundred salmon eggs, a sea-trout will dine on half a dozen smolts, a pike in a salmon-river will eat thousands of par in the course of a season—only think of a little bit of a salmon-stream containing a thousand pike, and each of these freshwater sharks devouring par and smolts at the rate of a one hundred a day!—and then in some rivers, notably the Tweed, the bull-trout are

acting the part of cuckoos in a sparrow's-nest: they are ousting the proper occupants; in other words, they are devouring the young fish in quite a wholesale fashion. The damage done in the river, however, is as nothing compared with the havoc that takes place when the shoal of smolts arrives in the salt water; the enemies of the fish there collected are innumerable, and so industrious as to cause us to wonder that so many of the young salmon escape from their murderous intentions. Nor do the full-grown fish always escape—even adult salmon are waited upon by the seals, who make many a dainty meal of them. A large seal has been known to station itself at a stake-net, and take six or eight salmon at every tide, while in the river the otter also takes tribute when opportunity serves.

III. STAGE THE FIRST.

What is a par? When young salmon first appear in a stream they are known as par; and as there are par in the salmon rivers and their tributaries all the year round, it became in time a received opinion that par were distinct fish and not young salmon, or infantile bull-trout, or the young of any other fish of the salmon kind. Many eminent naturalists were, in their day, of opinion that the par was simply a par, and nothing but a par, and the smolt, which is the second stage of salmon growth, was at one time universally held to be the young of *Salmo salar* in its first stage—no matter that the fish when first seen had on its armour, and was five or six inches long. At length, after many years, there arose heretics, who disputed the question, and argued the impossibility of the smolt being a newly born fish, asserting vigorously that it must be at least two or three years old. And other determined men, keen observers of all natural phenomena—shepherds, poachers, gamekeepers, and foresters—came forward to testify that par were young salmon in the first year of their age.

Out of these varied assertions and opinions arose a controversy which lasted for fifty years, in which learned men took sides and fought with all their might; and of all the birds of the air, and of all the fishes of the sea, it may be confidently asserted that none of them has caused half so much controversy as this tiny fish. And, more wonderful still, the controversy has never ended; but goes on from time to time, just as if nothing essential had yet been proved. Till about the time when the par controversy began to rage, no man had thought it worth his while to watch a salmon river, with a view to observe the growth of the fish. No one knew how long it would be ere eggs came to life, none observed the newly-hatched fish, or noted its rate of growth. It was a generally received opinion that the smolt was the first stage of salmon life, and *that*, as everybody said, settled the question. Even Yarrell believed the par to be a distinct fish.

What rendered a solution of the par question more difficult than

it would otherwise have been is the fact that there is a mystery attendant on the growth of the salmon which no naturalist or fishery expert has yet been able to solve. Young salmon, not long after their birth, are known to separate into two divisions—one moiety of the fish growing with greater rapidity than the other. One-half of a brood proceeds to the salt water, in thirteen or fourteen months after emerging from the shell; but the other half remain in the fresh water for another year, and individuals of the brood for three years, before being seized with the migratory instinct. Previous to their departure for the sea, the par become covered with scales, without the protection of which they could not live in the salt water. When the process of scaling is complete, the appearance of the fish becomes entirely changed; before, it was marked with bands on each side of its body; but as a smolt it is blue and silvery—a miniature of what it will be as a ten-pound fish.

This curious anomaly of salmon growth tended more and more to puzzle controversialists. No one could define by what law this change was governed, all that became known was the fact of its being so, which of course accounted for par being found in salmon rivers all the year round. Experiments have again and again been tried with the view of finding the cause of this anomaly, or to hit on the principle which regulates it; but all efforts in these directions have hitherto proved vain or unsatisfactory. Various crossings with grilse have been tried, but without solving the problem, while it was settled by experiment that par could not live in salt water, and cannot do so till it assumes the migratory scales of the smolt. Some persons thought that the two moieties of the brood might be respectively male and female; but that theory was speedily negated by examination, it having been found that the departing smolts were not all males, as was thought by some observers, nor were the remaining pars all females, as was thought by others.

There ought to be no future controversy on the par question, because it has been finally settled beyond cavil or dispute by the experiments so carefully conducted at the Stormontfield breeding-ponds. These experiments effectually demonstrated that the par is the young of the salmon—that it becomes in due time, after the lapse of one year or two years, as the case may be, a smolt, and ultimately what a Tweed poacher calls “a fish,” or salmon. But, wonderful to say, there are still people who doubt this; people, too, who are at present raising their voices on the subject, as if it had never before been discussed, and as if nothing were known and nothing had been proved. The fact of there being par which change to smolts at the end of twelve months, and others that take two years, as well as a few that take three years to achieve the grand change, is rather too much for some brains, it being easier to carry about an old dogma than to make room for a new fact.

It may just be recorded in passing that the Stormontfield breeding-ponds (they are situated on the Tay, near Perth) were so far a success. Half a million of smolts were said to be annually added to

the stock of fish in the river from these ponds—carefully protected and nursed till pretty well able to take care of themselves, the percentage of unhatched eggs being very trifling, and the total annual cost being a mere bagatelle, something like what the price of herrings was fifty years ago, “twenty a penny.” Pisciculture, as the art of fish-breeding is called, is no modern invention; it was practised most successfully hundreds of years ago in China and other foreign countries. In Scotland, fifty years since, it was employed by one of the Duke of Buccleuch’s gamekeepers to determine whether par were or were not young salmon. Curiously enough, the gamekeeper of another Duke (Sutherland) also took up the question, each arriving at a different conclusion, one saying that the par became a smolt at the end of a year from the time of being hatched; the other maintaining it was not till two years had elapsed that the change took place. Both were right and wrong at the same time, although it is curious that the man who tided his experiment over the two years did not also observe the one-year change.

The Stormontfield salmon nursery having had its day, is now, we believe, to be speedily dispensed with. The proprietors of the Tay Fisheries having been advised that it would be better to place the newly-hatched fish in the river within a fortnight or three weeks after their birth, that will in future be done, a new hatchery having been constructed at Dupplin with this intent, where three or four hundred thousand eggs may be hatched every season under cover. The original “idea” in forming the nursery at Stormontfield was to afford protection to the fish till they became of an age to protect themselves, the mortality among young salmon being always so great. It is now thought however that it will be better and less expensive to place the tiny salmets in the river in the manner indicated. We always entertained a doubt as to the number of salmon *said* to have been bred in Stormontfield ponds. Upon more than one occasion when we were present at the annual exodus of the smolts, it never appeared to us that more than a few thousands left the ponds, instead of the hundreds of thousands which were reported to have been turned out into the river.

IV. STAGE THE SECOND.

The second stage of salmon life is that of the smolt, but the *smolt*, or young of the salmon, is not a *smelt*, as some readers may suppose. The next question, therefore, in salmon biography is—When do the smolts become grilse?—a grilse being the salmon in the third stage of its life. Many different opinions have been ventured on this point of salmon growth, but only during late years has a reliable answer been obtained. A number of the smolts bred in the ponds at Stormontfield were marked at a given date, and a percentage of these fish is known to have returned from the sea to

the upper waters of the Tay as grilse. It is a sufficiently curious fact in ichthyology that a fish is capable of living alternately in both salt and fresh water, but it is still more curious that the salmon born and bred in a given stream always come back to that stream. No matter to what part of the sea they may go, they invariably find their way back, not only to the main stream which debouches into the sea or frith, but to any given branch or minute tributary of that stream. In this the salmon is the opposite of the eel. The eel spawns in the sea, and ascends the fresh-water streams to feed and live, but the salmon spawns in the shallow parts of sea-going rivers, and the fish annually go down to the rich feeding-grounds of the deep sea. The young salmon cannot, of course, be followed into the deep water, or have its habits of life observed there, but it is known that smolts which left Stormontfield ponds in April or May came back as grilse, having been transformed in the magic laboratories of the sea into fishes of three, five, seven, and nine pounds weight in the course of only four months! It seems incredible that the fish should grow so fast in the salt water, when, as regards the second batch of a hatching of salmon, the animal requires a period of about twenty-six months to grow the size of a fish weighing about half an ounce, and sometimes is not that weight. The fact of such a speedy growth presents us, too, with this anomaly, that fish of the same hatching may at one and the same time be par about the length of a man's finger, weighing half an ounce, and grilse sixteen or seventeen inches long, and from four to seven pounds in weight!

V. STAGE THE THIRD.

Having traced the par from its birth till it has become a grilse, it is proper now to make a few remarks on that stage of salmon life. A grilse has been defined as a young fish that has never spawned, and some writers about the salmon (one in particular) have maintained that the grilse is not the young of *Salmo salar*, but a distinct fish of the same family. At what age does a salmon begin to repeat the story of its birth? This is a question which we have never seen answered, but we have found well-developed roe in grilse of six pounds weight, and even par have been found containing milt; in fact, Stormontfield par were used to impregnate the eggs of a full-grown salmon, which in due time were hatched, and went to the sea and became salmon. Mr. Hogarth, a man of integrity and a well-known salmon-fisher in the north of Scotland, confined several grilse in a salt-water pond, and saw them grow into salmon with his own eyes; and Mr. Young of Invershin, at one time gamekeeper to the Duke of Sutherland, a lessee of salmon fisheries, marked, so as to be sure of their identification, several four-pound grilse, which undoubtedly became salmon. Two of these fish were taken and marked on the 4th of March, and were

caught on the 1st of July of the same year, weighing respectively twelve and fourteen pounds. The late Duke of Athol also marked a large number of grilse, and had the satisfaction of capturing many of them when well-grown salmon. As illustrative of salmon life, this curious fact may be stated, namely, that one of a brood of Stormontfield fish may go away to the sea as a smolt, and, returning the same year, may yield its young as a seven-pound grilse; and some of these young may be going down the river at the same moment as the third-year smolts hatched out in the same brood as their mother!

It is but fair to state that all the varied experiments which have been tried with grilse have been the subject of more or less controversy. The opponents of those who aver that grilse are salmon depend for their argument chiefly on circumstantial evidence; they do not believe in the magical rate of growth which has been indicated; they say that when the smolt goes down to the sea it remains there a year or more before it returns or attains the weight which has been indicated; in fact, it is maintained that the smolt remains in the sea till it becomes a full-grown fish! It is difficult to settle many of the incidental questions of salmon growth. Some people maintain that a salmon makes two trips to the sea annually; others that it remains in the river twelve months before it again returns to the salt water.

From the fact of the salmon making its nest in the upper waters of some great stream, or in one or other of its tributaries, we have called the place of its birth its "home"; but it might perhaps be more proper to say that its home is in the bosom of the great deep. At all events, it is an established fact that those salmon which are caught in the tidal waters are superior in condition to those which are taken in the fresh streams. After passing out of the tidal waters that substance known as the *lard* of the "crimped" and the "melting fat" of the ordinary market salmon begins to be absorbed—in fact, all the flesh-forming products of the fish are required for the development of its roe or milt, according to the sex of the salmon, so that in the fresh water the fish turn lean and flabby, and the longer they remain in the stream the less palatable they become. By way of *per contra* to this statement, it is right to say that the men who boil an occasional "kettle of fish" on the River Tweed say that sea salmon are immensely improved by a sojourn of ten days in the fresh water. No naturalist has yet been able to determine the principle which regulates the going to and fro of the salmon between the river and the sea; nor do students of the habits of the fish know where it goes to when it reaches the salt water. The gentleman whose opinion on the grilse has already been quoted, says that salmon, when they come down the rivers, perform a pilgrimage to the North Pole! But, as this gentleman founds this theory on a long since exploded account of the migration to and from the same region of the common herring, it may be dismissed as a freak of the imagination. In one river, the salmon will average

a weight of twenty pounds, in another they will run about eight. In some streams the fish are all straight-backed, in others they will be convex on the back. At one fishery the salmon will have large clumsy heads, in another (in a different stream of course) the heads will be particularly small and elegantly shaped. Another distinguishing characteristic of these fish may be alluded to—in some rivers they are short, dumpy and fat, in others long, lank and lean.

VI. STAGE THE FOURTH.

The salmon of commerce are so well known that no details of their appearance need be given. They are exceedingly graceful, and, if it may be so stated, appear to be built for "rapid sailing," and that they do swim with great rapidity has been repeatedly proved. The following experiment was tried as a means of obtaining reliable proof of the fact. A couple of fish were captured at a given station and, being marked, were let away in the water, and a man on horse-back was despatched, galloping as the crow flies, to the next station, a distance of about three miles, with instructions that the marked fish should be looked for and captured the moment they arrived. His mission had been anticipated—the fish had been taken a minute or two before his arrival! It is this known rapidity of motion that has given rise to the idea of double annual journeys and of fanciful missions to the North Pole.

It is gratifying to find a few grains of corn among all the chaff that has been blown about of late years regarding the natural and commercial history of the salmon, and it is that these fish have not only become more plentiful, but have largely increased in individual size. By the efforts of wise legislation the days of big fish are likely to return. Of late years salmon of twenty-five, thirty and thirty-five pounds weight have been plentiful in the windows of our fishmongers, and the taking of an occasional fish weighing over fifty pounds is often chronicled in the local prints. Nor, according to the light we have as to salmon growth, is such a fish very old. If the salmon grows at the rate which was shown by the Stormont-field experiments, or at the rate ascertained by Mr. Young of Invershin, namely, at the rate of six pounds in four months, a twenty-four-pound fish would only require five years to attain that weight—supposing it of course to obtain all its flesh in the salt water and to visit the sea only once a year. If the salmon continued to make weight in the fresh as well as in the salt water, it would not require half the period indicated. It has often been a subject of wonder to us whether or not any salmon was ever known to die a natural death. We have seen crowds of dead ones, but their deaths were the result of violence. The males sometimes kill each other over the spawning "redds," so violently do they fight. How interesting it would be if we could take a census of a salmon-stream at some given time, and count all the members of the salmon family which it contained—the par, smolts, grilse, salmon and bull-trout—

not forgetting their enemies, the pike, and the "puddock worrier," a yellow trout with a fine appetite!

A salmon river is very much like a stock farm, only that there are no cheques required for breeding stock, and no sums to pay for food. It must be kept in mind that a salmon does not require a house to live in, or a servant to attend upon it, and moreover it finds its own food. It is on the waters alone we reap a harvest which we have never sown. Guesses have been made at the stock of salmon contained in given rivers, and the question has been asked: if you capture ten thousand salmon and eleven thousand grilse in one year, how many breeding fish will there be left to multiply and replenish the river for future years? On the River Tay at Perth, one day at the end of the last century, a haul of over three thousand salmon was made, the fish weighing one with another sixteen pounds, the total weight being forty-eight thousand pounds. It is obvious that no river could stand many hauls like this—although they would bring wealth to the lessees. Going on the old calculation that a salmon yields a thousand eggs for each pound of her weight, and that only one egg in a hundred, as was calculated by the late Mr. Buist, ever reaches the reproductive stage, how many ten-pound fish would it require to stock a salmon river like the Tay? It is obvious that it would require one hundred thousand female salmon to yield a hundred thousand fish, and at least fifty thousand male fish to impregnate the eggs, and if from fifty to sixty thousand salmon and grilse be taken annually, it is obvious that the breeding stock ought to be large. Supposing the rental of a salmon river to be twenty thousand pounds per annum, it would require 26,666 salmon, each of the weight of ten pounds and of the value of fifteen shillings, to yield the mere rental; and it would not be an absurd estimate to say that another twenty thousand fish would require to be taken to pay wages, wear and tear of boats and netting, interest on capital, and the reward of labour. It has been observed—but it is to be feared that the figures are rather fanciful—that one hundred and fifty millions of salmon eggs are annually deposited in the River Tay!

In view, then, of such a stock of eggs being required to keep up the salmon of the river as a paying stock, breeding places for the parent fish are emphatically required, and so we end where we began—at the "home of the salmon," or at least at the place where the animal can make its procreant bed under circumstances favourable to the hatching out of the eggs and feeding of the young fish. It is only of late years that unmolested breeding has come to be thought important, and now, by means of a nightly and weekly close time, a considerable percentage of salmon attain their breeding places. As a proof of the value of a well-observed day of rest for the salmon, it may be stated that far up a river Monday is the best day for a good take: twenty or thirty fish will be obtained at a station on that day, while on other days of the week not above a couple of fish will be captured, so close is the fishing. A salmon

river being divided into many properties, it is obvious that there must be a great number of contending interests, and that the lessees of stations nearest the sea have the best chance of obtaining the largest takes of fish. When that good time comes in which it is prophesied that the "salmon lairds" will join together in one great co-operative fishery for each of the rivers in which they have an interest, then we will have common sense ruling the salmon fisheries, double the profit will be obtained, and a large portion of the expense now incurred be saved.

The upper proprietors of salmon rivers, it is obvious, have much of the anxiety of the fishery and but a small proportion of the profit—all they obtain for affording the fish a well protected and gratuitous home is a few weeks' angling after the close of the net fisheries. As is said in Sir Walter's novel of 'Red Gauntlet,' the upper heritors are made clocking hens to hatch the fish which the folks below catch and eat. Yes, a little—a very little—sport is all they get; but if they were inclined to act the dog in the manger, they might by various devices greatly curtail the profits earned below them, because the prosperity of a salmon river is altogether dependent on its breeding power. Were the homes of the fish to be destroyed, or the procreant salmon to be killed, what would become of the commercial fisheries?

BITS, BRIDLES, AND HANDS.

"WHAT shall I ride him in?" would, I take it, be the natural question of any wise man, on having made a fresh purchase, and yet I wonder how many of us ever think of the subject at all. We have a certain number of bridles of certain patterns, and assume that all horses will or should go comfortably in them. Nor do we for the most part ever reflect that it is quite as difficult to fit a horse's mouth with *exactly* the right bridle, as it is the young man of the period with a coat, or his gouty father with a pair of boots. Nay, more so, because in either case there the tailor or bootmaker has only to suit the man, whereas in the case I am now considering you have not only to fit the horse, but the man who is going to ride him as well; for you may take my word for it that it is quite as essential to fit the *man's hands* with exactly the proper instrument of control, as it is to place it in the horse's mouth. "There is a key to every horse's mouth if you can only find it," a large dealer once said to me, and no doubt he was right, for such hands as he possessed, or those of his show men. But, on the other side of the question, it is not only possible, but most probable, that their key would have been no use to other people. Of course that did not matter to him, he probably would have said "he sold horses, and not hands," as another of the fraternity is reported to have done when remonstrated with for selling a bad horseman a runaway brute. But, on the other hand,

that makes it all the more needful that purchasers should ask themselves the question with which I commenced this article. Of course the dealer must show his horses to ordinary customers in ordinary bridles, or the sale would be spoilt at once, and he must either do it himself or have men who can thus show them to the best advantage. To men like Captains Middleton or Riddell, and a few others, he may venture to show a horse he knows to be a good one in a bit somewhat out of the common, because they would know and understand the reason for such a proceeding, but to ordinary customers he might almost as well tell them that he was a "man-killer" at once. But be it understood that because you have seen a horse go well, and bend himself under a dealer or his man in a common double bridle, you are not to assume that he will go the same under you. You may even have half an hour's ride, and he will still continue to do it, perhaps in a modified form, from sheer force of habit, but when you have had him in your own stable a day or two, and ridden him a few times, you may very likely find that the "key" is wanting, especially if you do not notice to the greatest nicety how the bridle was put on as regards length of head, tightness of curb chain, &c., &c. I know a gentleman who, when he purchases a horse of a man (not a dealer) who had ridden him some time, usually says, "I will take him at such a price, but you must let me have the bridle you have been riding him in also." This is by no means a bad plan, and, if the vendor and purchaser have near about the same class of hands, may save both the horse and his new owner a great amount of unpleasantness in finding out each other's likes and dislikes. But supposing the seller to be a man like Colonel Greenwood, who could cross a country safely in a single curb, and the buyer to be one who could not ride unless he had his horse's mouth to hold on by, things would, I fancy, turn out differently altogether, and serious misunderstandings arise from the new man's not consulting his own hands as well as his horse's mouth. I once knew a case where a gentleman, who had the heart of a lion, but the hands of a blacksmith, bought a lot of very fine young horses, and put them under a professional to make, who was really a horseman in the best acceptance of the word. But what was the result? Disappointment; for, when the gentleman came to ride them across country, they missed the delicate manipulation they had been accustomed to, and fell about like ninepins. Who was to blame? Not the professional, certainly, but the owner, for not knowing what he wanted. If he had put them into the hands of a heavy-fisted country colt-breaker, with no regard for his own neck, things would have turned out much better, and all parties have been pleased. I remember another instance, where a man mounted a mutual friend of his and my own; the owner had about the worst fist in England, and really could not ride unless his horse pulled and bored at him; the friend he mounted had as light a finger on the rein as could well be found out of professional circles. Not long afterwards I asked the owner how our friend liked the mount? "Oh, hang the fellow!"

was the reply; "I don't know how he liked it, but he spoilt my horse's mouth, so that I had no comfort on him the next two or three times of riding—I could never get hold of him at all." I can, however, give one still stronger instance that has come within my own knowledge and observation of the fact, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, in the matter of bridles, and their effects on horses' mouths. A man I knew very well had a most promising four-year-old that he was anxious to make into a hunter, as he was fast, and so clever even at that tender age that no kind of fence seemed to come amiss to him. Yet his owner's efforts were not crowned with success, because the colt was of such a wild and tempestuous disposition that no one could ride him in any comfort unless hounds were going fast; and really it was more a matter of where he chose to go himself than where his rider wanted to take him, for his mouth was none of the best. With a view to mend matters the owner asked a friend, who was rather a noted hand with wild young ones, to come and ride him a day, which he did, having on an ordinary hunting double-bridle. Our rampagious friend found he had his master that journey, and had to bring himself into some sort of order; nevertheless he did not go comfortably either to himself or his rider, and the latter, when asked if he would have another mount, said, "Yes, if you will let me bridle him as I like." This was of course agreed to, and not long afterward he put on him a bit that was then known as "Hawley's Pelham," because it was said Sir Joseph had invented it, but how far that may be true I will not undertake to try. It was a straight-mouthed sliding bit with very large rings on it, used as a Pelham, but figures in Latchford's book of bits as a curb alone, No. 30, and is there described as "Hunting bit, slide mouth, seven rollers," and I suppose intended to be used with a bridoon instead of as a Pelham. But to my story. As soon as the young horse had it on he began to give to it and fob at the mouth like a colt when first bitted; before the fixture was reached he had become perfectly quiet, and all that day went so differently that it caused universal remark in the field. The owner thought he had found the secret of success at last, and begged that the bit might be left for him to try. This of course was agreed to, but a caution given that he must use it tenderly. Not long after the friends met again, and a very natural question was, How did he like his horse in the bridle? The answer came in this fashion: "Why, as soon as hounds found, he ran straight away with me for four or five miles, went through all his fences (luckily not very stiff ones) without rising, until he came to grief at last; and his mouth was so bruised, sore and bleeding that he could scarcely eat anything for a week, and is all discoloured now. I would not put the thing on a horse of mine again for any money," said the somewhat irate owner. Now here we see the opposite effect of the same bridle on the same horse, handled by two different men. In the hands of one it soothes an irritable, excitable horse into perfect quietude and subjection, in those of the other it goads him to such a

degree of madness that he is altogether unmanageable. But who is to blame for that result? Most certainly not the bit.

Luckily, I think, for the generality of riders the average of horses in time come to enjoy leaning on their bridles if they are not too sharp, or indulge in what I should call boring, and before long they will go nearly as safely in that form, despite the bit, as they would if properly ridden and made to collect themselves and bring their hind legs well under them, instead of leaning on the rider's hand for support. This, as a rule, answers well enough, until they come to make a "peck," either over a fence or going fast; even then they will recover if the man on them is strong enough to sit steady in his saddle and not alter the bearing on their mouths; but let him be shot forward, as nine riders (not horsemen) out of ten are in such circumstances, and thus take away the support on which they are leaning from their mouths, and the peck becomes a tumble, and often a very complicated one, for horses going in this form have not the same liberty to recover themselves as one going light in hand could do. It is like tying up one end of a beam with a rope, and then suddenly cutting that rope, you will soon see what happens to the beam, and the same applies, in a minor degree, to the horse—the principle is the same.

Some years ago I bought an oldish mare at auction as a hunter, and in all respects save one she was everything that a man could wish—fast, a good fencer, temperate and quiet in every respect; but unfortunately she had an idea that the carrying part of the business ought to be a divided duty, and that if she carried me I ought to return the compliment by at least carrying her head and a good share of her fore-quarters. This was no part of my scheme at all, so I accommodated her with some pretty severe doubles, all to no purpose; then I thought I would try a sharp curb and gag, a bridle that in a somewhat lengthened experience I had never known to fail; but, good easy soul that she was, she went to sleep on it, as near as possible. Here was a fix! After due reflection, I thought I might as well take strong measures at once, and—although a little diffident as to how we should make out crossing a country in it—I put a Bentinck bit, No. 1, into her mouth. The effect was like magic; within half an hour we perfectly understood each other, and from that time forth she was as pleasant a mount as any one need wish to ride, *but only in that bridle*; with it on I seldom had occasion to touch the curb-rein. I need not say that my friends predicted that all kind of evil would befall me when I put it on—that I should pull her over on me, throw her into her fences, &c., &c., none of which predictions, fortunately for both of us, ever came to pass. By far the most censorious of all was the old groom, who roundly declared that no man ever ought to be allowed to put such a thing as that into a horse's mouth, and that he could ride her very comfortably in a snaffle, which I believe was strictly true, for she enjoyed his heavy hands as much as he did her dead mouth, so that they got on admirably together. In vain I told him that a sharp bit, used tenderly,

was not more severe, and certainly did not inflict so much punishment, as a milder one used roughly, because a horse found that it was useless to fight against it, and, until he caused you to have recourse to it, it could cause him no pain at all, and that whereas he would probably always be trying to get the better of the mild one, a single dose of the other would be sufficient. I put it in this way: "Suppose a burglar got into your house, and tried to murder you, but you so far mastered him as to get him down, and could bind him with a band of iron sharp as a razor across his throat, but which did not hurt him more than a piece of string so long as he kept still, he would not struggle, would he?" "In course not, sir." "But if you only bound him with the string he would struggle, eh?" "I should think so." "Well, the horse is just as cunning as the burglar, and he will not fight against what he knows will hurt him if he does fight. Again, you take a sharp knife in your hand; as long as it is still it won't cut, press it or draw it sharply and it will. So it is with bridles." But it was no use. Such things ought not to be used. I think there are many old grooms about in the world.

One more instance I will give of how men accustomed to horses all their lives are mistaken as to what a *horseman* can do. Not long since a gentleman was at a meet of hounds riding a very wild young thoroughbred one bridled in this way: he had on Major Dwyer's curb, and as a bridoon a chain snaffle, with no reins attached, in lieu of which he had draw-reins from the girths passed through the rings of the chain-snaffle, in which tackle his horse handled to perfection. To him came a well-known trainer of racers and steeplechasers, and, after admiring the young one, said: "That is capital tackle you have on to teach a horse manners, but for heaven's sake do not attempt to jump in it, or you will come down to certainty." The young man smiled, for it was a matter of fact that he had ridden not only this very young one across a very difficult country intersected by doubles, so bitted—without ever getting a fall—but several other young ones as well. Of course, ridden by a man who used his bridles as a means of staying in the saddle, any horse *must* come down in it; but a horseman can give his nag just as much liberty in this as in an ordinary bridle, and at the same time have ten times the command over him when it is needed. I have often wondered how it is that men, many of whom have ridden and had to do with horses all their lives, appear never to divest themselves of the idea that the bridle is either put in the horse's mouth for the riders to hold on by or steady themselves in their saddles, or else that it is the means of constituting a kind of co-partnership concern, in which the man is to help carry the horse as well as the horse carry the man. But such their idea evidently is, because if a man can ride perfectly independent of the bridle, and get his horse to such a "touch" that he will carry himself on his part independently of the bridle also, he may ride in as sharp a bit as he likes without interfering with the powers of his horse in any way; and I conceive that until a man can do this he is not a horseman.

The bridle is put on simply as a means of conveying the rider's wishes to the horse, and by no means as support to keep a man in his saddle ; and also as a means of enforcing obedience to those wishes, and, I take it, the bridle which does that with the least demur of the horse, and causes the most instantaneous obedience, is the proper bridle, and the right means of communication between any given man and horse, let it be sharp or easy, as the case may be. In a long experience amongst them I have arrived at the conclusion that the generality of horses, even good-tempered ones, have a certain amount of opposition in their natures, and will not always do readily what you wish, unless they know that you have the means of making them, and can apply those means at will. If any one doubts this, let him take a good-tempered old horse or pony, and put some one on his back who has never ridden before ; then tell them to walk him a hundred yards from home, turn round and come back, and go through the same performance again. I should be very much surprised if, before the pair had gone the second hundred, the good-tempered gee did not show a very strong inclination to turn round and come back on his own account, and the chances would not be 5 to 1 against his doing it. This is not bad temper, because, put up a man who could ride, and he would show no symptom of an inclination to turn, but simply sense and the dislike of doing what he may consider unnecessary. A less good-tempered horse would do the same, or attempt it, with a man who could ride, unless he *knew* the man was master of him through the bit in his mouth, and that it was no use to dispute his wishes. Hence I advocate bridles always powerful enough to let horses know that *they must* obey them, and that instantaneously ; and even with colts, when once they have learnt that a pull on the right rein means they should go to the right, and on the left rein to the left, while an equal pull on both is a signal to stop, I would put on bits that they must yield to rather than have them pulled and hauled about in a thick snaffle, to the detriment of their mouths in after life. Once inculcate the lesson *you must obey*, you may ride them in what you like, and that lesson is quite as necessary with horses as with soldiers or children. Let them be taught it as colts, and the use of severe bits would be gone. They are wanted to supply the deficiencies of education in horses that we buy in after life, and teach them that they must bend to our will or hurt themselves. In speaking of a horse not doing always as you wish him, unless he is forced, although he perfectly understands and comprehends what you want, I may instance a four-year-old of my own. He was a sweet little horse, as nearly thoroughbred as possible, but, being too small for a hunter, I was anxious to make him as perfect as I could for a lady to ride, and to that end wished him at a certain signal to break into a canter with the right leg first. This, for a long time, he persistently refused to do, leading with the left ; and when he found that I intended to pull him up and start him again, instead of yielding to the bridle, tried to break away and go faster. However his mouth was too

good for these games. I was at the time riding him in a double bridle, with the curb-chain very slack, as, really, in the ordinary way he did not want one at all. Perhaps he defied me in this manner half-a-dozen times altogether, when I stopped him, got off, and took up his curb chain a link or two on each side, so that it would catch him pretty sharply if he did not do as I wished. I never had occasion to use it, for on mounting, after walking a short distance, I gave him the signal, and he broke into the canter, leading with the right leg at once, nor did he attempt to do otherwise all that day afterwards. Nothing shall persuade me that he did not know all the time quite well what was wanted of him, because he had often been started in the same way before; but he knew also that he could, bitted as he was, take liberties, and he intended to do so as long as he could. Yet a better-tempered horse never put his head into a manger, nor did he ever display the least sign of vice or restiveness. I dare say I shall be told that I should have had him properly bitted in the first place. I plead guilty. I should have, but also plead in extenuation that he always had done what was wanted of him with the curb easy. However, it taught me a lesson as well as him, for I resolved henceforth, on either young or old horses, so to bit them that they could not resist.

Personally, I have always found that horses went better with me in sharp bridles—and, as far as hunting is concerned, they would go faster and jump bigger—than if I used milder ones; that is to say, that by using strong tackle I could get both quicker and more safely over a country on nine horses out of ten. Of course in a race (and I have ridden a good many) it is a different matter, because there a horse must have liberty to extend himself to his utmost. As to snaffle-bridle horses, I have often heard of them, but I can safely say that I have never ridden more than four really snaffle-bridle hunters in my time, and I cannot call to remembrance having owned one. Very pleasant they are, no doubt, when you can get them perfect, *as long as they are fresh*. I never rode one after he was tired, so can say nothing about that. My own idea is I should like an easy curb to fall back upon in that case. Yet many far better horsemen than I could pretend to be not only ride their horses, but ride them well in snaffles. I don't mean those who are *carried* by hanging on their horses' heads, but horsemen. Charles Davis, so many years huntsman to the Royal Buckhounds—and no finer horseman ever crossed pigskin—rode most of his horses in a snaffle. Indeed it was said the grey Hermit was almost the only horse he ever rode in a double. Jem Mason, again, was very fond of a snaffle with double reins and a martingale; and I have somewhere seen that, when Tom Oliver was in difficulties and could not well be seen in public, he agreed to ride a horse for him in a steeplechase, and the horse (a noted puller) was brought out in a strong double bridle, no doubt such as Oliver usually rode him in himself. Mason had it taken off, and a snaffle put in his mouth, and not only held him in it, but won the race. The Chifneys, father and son, could ride any-

thing in a snaffle, but old John Day (honest John), another celebrated jockey, liked a curb in the mouth of a horse that took hold much. Tom Cannon, again, used to hold The Duke in a snaffle, when other equally well-known jockeys wanted a curb to make the most of him. I admit I never could learn how the snaffle-bridle men get the command over their horses that they do, and I know that I should be quite at sea did I try to imitate them; so that I am fain to admire, without endeavouring to emulate. One thing I admit is that, on a very hard puller—or perhaps I should say a very impetuous horse—an easier bit will hold them, when a severe one will not; and I have here found the much-despised Pelham come in with advantage, especially if made large and easy in the mouth, and with good leverage in the cheeks. As a rule I do not like them, either for appearance or comfort, but on certain horses they are advantageous. I remember riding one who could and would run away with most men, put on what bridle you liked, until he was accommodated with a Pelham such as I have described. He was an altered horse from that hour, and went as pleasantly as possible. *In fact the key to his mouth had been found.* I am aware that a good many men will hold almost any horse in a chain or twisted snaffle and a martingale—that is, so as to keep him out of mischief—but that is not enough; you want man and horse to work cordially together, and move as if only one will influenced the pair. That I call riding; the other is only getting the horse to condescend to carry you. To get this mutual understanding he must, I am sure, know and feel that you are master, and that he cannot resist the bit; but, on the other hand, you on your part must so handle that bit, however sharp it may be, so that it only commands, and does not irritate or annoy him, or you will never work comfortably together. It is just like a colonel of a regiment. One man may be the strictest of disciplinarians, and yet not worry and irritate his men; while another, not really so severe, may worry them out of their lives. People talk about getting a bit that will hold a horse, which means simply suiting his mouth, but I fear they never think of finding a bit to suit their hand also, which is equally necessary if things are to run smooth. Of course there are a great number of men riding, who by the greatest stretch of imagination could never be called horsemen, and who on certain horses will make a very good fight across country, for their heart is often quite in the right place, and they go on and accept the inevitable spills which fall to their lot with the most perfect equanimity; but they never know, or can know, what the real pleasure of riding is. To them I can only say, Buy good-tempered horses, with no inclination to run away, and put on the easiest bits you can steer them in, and be thankful for their good-nature and patience. But to all young men I would say, Study your horse's mouth and your own hands, and endeavour to get the most pleasant means of communication between the two, so that, as Whyte-Melville would have put it, "you may dislike each other as little as possible." Get a firm seat, and never interfere with your horse's head if you can avoid it. Don't follow fashion; and, because

one man rides in a snaffle, or an extra severe curb, think you are bound to do the same. Some men can ride any horse in any bridle. Colonel William Greenwood would ride across country straighter than ninety-nine men out of a hundred in a single hard and sharp. Assheton Smith rode Radical, one of the most violent horses ever known, in a snaffle; and, on the other hand, in later days, used the powerful Bentinck bit on all his stud with impunity. If you can emulate either of them, you must be rarely gifted by nature; but find out *what you can do*, and bridle your horse accordingly, so shall it be the better for both of you.

N.

ABOUT CIRCUSES.

ANY show in which a horse takes part is sure of a certain amount of patronage. When the driving clubs meet at the Magazine, the aristocracy of Mayfair and Belgravia is joined by the "gentility of Clapton and Stoke Newington" to witness the proceedings; the uninteresting routine of relieving the guard at Whitehall never fails to attract as many spectators as can be accommodated; while even the gratuitous exhibition of a fallen horse in the streets is thought worthy of more than a passing glance. As may therefore be supposed, a circus is an entertainment universally popular; and it must be confessed that its popularity is just now pretty well tested in London, as horsemanship is carried on at no less than three establishments—Hengler's, Covent Garden, and Astley's. Curiously enough, however, it is not in England that circus performers succeed best. On the Continent equestrian displays are accorded somewhat higher patronage than with us, and, as a consequence, managers can afford to pay higher salaries than over here; this is especially the case with lady-riders, the best of whom are scarce in England. As an illustration of this, it may be mentioned that last autumn, when Wilson's circus—though all the horses, except those ridden over the timber-jumps, &c., belonged to Quaglieni—was at the Westminster Aquarium, a competent *equestrienne* could not be engaged at the figure offered by the management. For obvious reasons, standing on the head and throwing somersaults form no part of a lady's performance; so that, although the jumping over banners and through "balloons" must be done with the greatest finish, her feats are necessarily limited. In this strait it occurred to M. Quaglieni to dress up one of his sons in female attire. A pair of long mittens concealed the leanness and muscularity of the male arm; an artistic flaxen wig covered up short brown hair, and, under the name of Miss Annette, Quaglieni junior succeeded for some weeks in securing a fair share of applause and admiration! This, however, is by no means the first time that admirers of a supposed female performer have been astounded to hear that the object of their admiration was a man. Twenty-five years ago, at Astley's,

there appeared a certain Mdlle. Ella, whose skill in riding was almost as much talked of as her beauty. Ella became quite the rage, and everybody flocked to see her. Some years later it became known that Ella was a man; and if the annals of the circus were searched numerous other instances would be brought to light.

Like other popular institutions, the circus had a small beginning. Between the chariot-racing and gladiatorial combats of the Romans and the modern scenes in the circle there was a long gap, and it was not until a year or two prior to 1770 that anything in the shape of circus riding was seen in England. Performing horses are older, but these we shall mention presently. The first "equestrian director" was a man named Johnson, who took some vacant ground at Islington, and sandwiched a few simple feats of horsemanship between the other items in a sort of variety entertainment. A few months ago there was, in a shop at the corner of Chandos and Bedford Streets, a rough engraving of Johnson riding two horses, with a leg on each. This Johnson is said to have been one of the earliest men who laid claim to the possession of some secret method of overcoming savage and restive horses, though, so far as can be ascertained, he does not appear to have made his skill in this respect form part of his entertainment, as the Cookes did at Astley's. Price and Sampson soon took up with the business, but were very soon eclipsed by the energetic Philip Astley, whose name will ever be connected with the circus and its progress. Astley had been in the cavalry, and while serving appears to have learned some feats of horsemanship which he used to perform before the regiment—another illustration of the truth of the saying that there is nothing new under the sun, as Astley's performance was undoubtedly the forerunner of the military circus that took place some years ago. On quitting the service, one of the officers gave Philip Astley a horse, and, with another purchased at Smithfield, he commenced his career as a circus-proprietor. From the very first, Westminster has been the head-quarters of circus riding, as it was at Halfpenny Hatch that Astley pitched his first ring. When the chance pennies he collected had grown into pounds, he built upon the site of an old timber-yard an apology for a circus, and from that day the building, as well as those that successively replaced one another, was known as Astley's, and probably always will be, in spite of the fact that Mr. George Sanger now calls it the Grand National Amphitheatre.

It is somewhat curious that, although the circus business—in England at least—was in its infancy, Astley should have been able to find other riders to assist him. In 1772 we find him advertising that he will be assisted by Mrs. Astley, Mr. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, Costmethopila, Miss Vangable, Signor Markutchy, and others, in horsemanship and feats of activity. Which were riders and which the professors of activity we are not told, but, so far as horsemanship is concerned, there were, besides Astley, "other transcendent performers." Astley was a big man, over six feet in height—a stature that modern professors would consider as too

great, for teachers say that a short man, from 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 6 inches, rides better than a taller one. Astley's height, however, seems to have been no bar to his skill, as in his bills he pledges himself to perform fifty feats every evening, and the audience were asked to count them to see that there was no deception. In tracing the earlier history of the circus, it is only necessary to say that, about the time Astley opened the building that bore his name, the Royal Circus was started at what is now the Surrey Theatre; that Astley subsequently built a circus on the site of the Olympic; that horsemanship has taken place at Drury Lane, and equestrian spectacles at Covent Garden. About the year 1815, travelling circuses began to be formed, and the "tenting" business, as most of our readers know, is still carried on in the summer, though to a lesser extent than formerly. The earlier travelling companies were those of Clarke, Cooke, Milton, Saunders, Samwell, Wild, Fossett, and Holloway; while in later times the Messrs. Sanger, Ginnett, Batty, Tom Sayers, Howes and Cushing, and Myers have followed the business. Mr. Hengler does not go "tenting," but, like Newsome formerly, has his own building in the towns he performs in.

Those who have visited the circuses now open in London will, no doubt, have admired the finish which marks each individual performance; but at the same time it is to be noted that there is hardly a feat now attempted that was unknown to the earlier circus proprietors. One rider performing with several horses is certainly no novelty; for as long ago as 1772 "a young gentleman" exhibited "several extraordinary feats on four"; riding bare-backed is as old as the hills; turning somersaults on horseback is not a creation of yesterday, nor is the jumping over banners and through hoops. The jockey act, now being performed at Covent Garden by Mr. G. Batty, was first introduced at the Holborn Circus, in 1869, by Alfred Bradbury, and has ever since been a favourite performance with riders possessing the necessary activity. Last summer, at the Aquarium, one of M. Quaglieni's sons, a boy of fifteen, went through it on a pony; but a novelty is now brought out by a lady posing as a jockey, and finishing up by taking a running jump over the horse, in imitation of Mr. Batty—a feat demanding a great deal of jumping skill, as neither tan nor matting are very elastic substances from which to leap over a horse 15·2 high, which is equivalent to 5 feet 2 inches. In other respects the riding of to-day is not superior to that of Stickney, Robinson, James Henry Cooke, and others who delighted in their childhood those who have now reached middle age.

In admiring the skill of the rider, one is apt to lose sight of the merits of the horse, as he plods patiently round the ring. A really good ring-horse is a treasure to a rider; hence all artists of any note have their own animals to ride when they perform. A horse that varies his pace or the length of his stride is certain to land the performer on his back before long; and to get a horse to canter in a perfectly regular machine-like manner is a work of time,

and requires a skilful breaker. It is but seldom that a horse can be ridden in public till he has had a couple of years' practice, while six months longer is no uncommon time.

Circus horses are of two kinds ; the ring or pad horse, just mentioned, and performing horses. The latter are again distinguished as saddle and liberty horses : the former are shown, as their name implies, with some one riding them ; the latter go through their performance at the bidding of the person who "introduces" them, who stands in the ring. With the possible exception of posturing and tumbling, performing horses are the oldest part of circus entertainments. In the middle of the 17th century, Mr. Frost tells us, men used to exhibit horses that were taught some tricks, one of them being to beat a drum with their fore feet. Perhaps the most striking exhibition of horse-training of the present season is the tight-rope walking of Signor Corradini's horse Blondin, at Covent Garden. Whether the Signor is a student of ancient documents we know not, but if he has ever examined certain old manuscripts he will have seen the representation of a horse on a tight-rope, and another of an ox standing upon the back of a horse, a feat that some skilful trainer of animals may one day introduce. There is no means of knowing whether, at the time we speak of, a horse was ever made to go through something that by a stretch of imagination could be carried tight-rope walking or not ; but at any rate the representation may be taken to indicate that, even then, the training of horses and other animals—for dancing bears are painted—to perform tricks was not unknown. An animal on a tight-rope, wonderful as it is, is not an absolute novelty, as in 1847 or 1848, at Astley's an elephant astonished Londoners by doing very much what the horse Blondin is doing now at Covent Garden. If Signor Corradini has never seen or heard of the manuscript in question, it is only another instance of one man striking out a line, believed by him to be an original one, that had occurred to others previously. It is the same with the jockey act. In 1652 a book called the 'Vaulting Master' was published, and in the pictures with which the text is illustrated a vaulter named William Stokes is represented as jumping from the ground on to the back of a horse, while the latter is galloping. This was never attempted from that time till 1869 or 1870, when Alfred Bradbury caused such a sensation by including it in his jockey act at the Holborn Circus.

The first performing horse of which we have any authentic records is one called Morocco, belonging to one Banks, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Morocco was a "liberty" horse, and is represented in an old engraving standing on his hind legs, with his owner in front directing his action, as we see done now. Morocco would also take a glove to the owner, after Banks had whispered the man's name ; he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin, and the number of francs in a crown—not a bad sample of 16th century horse-breaking. Phillip Astley was the next successful breaker we read of, his prowess in the art being of a high order ;

he is said to have been the first trainer who succeeded in making horses step in time to music. One of his earliest and best trick horses, "Billy," only cost him 7*l.* 10*s.*; that moderate-priced animal used to lift a kettle off an imaginary fire, and lay a table-cloth, besides going through the now well-known trick of finding a handkerchief concealed in the tan. In Astley's time the custom, not yet out of fashion, existed of hiring out trick animals to other managers. Accordingly "Billy" was hired out to one Saunders, and while in his possession was seized for debt, together with Saunders's own property, and sold before word could be sent to Astley. A month or two afterwards Astley chanced to be in the neighbourhood of the Kent Road, and saw, as he thought, his old servant Billy drawing a cart. Making a pretext to speak to the driver, Astley gave Billy his cue, when that animal forthwith began to rear and jump about in a manner that turned the vehicle over, and its contents into the street. The horse-trainer was profuse in his offers of assistance, and at last, having quieted the restive steed, bid a few pounds for him, which offer was accepted, the driver saying that he was glad to get rid of him, as he was "as full of tricks as a bagful of monkeya." This reminds us of a story of a pony belonging to Mr. William Cooke, the once well-known lessee of Astley's. Many years ago he had a small pony—a little blue roan, if we remember rightly—about eight or nine hands high. This little animal he broke to perform in the arena, and kept it six years, when it was sold to some one who took a fancy to it. Several years later Mr. Cooke was in Bristol, and a man called upon him to say that he had a small pony, just the thing for a circus. Mr. Cooke, always ready for a novelty, said he would buy him if he suited, and if the price were not too heavy. "I'm sure you will like him," said the man; "and he's only six years old." In due time the pony was brought; and judge of Mr. Cooke's astonishment at seeing his old servant! "He's a very nice pony," remarked the circus proprietor, "but I think him a little more than six." The would-be vendor was highly indignant, and asserted most positively that the pony was no older than represented. "Well, I broke him myself more than twelve years ago," was the answer, and forthwith Mr. Cooke gave the pony his cues, and the little fellow went on with his performance as readily as though he had never been off the tan. This shows the retentiveness of a horse's memory, and we can vouch for the truth of the story, as it was narrated to us only a few months ago by Mr. Cooke, jun., whose *manège* riding was well-known at Astley's, and who is now a riding-master at Brompton. The performance of the Trachene stallions, under the guidance of Herr Wulff, should not be missed by those interested in horse-breaking of a high class. These are "liberty" horses; several of them come in together; one cue serves for the entire number, who do what is required of them with marvellous precision. The continued rearing and walking on the hind legs that constitutes a great part of their performance has, however, told its tale on their hocks, as any critical spectator in a front seat can see for himself.

From a hunting man's point of view circus riders are, as a rule, very poor horsemen. Except those who ride the performing horses there is hardly one able to cut a decent figure in the saddle. One has only to watch the parade of a travelling circus to see this. The clowns, apprentices, and the lesser lights—for the stars do not ride in processions—sit with their knees tucked up to their chins; and the rank and file seem no more at home in the saddle now than they were in the time of Holloway's circus, when, out of twelve riders who had to take part in a sort of quadrille on horseback, five "cut voluntaries" in the most approved style. So far as the minutiae of high-class horsemanship goes, some of those who ride the *manège* horses are good, but the ladies as a rule are better than the men. Among the latter no one, so far as we know, has arisen to beat Mr. William Cooke, jun., whose acts were so well known at Astley's, when his father was lessee of that establishment. But he had the advantage of being a breaker as well; for he broke not only all the horses required at Astley's, but those belonging to other people as well; and since he has retired from the profession his services have been sought for by other circus proprietors. Now, as in earlier times, the possession of a stud of horses by no means implies an ability to break them. Philip Astley broke his own; so did Newsome; so did Mr. Cooke; and so does M. Quaglieni; but we believe that Mr. Hengler, Mr. Sanger, and Mr. Ginnett, one and all, depute the duty of breaking to others. In theory, at least, breaking is effected by kindness, but in practice there is too much reason to fear that punishment takes place more often than we should care to know.

Even with those circus riders whose performance takes place in the saddle, there is a great difference between them and hunting men. In the matter of dress this is apparent. We can, perhaps, hardly quarrel with the swallow-tailed coat commonly affected in the arena, as that garment is not unknown in the hunting-field; but tight-fitting plum-coloured breeches must assuredly be ranked under the head of conventionality, while it is difficult to account for the fondness displayed for Napoleon or Hessian boots, instead of decently-cut jacks or tops. When it comes to jumping, however, the hunting man shows his superiority. We were once at the Islington Horse Show watching the leaping contests, in company with a well-known rider of performing horses, when the latter gave it as his opinion that the jumps were cruel, because "no one in his senses would think of riding a horse at anything as big" as the Agricultural Hall brook! When we assured him that open water was sometimes encountered, and that a big ditch on one side or other of a fence was met with nearly every time a horse jumped, our companion seemed half incredulous. "How do you know how big the ditch is?" he objected. "Do you mean to say that people ride at a hedge without first looking to see what there is on the other side?" Yet here was a man whose hands were undeniable, and whose seat, as he jumped the ring fence, or the hurdle in the arena, was good enough for any one to copy. In short, we do not know of half-a-dozen instances of circus people

riding to hounds, at any rate with success. Mr. F. C. Hengler had, or perhaps has, a grey jumping horse, said to be a very good hunter, on which we believe he has followed the Duke of Beaufort's hounds. A member of the profession told us the other day that when travelling in the north he essayed a day with the Tynedale pack, but he scarcely enjoyed it. His mount, though indifferent to any amount of noise in the shape of music and applause, caught the ardour of the chase in a marked degree, and from his rider's description it is more than probable that the highly-trained steed constituted himself a nuisance. "We galloped up a road first of all," said this gentleman, "and then the huntsmen went in at a gate, so I followed; the field was very *muddy*, but the horses went along as easily as on the road. Then we came to a hedge, which I jumped—the first I ever jumped in my life; and the horse performed well over it. At the end of this field was a *river*; I could not jump that, so I followed some others. We rode very fast through some gates, and then we had to jump another fence. My horse stayed in the ditch for half an hour; and then I went home, and have never hunted since." Miss J. L. Hengler or Miss Nellie Reid may possibly have ridden to hounds, but if so they have failed to attain the distinction of Miss Adele Newsome, who, when Newsome's circus was at Chester, in the autumn of 1864, went out with the Cheshire hounds—the country was not then divided as it is now—and rode so well that she was presented with the brush. This is the only record we can find of any one connected with a circus being equal to riding over a country. Nor does the calling of the professional interest him much in the subject of horses generally. If he takes a fancy to any outside animal it is owing to some trait he fancies would make him valuable in the arena. To horse sales, shows, races, meets of the coaches, or hunting, the average circus rider is supremely indifferent; he lives in his own little world, and, though he gains his bread on horseback or with horses, he can in no wise be called "horsey."

The nearest approach to hunting in which circus people have generally indulged is the representation of hunts, which, however, cannot be said to bear a very near resemblance to our national sport. These performances date back to 1793, when, in an ambitious programme issued by the proprietors of the Royal Circus, a fox and stag hunt were included among the attractions, it being stated that twelve couple of hounds, two foxes, and the deer would be twice, and the "field"—thirteen all told—five times in full view of the audience. During Mr. Cooke's lesseeship of Astley's there was a mimic steeplechase, with a drop leap, from a platform built out over the orchestra, into the ring, while, later still, the Messrs. Sanger gave, at the Agricultural Hall, representations of flat and hurdle races, the only remarkable incident of which was the pace at which the jockeys turned corners more sharp than any at Sandown.

In connection with horse-breaking may be mentioned that spectacular sort of drama in which a trained horse plays a more or less prominent part. 'Dick Turpin's Ride to York'—a version differing

widely from Ainsworth's, which had not then been written—was first presented at Astley's in 1819, with Bradbury in the title rôle. After revivals innumerable it was again given, a year or two back, at Hengler's Cirque in Argyle Street, when the Black Bess was the best we ever remember to have seen. When the historical—or shall we say mythical—ride was finished, Black Bess came in dabbled with whitening to represent the dried sweat, and realism was further introduced by the mare walking as though she was very knocked up—a difficult thing to teach, we should think. 'Mazeppa,' we believe, was first produced by Ducrow at Astley's in 1831, but the most noteworthy revival of it was in 1868, when Adah Isaacs Menken appeared in the chief character at Astley's, when that theatre was under the management of Mr. Friend. Since then a Miss Weber, a female who ran Menken close in the matter of undisguised personal charms, has sustained the part at Astley's. 'The Death of White Surrey' is another play that demands some skill of the horse-breaker; but in "putting up" any of these, the manager as often as not borrows some horse already trained for the part, if such can be found.

The education of circus riders is now conducted upon kinder principles than those prevailing in the older days. "When I was an apprentice," said a veteran the other day, "that confounded long whip was the dread of us all. There it was always in hand ready for use, and if the man who was teaching you happened to be short-tempered, and you a bit nervous, the result was disastrous." A story is told how a peppery, but not unkind-hearted man, who has taught a good many riders their business, used to spend a good deal of money during teaching hours. He was rather given to emphasise his instructions with the whip's end; but generally wound up by promising the pupil a shilling or half-a-crown if he succeeded in accomplishing some feat. In course of time it was found to be a paying game to postpone the achievement of what was desired until the offer of reward was made, when the task was accomplished in a few minutes. As apprentices, people prefer to take their relations to strangers, as the former stay with them longer. When outsiders are taken, no sooner are they fit to be added to the strength of the company than they go, and this circumstance, no doubt, in some degree accounts for the perpetuation of a well-known name. Several branches of the Cooke family have gained distinction as riders or rope-walkers. Mr. Batty, now at Covent Garden, bears the name of a well-known member of the profession. The same may be said of Hernandez, also at the same establishment. James Hernandez, formerly one of Batty's troupe at Astley's, was one of the best riders ever seen, though we were recently told, by one who professed to belong to the original Hernandez family, that James had merely assumed the name. Our informant had arrived at middle age, and had come to London to try to get an engagement at the Aquarium, while Wilson's circus was there. Unable to do this, he earned a trifle by donning a scarlet coat, and making one of the band

of attendants who formed a lane along which the *artistes* passed on their way to and from the ring. This veteran said that even now he could ride far better than some of those he saw—the Aquarium company was a very weak one—but that managers would not engage any but comparatively young men. He had in his pocket photographs of himself in his various acts, and—worse luck!—a collection of documents showing that the bulk of his movable property was not just then in his own keeping. This old gentleman professed to be a son or nephew of the Hernandez who for some years was one of the favourites at the Circo Price, Madrid, and himself one of the best somersault throwers ever seen on the Continent.

Ducrow, of whose family eight members have been in the circus business, is too well known a name to be passed over. Andrew was *the* Ducrow, and he gained distinction as a pantomimist and acrobat, before he was known as an equestrian. One of his earliest feats in the ring was the representation on horseback of classical statuary; and the impersonation of Raphael's dream always gained him great applause. At this time he only had one horse; but as his popularity grew he bought others, until he possessed what was then looked upon as a large stud. What Andrew Ducrow did not boast of, however, was manners, for on one occasion when, at Sheffield, the Master Cutler patronised his circus, and sent for Ducrow to escort the procession to its place, the manager sent a deputy, with the message that he only personally attended great people, and not scissor-grinders. Thereupon the patronage was withdrawn, and the Master Cutler, together with his retinue, returned home.

The appearance of Forepaugh's clown elephant at Covent Garden recalls mention of Adam Forepaugh's American Circus, which combines circus and menagerie, and is a monster concern; in fact, in America, nothing but a large establishment pays. There is no name so respected in the profession than that of Hengler. Hengler *père* was a tight-rope performer of some note, a line of business that other members of the family followed with success. Mr. Charles Hengler, the owner of the circus in Argyle Street, looked after the business department, and has never, we believe, done more in the way of performing than introduce a trick-horse. His daughter, Miss Jenny Louise Hengler, was at one time a graceful exponent of *haute école* riding, while his son, Mr. F. C. Hengler, we have seen enact the part of Dick Turpin, and ride leaping horses. Throughout Mr. Hengler's career his entertainments have been uniformly good, and, despite the flourish of trumpets which heralded the opening of Covent Garden, the Argyle Street establishment more than holds its own. The Messrs. Sanger, we believe, are the architects of their own fortunes, and the first of their race to have been connected with a circus. Some years ago we were present at one of Mr. George Sanger's benefits, and in the course of an address he mentioned that it was as a spectator in the gallery of that house that he first made up his mind to have a circus of his own—the

Wilson Barrett story over again. Now he is the possessor of what may be termed a mammoth establishment, comprising horses, elephants, lions, and what not.

No notice of circuses would be complete without mention of the clowns, whose fine old crusted jokes are as much relished now as when they were first invented. It is not generally known that the lachrymose Grimaldi, father of the more celebrated Joe, was one of the clowns at Astley's in its early days. Since that time, Barry, Croueste, Keith, Walleth, Bolen, John Ducrow, and others have made names for themselves as talking or "knockabout" clowns; while at the present day Bibb, "Whimsical Walker," and "Little Sandy" are best known. The latter is always a great favourite, and is scarcely less droll when talking than when acting. There has always been some speculation as to his identity. When he met with his recent accident, and was taken to the hospital, his name was given in the papers as Alexander Coleman, but there are not wanting those who assign him a very much better-known name, and a position which, to say the least of it, is different to the one he now occupies.

In the annals of clowning there is more than one instance to be found of jesting which was not convenient. On one occasion, when a performing jackass was introduced, the dialogue between ring-master and clown turned upon what the animal was fed upon. "He only drinks water," observed the ring-master. "So do all donkeys," was the answer, whereat arose a storm of hissing, for which the company could not account, until they remembered that this particular performance was under the patronage of a local temperance society; and the ill-timed joke drew forth a strong article in the local organ on the bad taste of laughing at the tenets of those who patronised the exhibition. Far more serious was an Irish affair. By way of giving a local colouring to the affair, the clown credited the Irish with having been at the bottom of all that was good. "Who have given us all our soldiers?" "The Irish." (Applause.) "Who constructed all our railways?" "The Irish," and so on through a long series of question and answer. Then he continued: "Who built all our gaols and workhouses?" "The Irish!" "And who fill them?" "The Irish!" Forthwith there arose such a scene as rarely happens in a place of entertainment. The unlucky jester was pelted with everything the audience could spare, and had to be smuggled out of the building by a back way.

The inner life of circus people has yet to be written. Charles Dickens's delineation of Sleary and his establishment is not true to nature. Companies are not the all-round hands he makes Sleary's, nor are proprietors as communicative as that gentleman is represented.

"OUR VAN."

THE INVOICE.—New Year Fancies—Turf and Circus—Pantomime and Play.

THE wholesome rule *De mortuis, &c.*, does not apply to dead-and-gone years. Generally speaking, no language is too bad for each successive defunct, who, if we are to believe Brown, Jones, Robinson and Co., was a very reprobate among bad years. The one so lately gone has certainly not escaped calumny; perhaps it could hardly have expected to do so. Not that it has entirely lacked good works either. By the majority described as a year of dismal failures, it has been hailed by others as one of enlightened progress. Hard times and general depression on one hand; the enfranchisement of thousands of our fellow-countrymen on the other. Such trifles as Egypt, the Boers, Agra Pequena (wherever or whatever that is), German annexations, &c., &c., we can leave to politicians and our excellent government. But 1884 has made its mark in one direction, and has stamped with the broad seal of success the career of one man. As 1858 was called in the racing world Sir Joseph's year, 1865 Count Lagrange's, and 1871 the Baron's, so will the dead-and-gone '84 descend to posterity as "Mr. Hammond's year."

"But there's a new foot on the floor." We will bury the dead past as we have, alas! buried many good and true men departed with it. In every branch of sport and pastime there have been vacancies left in the ranks of the supporters. The racecourse and the covert-side have missed many a face: Lord Grosvenor in the prime of early manhood; Mr. Caledon Alexander and Lord Scarborough at life's allotted span; Mr. Thomson and Mr. Williamson, veterans at the game. Among hunting men Sir John Duntze, Mr. Josselyn, and last, though assuredly not least, Mr. Bromley Davenport, will be much missed, while the almost extinct school of hunting clergymen has lost a well-known member in Mr. Bullen. Turn we to '85 with the promise of brighter days in store, when there shall be cloudless skies over every branch of sport; no whispers or suspicions of foul play; no jockey combinations; no poisoned hounds or strychnine-spread coverts; no scandals in our cricket-fields. Most opportunely did Lord Cadogan's article in the *Fortnightly Review* appear with the new year; and though in the opinion of some people the noble lord took rather an optimist view of the national pastime, yet he showed himself fully alive so the evils threatening it, and his vigorous denunciation of them is one of the most satisfactory passages in the whole paper. For Lord Cadogan during his stewardship, there is no doubt, made his mark in the councils of the Jockey Club. Clear-headed, with an aptitude for affairs—firm in purpose and with much decision of character—he impressed those with whom he was more immediately brought into contact with the belief that he had the courage of his opinions and the power of inducing others to share them. Something there was about him that induced many observers to think there were the makings of a strong man in him—a second Lord George, if the present times and seasons are suitable for the advent of another Dictator—and this it is that gives value to his words now. He speaks undoubtedly as one having authority. He is a past Steward, and it is possible may be one again. That his successors should seek to walk in the paths so plainly marked out by himself—Mr. W. G. Craven and Mr. James Lowther—was to be expected. One great point in the stir among what we may call the then dry bones of the Jockey Club which the last two or three years have seen, is that there can be no going back to the days of uneventful routine—

the office of Steward is no sinecure now. There was always work to do, and plenty of it, only it was not done. With the advent to office of the men we have mentioned a new era dawned, new paths were chalked out, and it is impossible for any future Stewards to avoid walking in them. Therefore it is that when Lord Cadogan, in the paper we have referred to, expresses his earnest hope that the recent notice emanating from the Stewards as to the heavy betting of certain jockeys will be no dead letter—we feel certain that it will not be. The noble lords the present Stewards hold firmly to the paths their predecessors have marked out, and we seem to know intuitively that their successors will do the same.

But we have unconsciously fallen into a business vein, the blame for which, if any, must be laid on Lord Cadogan's broad shoulders. He struck a keynote on which we have played longer than we had intended, oblivious of the festive season of January, and the *panem et circenses* that enter so largely into its joys. Very large *circenses* indeed, no less than the area of what was once the Italian Opera; and very curious is the appearance that Covent Garden nightly affords the spectator if he be properly placed for taking it all in. In this respect the *chef d'orchestre*, Mr. John Fitzgerald (by the way, so wonderfully like unto George Sala), has the pull; and the sight of the great theatre crowded from floor to ceiling must from his coign of vantage be an imposing sight. A bold venture, but, as far as it has gone, apparently a successful one, was it to go in for at this time of day for bare-back riders, performing elephants, comic donkeys, "pedigree thoroughbreds," and all the well-known business of the arena. Even ladies of "surpassing beauty" have been and are to be seen at many London places of amusement, and the attraction was bound to be very "surpassing" indeed, to draw. If we had been asked our opinion of the venture two or three months ago, we should have been inclined to predicate failure; but it is a dangerous thing to prophesy on what shall or shall not take the public taste. It is omnivorous. It swallows Shakespeare, dancing dogs, dull opera bouffe, farcical comedies, nude and inane burlesques, and admirable plays with the same keen relish. We certainly thought that the circus was, with an exception here and there, dead and buried. What could we see in "the ring"—delight of our boyhood—that we had not seen in those boyish days? Could there be anything new in the business? Would there not be the same paper hoops, which the clown would call balloons, the same flags and banners, the same dialogues between the majestic master of the ring and the attendant jester? To a certain extent an answer in the affirmative, as regards the Covent Garden show, must be given, but we are bound to add that there is much of novelty behind. The enterprising originator of the idea of a gigantic circus for London—and report says that it is a gentleman well and honourably known in the racing world—has carried it out with a lavish and unsparing hand. He showed his judgment in securing as his manager the services of Mr. William Holland, a public caterer and a popular favourite of no mean ability. By the way, we believe we ought to speak of this gentleman as "Mr. Billolland," for so we see him called by some organs of public instruction; but as we do not quite understand the subtle joke no doubt concealed under the word, we will adhere to the name by which he is known to the outside world. There is also another very humorous jest of the same order which we have long puzzled over—the calling of Miss Mary Anderson "Meary." The wit of this is beyond us. Our private opinion would be that it is vulgar, not to say impertinent, especially as applied to a lady; but as we see it so frequently repeated we are bound to believe there is something in it. Pardon, our readers, this digression.

Undoubtedly Mr. Holland's show is worth seeing, and if here and there in the long programme some old-fashioned business and jokes of venerable antiquity crop up, all this only proves what a conservative institution a circus is. Of the spectacular pantomime, 'St. George and the Dragon,' the less said the better; but the appearance of Mr. Holland in "faultless evening costume" to bow his acknowledgments at its happy conclusion was refreshing. The "Six Performing Elephants" were certainly clever, and also wonderfully under control, as were, at a later period of the evening, the "Eight Perfectly Trained Pedigree Thoroughbreds," though, at the same time, we think the occupants of the two front rows of stalls might have been reasonably anxious as to what would become of them if one of the performers, say an elephant for choice, should take it into his head to charge over the barrier. There ought to be, it struck us, more space than there is between the arena and the seats. One of the "pedigree" horses the night we were there was not so tractable as he might have been, and there was a hurried stampede on the part of some ladies and children in the front row. This should be avoided if possible. Herr Hoffman had certainly taught the "pedigree" ones to do some wonderful and graceful things, and the horses and elephants are, with Mr. George Batty's extremely clever riding act, the great attractions of the circus. Madame Oceana, we are told, "caused the greatest sensation in Paris" by her performances on the wire. Perhaps we are more difficult to please than the Parisians, but Madame Oceana, we fear, must have been disappointed at our coldness and lack of appreciation of her charms. She will doubtless soon return to the French capital, and the expense of the nightly bouquets will then be spared to the management. Mr. Holland has got together a splendid troop of vaulters, and one of the clowns, "Little Frisky," is clever in every way, with his legs and feet especially. It would be unfair not to mention a young clown elephant and a monkey, who respectively go through highly interesting performances. Mr. Holland promises a succession of novelties—indeed has recently given us one in the wonderful performance of the horse "Blondin" on the tight-rope; and so there is no doubt that the "Grand International Cirque" has taken the town.

To say that Mr. Augustus Harris has outshone himself in his latest production of 'Whittington and his Cat' at Drury Lane, sounds very like something we have heard said of that really "enterprising" manager's pantomimes for the last two or three years. 'Cinderella' had, last year, surpassed everything that had gone before, and now the adventures of the immortal 'Dick,' as related by Mr. Blanchard and depicted by Messrs. Beverley, Grieve, Emden, &c., with the aid of much gold and silver, glittering jewels, and rich clothing, entirely eclipsed the fairy story. Not eclipsed the heroine, though, as she was given us by Miss Kate Vaughan. That was a charming performance, reminding us of what Miss Rosina Vokes made of the heroines of pantomime and burlesque a few years back. Not that clever Miss Fannie Leslie does not bring before us an entirely satisfactory and sympathetic Dick Whittington, but there are others associated with her who lack the delicate touches which even in a pantomime opening can be appreciated. Music-hall singers are all very well in their way, and the representatives of the Idle Apprentice (a new introduction of Mr. Blanchard's) and the Cook of Alderman Fitzwarren were very amusing, though they have not succeeded in extracting as much fun from their respective rôles as they did from those of Cinderella's sisters. Dick's lady-love, as played by Miss Kate Munroe, lacks any very distinctive feature, unless it be a fidgety restlessness; and, except for an original and eccentric picture which Mr.

James Powers gives of the Emperor of Morocco, there is nothing else that calls for especial notice. The spectacle, not the play, is the thing where-with Mr. Harris, as before, has sought to catch the sweet voices, and sweeter coin, of the public. The two pageants of the piece are the Midnight Marriage in the Palace of the Emperor of Morocco and the grand procession when Dick Whittington, as Lord Mayor of London, enters Guildhall. This latter, we think, has never been excelled on the boards of Drury Lane. The eyes really and truly ache with the splendour and glitter of gold and silver armour, the gleam of satin, and the glimmer of stage jewellery. The City Companies defile one by one to the footlights, here grotesque and ludicrous, anon brilliant with every imaginable hue and colour. Amidst the fanfare of trumpets and roll of drums the apparently never-ending procession unwinds itself, its termination being Whittington and his bride elect, in splendid array and on milk-white steeds, who halt at the portals of Guildhall. This is the crowning triumph; the house cheers; the lime-light casts a yet more brilliant illumination, and then—Mr. Augustus Harris and his brother Charles appear at the wings and solemnly bow their acknowledgments. Pity the spectacle does not end here; but the children have to be thought of, and so there has been arranged a comic and rather tiresome interlude, in which the Cat (admirably played by Mr. Charles Lauri, jun.) is the chief performer, and one or two carpenters' scenes, before the Grand Transformation, which after all is nothing very grand. As there is generally a stampede when its best development is reached, we are unable to speak of the harlequinade, which we presume is a necessary tribute to the traditions of the season. Certainly Mr. Harris deserves a good return for a lavish outlay, which popular rumour puts at a very large sum. Indeed, it is impossible to be a spectator and not see at once that all this gorgeousness—the stage crowded with figures, men, women, boys, and girls—must have called for a great outlay at first, and a great daily and weekly drain on the receipts, however large they may be. Drury Lane has been full, from floor to ceiling, every afternoon and evening from Boxing Night to the present time, and yet it is said, we know not how truly, that it will be some time yet before the plucky lessee can expect to see his money return to him.

For a school of modern comedy suddenly to take a higher flight, and go in for what is called the classic drama, seemed to some people a questionable policy. The life and manners of to-day, that of "the teacup times of hood and hoop," have been illustrated to well-nigh perfection at the St. James's, that a sudden plunge into mediævalism, even through such a charming portal as perhaps the most charming of Shakespeare's comedies, was, we believe, viewed with doubt and suspicion. Why, it boots not to inquire. Sufficient to say that these doubts and suspicions must have been thoroughly dispelled when, on the 24th of last month, 'As You Like It' was produced before a brilliant and what it is the custom to call "a representative audience," with all the care and elaborate finish that has characterised the management of Messrs. Hare and Kendal. The "great expectations"—shall we say the doubts?—surrounding this latest revival of the play, were those concerning the Rosalind of Mrs. Kendal and the Touchstone of Mr. Hare. We have been reminded that Mrs. Kendal had twice before played the heroine, some ten or twelve years ago, and the public were curious to see if into her ripened powers she would be able to infuse all the grace and prettiness of the boy Ganymede. It is not too much to say that her first appearance in doublet and hose dispelled all the doubts, and that her first interview with Orlando showed us the Rosalind that Shakespeare drew. Her banter, her lively sallies, the charming way in which she plays round her lover, never letting

us forget the woman thus masquerading; her speeches and sallies in the third and fourth acts, the hits at the sex she for the time belongs to, all this was given by Mrs. Kendal with wonderful archness and the full intellectual appreciation of the text. If there had been any doubts about her Rosalind in woman's clothes, there were none as to her rendering of the sprightly boy, and at the same time the loving woman. Nothing more charming have we seen, and we say this with a perfect appreciation of Miss Litton's Rosalind, some two or three years back. Mr. Hare's Touchstone is a new departure, both on the part of the actor and his conception of the character. The "clown" is no "clown" in Mr. Hare's hands. His manners are as courtly as are those of the lords in attendance on the banished Duke; he delivers his speeches in a sharp incisive tone, with a severity in some cases that appears real. There is little of the unctuous humour that we have been accustomed to see about former Touchstones, but we are far from saying that Mr. Hare's interpretation is not the correct one. It was novel to us, we confess, and the accomplished actor seemed, moreover, slightly nervous with managerial cares on the first night. No doubt his performance will mature. Mr. Kendal was rather a robust Orlando, hardly the poetic lover of the play, but the Adam of Mr. Maclean was a wonderfully natural and pathetic sketch, and the actor received a well-merited call. It is superfluous now to speak of the Jacques of Mr. Herman Vezin, but never had we before heard him deliver the famous soliloquy in such an impressive style. The rapt silence of the house was the highest praise that could be given him. We must note the first appearance of Miss Lea as Audrey, a very promising one; and indeed the whole caste is excellent. The forest scene, from Mr. Harford's brush, is beautiful, and 'As You Like It,' in its present revival, does full justice to the poet's fanciful creation.

We suppose we need not say much about Mrs. Langtry's *fiasco* at the Prince's. It speaks little for the judgment or taste of that lady or her advisers that such a wretched play as 'Princess George' should have been chosen for her first appearance. It has been universally condemned; but as the theatre is crowded, we hear, every night, Mrs. Langtry takes the condemnation in a calm and philosophical spirit. She has improved but little in her acting. She is beautifully costumed, speaks and walks like a lady, and that is about all. She could not do less, and she probably will never do more.

Mr. Pinero's farcical comedy, 'In Chancery,' seems hardly to have met with the success it certainly deserves—at least so we judge from the aspect of the Gaiety Theatre during the early part of the evening. The balcony is far from full, pit and gallery are nearly empty, and the stalls only present a comfortable appearance about the time 'Very Little Hamlet' comes on the scene. That that staunch supporter of the Gaiety, the "Masher," should only come to see the inane faces of the "lords" and "ladies" comprising the Court of Denmark was to be expected, but that men and women should deliberately miss 'In Chancery' is curious. It is what is called a one-part play, and written for Mr. Terry; the story, that of a man who loses his consciousness in a railway collision, and on recovery finds not only that he has lost his memory, but also his individuality. Owing to the circumstance of a card-case being in his pocket he is able to tell his name, but as to who he is, what he is, and where he lives, his mind is a blank. It can be well imagined what Mr. Terry makes of this. His utter bewilderment, his doubts as to whether he is married or single, the way he is led into an engagement with the daughter of the innkeeper, his eager acceptance of a wife he discovers ready-made for him—all this and much more of a farcical

nature is, thanks to the chief exponent, thoroughly amusing. It is certainly one of the most laughter-provoking plays we have seen for some time. Mr. Terry is perpetually on the stage, which is fortunate, for, with the exception of a diverting sketch of an Irish innkeeper by Mr. Alfred Bishop, the other *dramatis personæ* are not interesting in themselves or made so by the talents of the performers. Of course the fact of a utter loss of memory might have been treated in a much more serious vein, and perhaps it is a subject that we may some day see taken in hand by a capable author. But Mr. Pinero had to fit Mr. Terry with a part, and he has done so in an ingenious and very amusing way. The play has had a great success in the provinces, and why it has not better filled the Gaiety is difficult to say.

We always speak of the Gaiety burlesques with a feeling of trepidation, owing to the doubts we have whether our humble judgment of them will not clash with that of the excellent and cheery manager who introduces them to public notice. We have been so often told by Mr. Hollingshead that neither critics or public, when they both fail to see the beauties of the last addition to the Gaiety "series," know anything about what they are writing or saying, that we have almost got to believe it. But as we are happily almost in accord with him about 'Very Little Hamlet,' a clever *à propos* sketch for which Mr. Yardley is responsible, we cast aside our fears. That it owes much to the extremely droll Ghost of Mr. Terry is certain. Nothing more supremely ludicrous than the get-up of "the buried majesty of Denmark"—the extraordinary mass of chain-armor petticoats, together with undergarments of an equally feminine character—has Mr. Terry ever imagined. His first appearance provokes laughter that never ceases until the curtain falls. That Miss Farren, as Hamlet, ably seconds him need not be said; also that Miss Phyllis Broughton and Miss Leamar look fascinating and dance gracefully as Ophelia and the Queen; but how much of Mr. Yardley's original dialogue, and how much of their own, Mr. Terry and Miss Farren give us, we should not like to say. Sufficient that for upwards of an hour we are risibly affected; and, as we have laughed much at 'In Chancery,' the Gaiety programme is really exhausting. One thing we perceived with regret, and that was that the lords and ladies of the Court of Denmark showed a great falling off from the high mark which a year or two back the female supernumeraries of the theatre had attained. The "masher" must have been the most idiotic of his kind who could have been attracted by the specimens we saw in 'Very Little Hamlet.' Mr. Hollingshead must look to this.

By the way, that gentleman has been lately "interviewed" on that interesting subject, "The Morals of the Stage," and has given the *Pall Mall* "interviewer" (how rapidly new customs gain new names) his very frank opinions on the point. The interview was sought *à propos* of Mr. Frank Burnand's paper, "Behind the Scenes," in a recent number of the 'Fortnightly,' the same number in which Lord Cadogan gave us his opinions on the morals of the Turf. Whether it was intentional on Mr. Escott's part we do not know, but the two articles on such prominent institutions as Stage and Turf appearing together was a curious coincidence. Mr. Burnand's paper was chiefly devoted to a warning to those ladies contemplating the stage as a profession as to what they might expect to find "behind the scenes." Mr. Burnand seemed to have in his eye those theatres specially devoted to burlesque and spectacle as being theatres in which a modest young girl would find it well-nigh impossible to remain; and, from such knowledge as we have acquired by a seat in the stalls, we should imagine he was perfectly right in what he says. It was not without a certain sly humour that

the editor of the *Pall Mall* despatched his interviewer to seek audience of Mr. Hollingshead. If there was one manager more able than another to gauge the morality of his young ladies, surely it was the manager of the Gaiety. He met his questioner promptly and boldly. Yes, he was aware his house was called "the Nudity," and he was perfectly aware that his ladies showed a good deal of their figures, as also did "the *decolletées* ladies in the stalls and private boxes." He maintained that the stage was the proper place for the exhibition of physical beauty, and declared that the Lord Chamberlain had never raised an objection to the costume. He vouched for the morals of his young ladies within the theatre; outside they were their own mistresses, and, he added with cynical frankness, "probably other people's as well." Indeed, the strong point of Mr. Hollingshead's observations was this, that he kept order and looked to the good behaviour of all his servants in the theatre. Directly they passed the stage door his responsibilities ceased. He owned there would be more danger—at least, so we understand him—to youth and innocence in a theatre devoted to burlesque and opera-bouffe than in one where high comedy and tragedy were the staple productions. He was rather down on the "mashers," which seems unkind, seeing what patrons they have been to his theatre, and assured the interviewer that not one of the genus ever was allowed to pass the stage-door, giving as one reason—an all-sufficient one—that he would certainly be disillusioned, and would probably cease to be a customer! This is charming. "You cannot expect," he adds, "to find pastoral simplicity or blushing innocence behind the scenes of a burlesque theatre. Here we have some seventy or eighty men and women working together every night, and you must expect to find a certain amount of freedom and laxity in such mixed company." On the whole, frank-spoken John Hollingshead rather strengthens Frank Burnand's case.

"Hengler's Grand Cirque," commodiously rebuilt and handsomely decorated, was re-opened on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst., to the public who have so long patronised that entertainment; but painters and carpenters held possession of the arena to the last moment, proving the pressure brought to bear on the *employés* to keep faith with the eager crowd of expectants who clamoured for entrance. The programme is of more than usual variety, comprising wonders in gymnasts, of whom we would make special mention Messrs. Dezmonti, Mora, and Norton, and the surprising feats of horsemanship accomplished by Miss Jenny O'Brien and Mr. C. Gilbert, both of whom achieve with grace the difficult feat of leaping on bare-backed galloping horses without losing their equilibrium. The stud of ten trained Trachene horses, loose, but under perfect command, introduced by M. Lorenz Wulff, is well worth seeing; and Mr. F. C. Hengler's accomplished pony Robin is the object of general admiration, especially on the part of the ladies. Then there is a clever performance on musical glasses, and other acts in the ring highly creditable to the artists, supplemented by a diversity of comic business, some of which is novel and amusing. Though the clown of our youth is fast giving way to the "Jester" and "Grotesque," the element of fun remains to delight the children, and "Whimsical Walker" and his performing donkeys ensure a hearty laugh. Mr. Hengler is somewhat late for the little holiday folk, but the entertainment, with such a good show of horses, is certain to be popular as ever, and we wish him success in the new Grand Cirque.

Supporters of the Berkhamstead Buckhounds made merry the day before Christmas, when they assembled at the kennels to present a silver horn with a cheque to their Master, Richard Rawle, in recognition of the sport that he has shown them during fifteen years, besides several years with harriers.

There was a goodly gathering at the snug little hunting-box close by on the common, where their treasurer, Mr. Charles Miles, entertained all to luncheon, after which Mr. Barnard Holt, as one of the oldest members of the hunt, made the presentation in a happy speech, and the Master was almost overcome in replying. Mr. E. Howard Smith proposed the health of their host and treasurer, who was not fluent in his reply till the Master cut in to help him by saying that he was a rare terrier that would run any shuffler to earth, and added that he would back his staff against any in England at four games all round if he named them; but days were short and it was time to begin hunting. So horses were sought in haste; and when the stag went away from the common towards Frithsden Copse there must have been over one hundred horsemen prepared to ride. Hounds were laid on at a quarter past twelve, running down the right-hand side of Frithsden Copse, where they were shamefully overridden by a lot of strangers, so, not being used to this treatment, they lost a lot of time, for the stag had turned short into the copse and laid up. The Master held them round on to the common towards the beeches, and back through the copse, where a halloo at the lower end told that the stag had moved. They were soon on his line by Mr. Seymour's farm, away to Holly Bush Wood, and down through Evesden to Water End, where they crossed the river Gade and the lower end of Mr. Halsey's park; across the Gaddesden lane up-hill to Howe Grove, right across Squire Godwin's to the railway, by Hemel Hemsted station up to Mr. Basil's pheasantry, and down to Corner Hall, which turned him back, and the Master hit him off, hunting slowly to Abbott's Hill, leaving Mr. Dickinson's house on the right; up and down the little valleys to Long Wood through to Abbots Langley, and across the late Lord Rokeby's park, to the railway, which they crossed to Russell Farm, and ran along the tunnel nearly to Watford, where a halloo helped them towards Cassio Bridge, and they hunted on to the river Colne near Moor Park; and the Rickmansworth railway had also to be crossed. It was now getting dark, and only two horsemen, Jack Rawle and Charles Sheather the vet., who is well known on the Dorking road, saw them cross the river, where they raced alongside Moor Park on their right to Batchworth Heath, where they brought him to bay in a pond, but could not take him; so hunted on over a big country to Ruislip Wood nearly to Pinner, where both came to grief two or three times—and their horses had marks of wire-cuts that they could not see in the dark—till they went round nearly to Uxbridge and stopped the hounds as they were nearing a great wood at five o'clock. People they met by the way told them they were at New Year's Green, so they made their way back to Watford, and Jack got home with the hounds at eleven o'clock, on the black horse Doctor, by Vengeance, that carried him in the run from Berkhamstead to Totteridge last season. What became of the other hundred odd? Those who went furthest slunk home by twos and threes, and were lucky to get there with sound horses. It was a sad Christmas for the Master, when his favourite grey mare that he loved like his own soul went home to the wrong place, and his stag left out too; but he has never been beaten yet, and with such of his staff as he could get together he was off on Boxing Day by first train to Rickmansworth to take his stag. With ten couples of hounds and a small following he rode to Denham Court, and roused him up in a spinney by the river. They raced for twenty minutes over five miles of country, and took him in the corner of Black Park, near Langley, so went home full of joy.

Our January record of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild's pack is not a long one, neither will the tale of their doings take long in the telling. New

Year's Day was to have given us a hunt at Rousham, but the Frost King put his veto thereon, so we had to curb our impatience until the 5th, when Hoggston was the trysting-place, and a good scent and good deer enabled us to revel in some of the happiest hunting-grounds that all England can produce. How often thoughts of he who immortalised them as a "line that all Leicestershire cannot surpass" rise to our mind as we cross them! Mr. Morris, one of those real good fellows, the Vale farmers, superintended the first act in the play as a matter of course, and a very pleasant one it was after a long ride. Not so many as usual, we fancy, took part in it and tried his hospitality, for some well-known faces amongst us were missing. True, others came from distant lands to take their places; and may we give a word of advice to those who probably pursue the stag in countries where doubles are not, and Vale of Aylesbury ditches unknown?—and that is either to take a line of their own, or give the man in front of them time to fall or get out of the way. In the former case they will still have ample opportunity to jump on him, if such is their intention. If it is not, the few strides that will place him out of reach will hinder them very little, and conduce to the safety of both parties. Mr. Leopold, on one of his grand weight-carriers, was out, and the Baroness Alphonse, Mrs. Sassoon, Mrs. Byass, Mrs. Lambton, Miss Lambton, and Miss Swire. We know a good many ladies who can hold their own in various parts of England, but in no place do the habit-skirts flutter more gaily to the front than here, and few better exponents of the way side-saddles should be carried over a country are to be found than we had out on the 5th. Right merrily the pack drove their deer in a brilliant ring round Hoggston to start with, setting his head in the Dunton direction to begin with, and after them went the honorary obligation division, as poor Surtees would have said, while the less enthusiastic stood on the Hoggston high ground and watched them. "The little peer," on his restive one, was conspicuous in front, and the Hon. Sec. of another hunt grinding hard by his side, for the pace was a cracker up to Swanbourn. Then there was a respite for the steeds and breathing-time for their riders. Muresley Windmill was the next point, and ere the Muresley and Swanbourn Road was reached there was lamentation and mourning and woe in front, men wanted to get out and could not, for, lo! a "stopper" was reached, with only one practicable outlet, and each had to bide his time and take his turn, which is exasperating to ardent spirits, especially when men fall before you and block up the door. It is, however, as far as our experience goes, useless to ride up and down the fence cursing it, seeking a passage where there is none. You must either "ride for a fall" or wait. This rubicon once passed, we went away for Winslow in open order, and many thanksgivings must have been offered up that a bridge and the Swanbourn brook were reached together, although here, like Zoar, the brook is only a little one; but then we had half pumped-out horses under us. At the railway a turn to the right was made in the direction of Rodimere, and the rear division were just speculating as to whether it was any use to go on, when the deer kindly came back to them. Then we went on like giants refreshed to Little Horwood and across a deep country to the Thrift—more dirty coats, of course—thence to College Wood and Nash, afterwards past Furzen Fields to Beachampton, where the deer was taken at Mr. Isaac Bartlett's farm, after as good a run as man need wish, although candour compels me to admit it might have been straighter. In that case few people would have seen it, and even now we showed very reduced ranks when the skirmish was over.

Nothing more was done until Thursday the 11th, when, had the weather been propitious, we should have held high jinks at Aylesbury; as it was we managed to do fairly well, all things considered. The fact was that the portrait of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild was to be presented to Lady Rothschild on that occasion, the hounds were to meet in the market-place, and when all the feasting and speaking were over we were to have what sport the gods would send us.

The feasting and oratory came off right enough, but as to the sport, luckily it fell short, or perchance some of us had come by the worse. The Vale farmers had subscribed to present the picture, and Mr. Charlton, whose works we have ere now admired in the Academy, painted it. Very well he did it too—at least if, as we believe, getting a likeness constitutes the excellence of a picture—for there was "Sir Nattie" to the life; there also was his well-known chestnut (many wondered why the brown stallion had not been put on canvas); there also were Sympathy and Actor, Barbara and another couple or two—all good to know—and there in the far distance was Tring Park also. All this we saw when we had been ushered into that historical room at the George, where some thirty years ago, more or less, a party of undergraduates whose polls are now—like ours, Mr.—strangely altered in colour, leaped a certain grey horse over the dining-table without putting out a light or disturbing a decanter. Strange how soon great men and great actions are forgotten; very few who assembled there on the 11th recollected much about the matter, yet it made some stir, and we had old men there too. More than the picture we saw there also, for Mr. Seaton had provided such a *déjeuner* as did honour to the occasion, and there were ladies in the gallery, and as many of those true-hearted fellows, the farmers and yeomen, as the room could well contain, and perhaps more than could pack themselves there comfortably, for they overflowed into the passages, lobbies, and ante-rooms. It was a yeoman's day, and right worthily were they represented. The veteran John Treadwell (not the huntsman, but the well-known sheep-breeder) we fancy somewhat astonished his friends and neighbours by the flow of oratory with which he spoke on their behalf in making the presentation, and right proud must they have been that they had entrusted the work to such good hands; while Lady Rothschild's speech in returning thanks for the picture quite took her hearers by storm, and we very much doubt if many of our legislators, who waste time in the senate, could have done it with one half the tact and grace.

This over, we mounted, and, despite the weather, a deer was turned out on the racecourse, but he appeared to know it would not do for hunting, so ran amongst the people, who shied their hats at him, and he charged them—not very savagely though—in return. All this time horses were kicking, the crowd shouting—all Aylesbury appeared to be there—and no end of an uproar going on altogether. At length the deer ran a little round about the town, sufficient to amuse the foot people (Sir Nathaniel was very lenient with them), and at length was taken in the river, so we may say "all's well that end well," for no one was hurt. Mr. Sassoon was out, and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, Captain Drake of Aylesbury, Mr. Chinnery, Mr. John Fry (in mufti, as he did not think they could hunt), Colonel Cauldfield Pratt of Oving, Mr. Douglas Pratt, and a few more. We heard an old sportsman say to a man who had come in war-paint: "You had better go on to Stone—the asylum is there."

On Monday the 19th, the staghounds had a good gallop over the splendid country round Dunton, when they had the largest field of the season out so far—a good three hundred, all told, I should say. Circle the first brought

them down to, and some cases into, the Cublington brook, where Mrs. Byass showed what an undeniable nerve she has over a country; another circle towards Whitchurch had the Creslow double for its principal feature, after which, their stag having waited for them, a regular race was instituted towards Hurtwell Hill and up the valley for Hurdlesgrove, and we saw Captain Gerald Pratt cutting out the work on The Squire, with a thoroughbred brown in close attendance. Here it was a case of many being called but few chosen, for the little band of customers got "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." First a grey discovered the fact that music and galloping did not go well together, then a bay, a brown, and a black declined, until the greater part, as fence after fence met them, merged in the road-riding division, so that few could boast of their pride of place when the pack checked near Christmass Gorse. A couple of rings after this—one nothing to speak of, the other enjoyable for the few who had powder enough left to join in it—preceded the taking of the deer in Swanbourn village. Had he made up his mind, when turned out, to keep us going in the very cream of the grass all day he could not have done so more effectually. Indeed we could, and did, ride or look on alternately, as seemed best for our horses and ourselves. How many times some amongst the field leaped the Swanbourn brook during these gyrations I should say they could not say themselves, while, to the lookers on there appeared to be some one riding at it, some one in it, or some one getting out, the greater part of the time.

The Hertfordshire scored a good day on Saturday, January 10th, at Kimpton, and although men in some instances skated to covert in the midst of a hurricane and deluge—for the roads, so far, were not thawed in many places—they were amply rewarded afterwards. Their first fox, found out-lying in a piece of fallow, led them at such a pace to the Nodes that very few could go with them. Luckily, there they halted for a time, and then worked on to All Hays Wood, and thence sharply to Reynolds Wood, through that to Hitch Wood, where they divided. A few couples of hounds stuck to their hunted fox, and the main body pursued a fresh one, which they finally lost, as their companions did the original one. Then "Punch" found them another fox in a dell-hole, who was quickly joined by two others, so that at one time a leash must have been before the pack; and thus matters stood as far as Bendish, beyond which the foxes divided, and the pack, as we afterwards found, split up into three divisions. One lot, with Harris in command, lost their fox at Breach Wood Green; another party, to which Brooker, the whip, stuck, killed theirs as he was trying to get into King's Walden Park; and a third lot, two or three couples, unknown to any one, took the one they were after to Lord Dacre's place at Kimpton, and there killed him close to the house. On Friday, the 17th, although the snow was on the hills and the frost scarcely out again, they had two real good hunting runs from Beechwood somewhat late in the day, after drawing the immediate coverts blank, but did not end with blood. Mr. Blake, one of the masters, had a bad fall, it was said, in leaping a hurdle going to the meet, and was so severely shaken as to necessitate being taken to Beechwood in a carriage. We have since heard, however, that he got off with a severe shaking, although reports of bones being broken were at one time rife. The next day they met at Leagrave Marsh, and found a fox at Lord's Hill, Chalgrave, who took them over a stiff line of country past Wingfield and Tebworth, on over the open towards Thorns, crossed the Old Street Road and the much-dreaded Litany Brook, and so past Totternhoe to Edelsborough, where he went to ground, after as merry a spin as any one need wish to ride to. Few, indeed, could really live with hounds. A lady, on a

grey, got under her horse, in a ditch full of water, in the early part of it, so that it was feared that she would be drowned at one time, and so many people took part in the Litany that a man said it reminded him of a Church service, and he added there was another brook just afterwards quite as bad, which made me think strongly of the Athanasian Creed.

DEAR VAN DRIVER,—Will you find me space to correct a wrong impression which I fear has taken hold of some minds from a perusal of my article on "Amateur Huntsmen and Hunt Servants" in the January number of 'Baily.' The idea seems to have got about that I alluded to the post of huntsman to the Royal Buckhounds as one of the great prizes that might fall to a hunt servant's lot. That is not so; however great the honour, the emolument derived from that post is not nearly what I believe popular estimation puts it at, and there are, I am sure, other places which are far more lucrative, without entailing anything like the expense that accompanies the Royal Huntsman's situation. It was to these I referred. Necessarily they are few; but they do, or have recently, existed.—Yours, &c., N.

Sport has been sadly interfered with by frost in the Meynell country, but, as usual, they have had a fair share of sport. No better day has fallen to their lot than Tuesday, January 20th, when an enormous field met Squire Pole at Etwall—a field increased by the fact that the Quorn were stopped by Lord Wilton's too early death; and, whilst on the subject of the Quorn, we are delighted to hear that this hunt have secured the services of Mr. J. D. Cradock as secretary—no more fitting man for the post, and especially as he succeeds his grandfather and his most popular father in a similar position. To return to the Meynell: our first fox was found near Newton's osiers, and, after a short spin by Radborne Hall and the Rough, went to ground near the Great Northern Railway. The brick-kiln cover on Radborne Common found us one who really meant business, and from here he went, at a clinking pace, by Parson's Gorse to Long Lane. Leaving Osliston and Boden's new cover untouched to the left, he went on straight for Longford through one of the covers, and now "the fate of the Rover was sealed." From scent to view they ran him, and pulled him down in the open after thirty-two minutes, in which over seven miles was run, and five of these from point to point. Consolation this to the Master, whose temper was sorely tried by certain gentlemen at the start, who were sadly too keen, but who were considerably tamed, like their horses, at the finish; and to those who never *found* their second horses, but *lost* their tempers, we offer our sincere condolence.

The Old Berkeley had a clipper over their best country on Monday, the 19th, when they met at Mr. Charles Barnett's, Edge Grove, Aldenham. It was some time before they found, and it is a pity there are not more foxes in some of these nice coverts; but faces looked very blank when Coombe Wood and Porter's failed. In one of Mr. Durant's coverts at High Cannons they found a brace at 12.55, and raced over the grass, with big fencing that brought grief to their followers, by Rabley and Shenley Bury to Colney Chapel, where an American has fenced himself in with diabolical iron spikes that impale any animal that tries to jump them, and caused a check till Warrell held his hounds on to Napsbury Farm, across the Colne; and they raced to the Midland Railway, which caused a slight check till they crossed into Stroud Wood. Up to this pace had been a cracker for twenty-five minutes, and the fox dared not dwell, so went away for Hedge's Farm, crossed the river Lea and London and North-Western Railway to the St. Alban's Town Farm, nearly up to St. Julien's, and turned by Chiswell Green to Burstons, straight through and away across Colonel Biggs's park to

Black Green Wood and the Scrubbs to Bricket Wood, where they checked, after running an hour. They soon hit him off, and drove him to the open, across two fields, towards Waterdell Farm, and marked him to ground in a drain at 2.10. He made his way through, and tried to face the hill; but the nippy ladies were too quick for him, and killed in the open, after as good a run as they have had this season.

A friend in the Shires sends me the following: Meeting at Leesthorpe on Saturday, the 17th; the Cottesmore had a day's sport so exceptionally good that it deserves record. Out of respect to the memory of a staunch fox-preserver, the late Mr. E. B. Hartopp, of Dalby Hall, his coverts and the vicinity of the hall were avoided, and we were trotted off towards Stapleford, where in an outlying spinney a good fox was found making for the Belvoir covert, owned by Mr. Burbridge. He seemed to dread wetting his jacket, and would not cross the water; so, leaving the covert to the right, he made for Melton, and, running close by the back of Craven Lodge, he crossed the Oakham Road and pointed for Ashby Pastures, whence he was evidently headed, for he bore to the left; and, passing over the Burton Pastures, midway between Burton Hall and Gartree Hill, he rose the hill towards Leesthorpe. Disdaining the Punch Bowl, he crept along by Pickwell and Somerby, leaving both on his right, and faced the big grass-grounds that intervene before Owston Wood can be gained. We ran him within a field of this big covert, but here hounds were at fault, and, after fruitless efforts to touch his line again, he was left for another day. This was a great chase, very severe both for horses and hounds, as no account on paper can give an adequate idea of the amount of country crossed, for it was a very tortuous pursuit, and lasted close upon one hour and fifty minutes; and they kept on. Most of it was at a hunting pace, but at times they ran fast. By reason of the numerous sharp turns very few of the field, excepting those who religiously followed hounds from field to field, saw the whole of this most excellent run; but the master, Lord Waterford, Mr. C. Newton, Lord Douglas Gordon, Mr. E. C. Clayton, Mr. Arthur Coventry, Captain Blair, Mr. Brocklehurst, Mr. Lowther, General Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Chaplin, and one or two others were with hounds from start to finish: a very fine line, all grass and fair fences. Most of the horses were much distressed, for the country, though not absolutely deep, was sticky and holding from the break up of the frost.

Our second draw was the historical Ranksborough. No sooner were hounds in the gorse than there were a brace on foot, and one away like a shot over the Melton Road, whence he made the best of his way towards Whissendine-osier bed, which, however, he did not touch, but, turning sharp away to the left, recrossed the Melton Road, and, skirting Rocart withy-bed, went straight away for Pickwell and Somerby Punch Bowl, but at the last moment diverged to the left, swung over the steeplechase course at Burrow, and away towards Twyford village, and was eventually lost near Twyford Station. Hounds ran very fast throughout; and as the line, owing to the hilly nature of the ground, is a very severe one, they completely beat horses, though it was entirely grass and no unfair obstacles—it is therefore hard to say who had the best of it; but I may mention that Mr. Gordon Cunard, Lord Douglas Gordon, Custance, Lord Waterford, and Mr. Baird saw as much of it as any one. It would have been a great satisfaction to the master and his huntsman if one of these gallant foxes could have been brought to hand—this would have made the day quite perfect. As it was I can conceive nothing better—a grand old-

fashioned-fox chase in the morning, and a very fast gallop in the evening, both over the cream of Leicestershire.

The premature death of Lord Aylesford has called forth an amount of genuine sorrow and regret that to the outer world, who only knew the deceased nobleman through the columns of the newspapers, and the report of some scrape, financial or otherwise, into which he had managed to get, doubtless appears singular. The secret is that Lord Aylesford, the "Joe" of many friends, was an essentially lovable man. He bore the stamp of "a good fellow" unmistakably on his face, and a very short acquaintance with him served to show that the stamp was genuine. Headstrong and impulsive, living in the present and reckless of the future, he had, to balance these failings, a generous nature and a warm susceptible heart that kept his hand ever open. Possessed of a charm of manner that few could resist, he soon became the *enfant gâté* of many circles, some of them perhaps not altogether desirable. Succeeding to the title and estates when little more than one-and-twenty, he at that early age took upon himself the responsibility of matrimony, and the cares of keeping race-horses. It cannot be said that he prospered in either venture. We have no wish to rake up old scandals, but the details of his unfortunate married life are only too well known. What Lord Aylesford might have been under different circumstances it is bootless now, nor indeed is it our province, to inquire. As an owner of horses he was certainly unfortunate. Yet good horses he had, only when they won they did not always carry his colours. He commenced his Turf career under Captain Machell's auspices, and at one time it was reported that nearly every horse in the gallant Captain's stable belonged to Lord Aylesford. We do not profess to know what was the arrangement between them, but it was puzzling at the time to see Vanderdecken, Chandos, Lowlander, Claremont, Mr. Winkle, Julius Cæsar, Regal, and Reugny, with many others, sometimes in the yellow and violet, oftener in the white and blue. One of the best horses, over his own course, he ever had was Lowlander, but he sold him when a two-year-old, if we remember rightly, and his great wins were when he ran in the colours of Captain Gilbert Sterling and Mr. Herbert Bird. Vanderdecken was a lucky horse to him, and so was Chandos, but Reugny and Regal when they each won the Grand National had passed out of Lord Aylesford's hands. Oxonian and Mr. Winkle, however, did him some good turns, but, taken as a whole, his stud brought him no good, while his wild plunging would have drained larger resources than he had at his command. It was at about the close of his racing career that he made, we believe, his only public appearance in the pigskin at Stockbridge, riding Chandos in a private welter against Lady Athelstone, Knightley, and two others. Sir George Chetwynd was on Lady Athelstone, and odds of 5 to 4 were laid on her, for, though "Joe" was known to be a good man to hounds, the opinion entertained of his jockeyship was small. Moreover, he had been unable to reduce himself below 14 st. 5 lbs., which was 5 lbs. extra, so something like 10 to 1 was laid against Chandos, and after a slashing race, in which the rider was much more done than the horse, Chandos won, to the great surprise and no little amusement of most of us.

How deeply he became involved, and how the contents of Packington seemed at the mercy of the money-lenders; how at last a private Act of Parliament partly rescued him from his difficulties, and a new career was opened to him in the Far West—all this is fresh in our memories. When last we met him he spoke manfully and hopefully of the future on his Texan ranche; and, if his life had been spared, he undoubtedly might have done

well in his new home. An athlete, a wonderfully good man in the art of self-defence, a bold rider of high courage, warm-hearted and generous to a degree, he was the man for Texas. It was said he was universally liked there, and his friends at home have no doubt on that point. The moralist may shake his head over the wasted life, the neglected duties, the boundless extravagance. "'Tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," but yet we who knew his warm heart and his loving nature will trust that those qualities that endeared him to so many of all classes and degrees here will plead for him in the great hereafter.

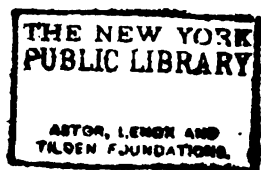
And Death, that has lately made such havoc in many ranks, has taken from his sorrowing family and friends the proprietor of this Magazine. At a ripe old age, some few years beyond the allotted span, Mr. Alfred Head Baily passed away at his residence in South Hampstead, on the last day of the old year. He had been in failing health for some time, and on the last occasion of our seeing him we were struck with the great change that had taken place in his fine commanding presence, and much feared that the end was near. That end was, we are glad to think, painless and peaceful.

The son of a medical man; his mother the near relation and, to some extent, heiress of Mr. Richardson, the long-established bookseller and publisher of Cornhill, Mr. Baily was destined by his father—doubtless in a great degree owing to his connection with Mr. Richardson—for the publishing business. We believe he served his apprenticeship in that gentleman's establishment, which was not far from the spot where subsequently Mr. Baily became so well known. It was somewhere between the years 1832-34 that Mr. Baily started in business, at first at 183 Cornhill, and soon gathered round him a host of friends. Fond of field sports, he kept, as soon as his means would allow, a couple of hunters at Bushey, and subsequently had horses at Berkhamsted—his place of business becoming a little rendezvous for sporting men. Mr. Apperley ("Nimrod"), then at the zenith of his fame as a sporting writer; Mr. W. H. Maxwell, the author of that charming book, 'Wild Sports of the West'; Tom Hood, and many others would occasionally drop in at his sanctum for chat and gossip. He published for Mr. Apperley and Admiral Rous, and brought out Maxwell's 'Life of the Duke of Wellington,' which was a great success. He produced also many of Hood's humorous works, and his business soon became a flourishing one. And here it may be said that Mr. Baily was emphatically a man of business, in the best sense of that phrase. Though he subsequently, in company with an old and valued friend, saw a good deal of turf life, both at "the Corner" and on the race-course, he never allowed his fondness for sport to interfere with the work of his office. He began early to take an interest in racing—about the time, perhaps, that Bloomsbury beat Deception in that memorable snowstorm on Epsom Downs; the exact time is unimportant, but it was near then, we fancy. His was soon a well-known figure. Already intimate with the Admiral, who was then the manager of the Duke of Bedford's stable, he, with the friend above referred to, became acquainted with Lord George Bentinck, Colonel Anson, Mr. Massey Stanley, and most of the leading racing men of that day. An intimate friend of John Scott in the palmy days of Whitewall, he naturally was sure to be on a Whitewall favourite, and in those early days was the means of causing Admiral Rous to win more money, when The Baron won the Leger, than he had ever won on a race in his life. Mr. Baily, from something that came to his knowledge, backed The Baron at Goodwood, making the Admiral do likewise, and, as 40 to 1 was his then price, they both had good hedging.

Mr. Baily was never a commissioner, in the strict sense of the term as now used, but from his intimacy with the noblemen and gentlemen we have mentioned, he and his friend and confederate were often asked to put on money by the Admiral, Lord George, Prince (then Count) Batthyany, Sir Joseph Hawley, Colonel Anson, and others. At a later period, becoming connected in business with Baron Rothschild, he became also in some sense a follower of the dark-blue jacket. It was popularly supposed, half jestingly and half in earnest, that he knew when the Baron had "a good thing." How true that was we cannot say, but we know of late years, when he had long since given up active participation in racing, if Mr. Leopold de Rothschild had anything in a big race he fancied, Mr. Baily's little stake was generally on. In 1860, principally at the suggestion of Admiral Rous, he commenced the publication of 'Baily's Magazine,' which soon took the prominent position it has continued to hold. Mr. Baily gathered round him a staff of writers fully qualified to speak with authority on the different branches of sport touched upon in his Magazine. Hunting, racing, and breeding were its chief topics; but the facile pen and peculiar humour of Mr. Willes, the "Argus" of the *Morning Post*, speedily made "Our Van" a leading feature. Mr. Frederick Whitehurst, the brilliant Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph*, contributed most amusing sketches of life in that gay capital; and Mr. Tyrrel ("Amphion") discoursed on breeding, and wrote some admirable poetic skit on the topics of the town. One of the glories of 'Baily' was the fact that most of Major Whyte-Melville's best hunting songs first saw light in its pages. How wonderfully stirring they were and are, our readers need not be told; while many a good run had its history told in the "Van" by the same hand. Hunting, indeed, in the season was a great feature of the Magazine, and the late Hon. Robert Grimston, a staunch supporter of 'Baily,' and a firm friend of its proprietor, once told the present "Van-Driver" that if he had his will, the "Van" should be all hunting, when it was not cricket—a state of things which, we fear, our readers would have hardly appreciated.

For the last fifteen or twenty years the race-course saw Mr. Baily but rarely. He came occasionally to Newmarket on a Two Thousand or Cesarewitch day, but these visits gradually ceased, and in his place of business, in Royal Exchange Buildings, he was content to talk about the sport he had lost the inclination to see. Kind-hearted and genial in temperament; most thoughtful and considerate for others—especially kind and thoughtful to those engaged in the literary work of the Magazine—his death has caused much genuine sorrow amongst all sorts and degrees of men associated with him by the ties of friendship and business. The writer of this brief memoir will always keep green in his memory many thoughtful acts and deeds of his dead friend—trifles, perhaps, if mentioned now, but not trifles at the time. To his own family circle his loss is sad indeed. We have no wish to intrude on the deep grief of its chief mourner, but we may be permitted to think and believe that her sorrow is not without hope. The life of the dead, said the old pagan philosopher, is in the recollection of the living. Some glimmering of a higher truth there is in these words, which she will know how to interpret. Only "lost awhile," she will await, we hope, with resignation the hour when

"God's love shall set her at his side again."





Anna Mayall post.

Joseph Bacon, Jr.

Burlington

1812 to 1818, and as there are heads at Castle Hill more than one
VOL. XLIII.—NO. 301.

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VISCOUNT EBRINGTON, M.P.

AMONG the celebrities of Devonshire the Fortescues take high, if not the highest, rank. In a county rich in ancient blood and where "the claims of long descent" are still held in some honour—a county which boasts of Courtenays, Bullers, Champernownes, Chichesters, Palks, Northcotes, Wreys, Rolles, and Carews, with others of ancient lineage, the descendants of that valiant Norman knight who at the battle of Hastings, by protecting his master with his shield, carved out for himself a new and illustrious name, have long been settled. If, as the old rhyming legend says of some other West Country worthies, they were not

"At home when the Conqueror came,"

they at least came with him; and royal gratitude, by the grants of lands and manors, soon made them a power in the west. They took vigorous root, and the family tree in due time put forth many branches. They gave to the state gallant soldiers, distinguished lawyers, eminent statesmen. They intermarried with most of the old Devon families, and from the days of Sir Adam Fortescue, the son of that doughty warrior above referred to, have lived "in state and bounty," the lords of a fair heritage, of which they have been the good stewards.

Hugh, Viscount Ebrington, the eldest son of the present and third Earl Fortescue, was born in 1854, and educated at Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge. At both school and college Lord Ebrington obtained a classical scholarship; but, though he was a reading man, he was an athlete as well, and whipped in for one season to the Trinity Foot Beagles, the huntsman being Mr. G. H. Longman, the cricketer. After taking his degree, Lord Ebrington travelled a great deal, both in Europe and the East. He visited India, and shot big game and small there and in Kashmir. That he was fond of hunting goes without saying. His great-grandfather, the first Earl, kept the old pack of staghounds that hunted the wild deer over Exmoor from 1812 to 1818, and as there are heads at Castle Hill more than one

hundred years old, doubtless there were keen sportsmen of the name before his time. It is something like twenty years since Lord Ebrington saw his first stag, found under the auspices of one well qualified to teach the young idea, and inoculate him, if he required inoculation, with all the love of the wild hunting of Devonshire. The Rev. John Russell, the "Jack Russell" of all England, was his Master, and with him, too, he in 1867 saw his first stag killed, an outlying one, who met his fate in the Torridge, below Heaton Sackville, the old seat of the Rolles.

From that date Lord Ebrington became an ardent follower in the chase of the wild deer, and when, in 1881, there was a lamented vacancy in the mastership of the Devon and Somerset, he succeeded Mr. Bisset, and has been most cordially supported by all classes in the country. There is no fear of the red deer getting scarce, we are happy to say, for the country is full of them, and the sport this season has been excellent.

Lord Ebrington, it was felt, had at first a somewhat difficult task set him when he succeeded such a Master as was Mr. Bisset. But he only required to be known, and the more he has been known the better he has been liked. He has won the esteem and respect of gentle and simple, and there is only one wish—that the Devon and Somerset may long have such a master. Lord Ebrington, who takes a keen interest in all the political and social questions of the day, sits for Tiverton, on Liberal principles, hereditary in his house.

LADIES IN THE HUNTING-FIELD.

WE may feel sure that if old Domine Sampson could be "resurrected," as the Yanks put it, and placed, some Tuesday in January, at Newtown Lodge or Trouble House when the Duke of Beaufort's hounds were due there at the canonical hour of 11 A.M.; or at Summerhill, Lord Langford's park in Meath, on a Friday at a similar hour, when the Minstrels of Meath were appointed to hold one of their great weekly levées in front of the fine Corinthian façade of the house, he would have pulled out his old snuffy bandana wherewithal to rub his glasses, and would have liberated his pedagogic soul by a volley of "Prodidgious! prodidgious! prodigious!" Nor would his spirit have been stirred to its inmost depths by the splendour of the staff in attendance on the pack; the symmetry and lustrous condition of their mounts, nor even by the scarlet squadrons that cantered up to the rendezvous. His philosophy might have withstood all these temptations to utterance and exclamation; for had he not learnt at St. Andrew's the lore of life embalmed in Horace's famous "Nil admirari" epistle?—the first lines of which have been rendered (though poorly) into the vulgar tongue thus—

"Nought to admire's the only art I know
To make men happy and to keep them so,"

but it would be the heroines in habits—the Atalantas *en amazone*—that would rivet his gaze and wring from him the articulate cry of ecstatic wonder and irresistible admiration. Nor would the professor pause to inquire why some of these habited houris wore the blue and buff, and the brass button that marks the élite of these West Country matrons and maidens, while others, *simplices munditiis* (as he would style it), flitted about in envelopes equally clinging, but “less express’d in fancy.” Such a vision of beauty in broadcloth had never blessed his eyes before. He had often seen women—even women of high degree—on horseback in his northern wildernesses of the mountain and the flood; but there they were either riding on pillions (like “Care” in the poet’s fantasy) behind “their man,” or wore loose “incondite” robes such as a Brighton bathing-woman or a Margate mermaid might don for the purpose of pickling the youth of Cockneydom in the briny ocean, and where no graceful curves traced the fascinating form, and the taper waist was encumbered by a great “waste” of woollens—a sartorial Sahara of straight, straggling skirt and beautiless “body.” We have, with the aid of Prospero’s magic wand, planted our dogmatic Domine in two or three coigns of vantage, where he would feast his eyes on a vision of fair women on horseback; for the three places I have taken from the thousand trysts of hounds in these insular hunting-grounds are generally special centres for the Amazonian array, and where some more than averagely good specimens of that creation of the last generation, the hunting lady, who goes in for the chase—with all its vicissitudes of storm and sunshine, burning scent and baffling “catchiness” of rapturous excitements and chilling disappointments—much in the same spirit that the amateur yachtsman takes “the many-twinkling smile of ocean,” and its fumes and furies, its calms, its breezes, its tempests.

If we may again take up the wand, and, putting back the historic clock, set down the dear Domine on the smoothly-shaven space in front of Summerhill House at the same hour, only six or seven years ago, and show him the Empress of Austria (whom the fame of the Meath Marches had brought from the plains watered by the blue Danube, the Bohemian beatitudes of pastoral Pardubitz, to win the bubble reputation even at the Double’s brink. As she comes forth from the porch (what a number of *stoics* would that porch make!) in the panoply of pursuit, to mount the debonnair Domino, with her tried and trusted pilot by her side, while a legion of habited ladies await her advent on the lawn beyond, how prodigiously voluble would the professor become!—how deliriously wild—how charmingly incoherent! And if he could be taken on an “outsider” a couple of miles further on, and planted on a little green knoll just a field from Garradice Gorse, which is now vibrating with the staccatoed notes of thirty-six busy bitches, what a moving scene would he there witness! There are some three hundred masculine pursuers; some—nay, the majority—bedight in scarlet

splendour; but all booted and spurred, and arrayed for deeds of derring-do, if they will only ride up to the standard of their purple pride and the lustre of their wrinkleless boots. The lady legion is about a tithe of this number. Some are young; some are beautiful in face and feature, or form; some are neither one nor the other; but all, in their closely-cut habits and short skirts, look well, and at home on their hunters, and there seems a general *entente cordiale* between horse and rider—a result to which light hands and sweet tones of voice perhaps contribute greatly. Of the thirty, a third do not mean “to compete” to-day; so when a small dark fox emerges presently from the green gorse, and, with his ears set back, races across the first pasture-field beside it, which has been left open for his exit, while the field have been posted behind a very wide and deep ditch or fosse, which is almost too broad to jump at a stand, and has but one or two bridges across it, these ten wise and sedate virgins retire to the road behind them, being fully aware that the whole country to the right and left has no gates, and few gaps within its boundaries, seeing that it is depastured by salacious bullocks and heifers all through the winter—animals that nothing can arrest save fences of a stern and uncompromising character. The situation may be summarised thus: There is a pasture parallelogram in front of the now flurried and fussy field, one side of it bounded by the bonny green gorse—and few save establishment hunt horses will willingly jump a big boundary fence into a sea of spines from which even hounds shrink sometimes; of the other two sides, the short one has three apertures in a strong quickset hedge that guards a small embankment, which furthermore has a fosse of six or seven feet in width beyond it. What are three apertures in such a crisis? The long side, opposite the gorse, has a quickset hedge on its embankment too, but the thorns have become small trees; while for those of quick decision and instant execution there is a detour available, many hundred yards longer round, but possibly a short cut in the end, as it will save that disheartening and weary waiting for “a turn,” that often has such a depressing effect upon an anxious and excitable hunter. Ten ladies, with their master pilots, have decided to turn away apparently from the pack, and have trotted up to a hirsute double overgrown with scrub, and with a wide yawning ditch on either side, of depth that the eye had better not try to gauge. Nothing is easier than a double of this sort to the hunter “that knows all about it,” and is put quietly but determinedly at the obstacle, provided the bank be firm, the taking-off and landings sound; and here these conditions were all fulfilled, and our party of twenty, pilots and pilotees, all got over safely and well, and by jumping two more minor barriers got on a line with the hounds’ track, though far behind them.

Meanwhile, what of the rest of the field—and more especially of the lady element that leavened it? The order of precedence is well understood in Meath—“the Royal,” and such a thing as the

Master turning schoolmaster, and teaching the elementary lessons of the noble science, is utterly unknown there. All admit that—

“The fox takes precedence of all from the cover ;

The horse is an animal purposely bred

After the pack to be ridden, not over—

Good hounds are not rear'd to be knock'd on the head.”

So the fox has had his good start, and the huntsman and whips have had all the advantages of their stations in the field being duly recognised ; but 'tis not every year that an Empress mingles in the Meath *mêlée*, and a few yards of precedence are given to Her Majesty and the gallant “free-lance” she has chartered for her pioneer. The initial obstacle is charged by the pair directly ; three ladies follow them without the loss of a second. Meantime one of the three apertures available has been blocked by a horse that rushed at the bank and, missing, his hind legs blundered into the ditch behind it, whence he has to be extricated slowly ; and the two exits are now as crowded as a co-operative store in the height of the London season.

All this flashes before the eyes of the amazed Domine, whom a few rustics, thinking he was a *lulus naturæ*, hoisted into the fork of an ash-tree, that commanded from a perch in a hedge a few of the flat pastures in front. The M.F.H., who is generally not many yards away from the hounds, had been cannoned by a riderless horse as he was going to jump, and nearly knocked down, and, seeing no room now, he decides at once to ride at the weakest spot in the hedge opposite, hitherto deemed impracticable ; it would do if only a projecting bough could be sawed off ; but where is the saw and the sawyer ? So he rides at it. The height and width were well measured by the gallant bay, but the bough checks the impulse, and the horse lands short and falls on his side ! Both horse and man are up in an instant. The bough hangs cracked and pendulous, and three ladies loyally follow their leader, having given him lots of time to remount ; one of them, the first through “the imminent deadly breach,” had been the Domine's loadstar all the morning—

“A lady—such a lady—hands so white and lips so red !

On the neck the small head buoyant like a bell-flower on its bed.”

And from “the talking ash” came forth a prolonged “Prodigious !” We need not dwell on the run, which was spoilt and lost its *élan* in the third field from the covert, by a herd's dog cutting in at the fox and coursing him for half a mile. All this let up the stragglers, save about twenty who never got beyond the second fence. In four miles at hunting pace over large fences, while many men were utterly discomfited or “dyked,” only one lady came to signal grief, from her pilot selecting a badly-banked spot in a brook ; two skirts were divided, and three hats turned into concertinas. The Kaiserin had been well carried, though her leader had got “an imperial crowner ;” but I have only introduced this little episode of past hunting life in Meath to illustrate a fact very observable in the more modern expe-

riences of the chase—that while the percentage of women who come out hunting is small when compared to the mounted males who are all supposed to be on “the ride,” the former contrive to get along with more ease and *aplomb* than their brethren in buckskin, and happily with fewer catastrophes. It may be worth a moment’s patience to examine into this phenomenal circumstance, and endeavour to ascertain why a woman, with infinitely less control over her hunter than a man, and with possibly weaker nerves and far less experience of a country and its difficulties, is often so much more fortunate in effecting a safe and happy *trajet*. In the first place nearly every woman who comes out to *hunt* has been taught to *ride*, and does not imagine that the art of horsemanship comes by nature, as Dogberry conceived about reading and writing. How many hundreds of men crowd to the hunting-field, as they do to the ball-room, without having taken the preliminary precaution to qualify themselves for acquitting themselves respectably in either arena? The tailor, bootmaker and haberdasher, with the aids of valet and laundress, will take care of the outward man, and the proverbial pluck of the bold Briton may be expected to do much to carry the man through pitfalls and peril. But whereas in the ball-room we find the men as a rule hustling, jostling, cannoning and keeping bad time, and proving but poor partners, most women know how to dance fairly and can get along smoothly under ordinarily good guidance; and so it is in the hunting-field.

Adrian Adonis, the intrepid, scales 13 st. 7 lbs., with an increasing tendency (the silent increment which his father told him always went on in the valuation of the ancestral acres, but which he has since learnt to be a fallacy); his hands are hard and his seat never reminds one of the Centaur, but he bruises along, jobbing his hunter’s mouth as he lands over big places, from the instability of his tenure of the flaps of his saddle with his knees and thighs, while his long spurs are a constant source of irritation to his mounts. By degrees most of his hunters, after having given him many a hint, turn rusty and roguish, and begin to refuse their fences; and Adonis, having no reserve of art or science to bring them back to their original standard, becomes utterly demoralised, and, though he keeps on trying, tries all in vain. Now Victoria Venus, the squire’s daughter, like her prototype of Cnidos, is cast in a very small mould, not “divinely tall,” or even divinely pretty; but her blue-grey eyes have much meaning and witchery in them; she is as neat as a “school miss,” to quote the Yankee phrase; and her brother—who won the inter-university steeplechase at Aylesbury ere he started off for the “Far West” to become a “cow-puncher”—took a good deal of trouble in teaching her to do every kind of fence within their reach; and as her old father takes her out regularly to ride with him over the estate, and does not discourage a little larking in a quiet way, Victoria at seventeen was a very fair horsewoman, while a visit to a cousin who was married to a M.F.H., where she got constant practice with hounds, completed her hunting education, though she never con-

sidered it perfect, but was always trying to increase her store of horse knowledge. Adrian Adonis, the lord of many acres in the neighbourhood, as well as of many horses too, had volunteered to pilot her with the county hounds, the Creamshire, but as the order of proceeding was generally reversed, she had accepted the pilotage of the yeomanry adjutant, whose wife was a great friend of hers, and in her second season with the Creamshire she had the pick of the field to select from—the M.F.H. sometimes volunteering for the task—though she only came out when the hounds were near “The Grange,” and never stayed out after the first gallop, *if good*; but, as she never danced with a bad partner, it was remarked that she never selected a bad pilot, her intuition in both cases being almost an unerring instinct.

In these two little sketches of hunting life and history, we do not for a moment mean to convey the idea that to lovely woman are all the laurels of the chase due, and that men lag behind them in the Centaurean competition. This is not our aim at all. The twenty ladies who had joined the hounds on the lawn at Summerhill were a *corps d'élite* well known in many hunting-fields in England and Ireland too, and as was their “get-up” so was their style of “going” too—both nearly perfect; whereas of the three hundred mounted males, perhaps there were not more than thirty first-rate “workmen,” fifty moderately good; of the rest it may be fairly said—

“Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati”;

but all, however careless they were about securing a start, or keeping constantly on the *qui vive*, meant to “follow,” after their fashion, some in the *tute si tarde, festina lente* style, some fast and furiously, more as their mounts chose to take them. The twenty ladies, on the other hand, had left nothing to chance or the hazard of the hour. Most of them had bespoken their leaders, and had the greatest, nay the most implicit, faith in them, as they had also in the sterling qualities of their several mounts, while those who had no special pilots knew full well whom to follow and whom to avoid. They were as keen as children at a Christmas tree, bright as butterflies, and the excitement of the moment gladdened every eye and quickened every pulse. We have seen that ten took to the road as soon as they had seen “the find,” not feeling equal to competition, and if one hundred more of their male brethren had followed them and forsaken the fray, taking some of the second horsemen for their guides, a congested field would have been greatly relieved. A few “good men” would have escaped “knocking out”—or being “knocked out” rather—and they would have known much more of the variations and intricacies of the pursuit than they could possibly acquire when all their faculties were fully engrossed in surmounting or turning the difficulties presented by a cattle country almost entirely innocent of gates and gaps.

There is another circumstance that will aid us to a solution of the problem why so many women go with so much more ease

and smoothness over a country than a number of average hunting men.

We have seen how very painstaking women are who seek to ride well to hounds; how much trouble they take in adapting means to ends, and in combining dexterously the *τὸ καλὸν* with the *τὸ πρέπον*; but in nothing is this more apparent than in the selection of their hunters. Time was when anything blood-like, with charger-like ends, a full generous eye, and a well-carried tail, was considered good enough to carry a lady; now the hunting Hebe insists upon fine shoulders, muscular loins, a strong, short back, good length in the right place, plenty of courage, and is charitable to slight deviations from the perfect type in head or tail—though she much prefers that these appendages should be *en règle* too. She is as minute in her inquiries about the hunter's antecedents, pedigree, manners, temper, and character as if she were about to be betrothed to him for ever and aye; and here, of course, even the keenest-witted of women are much in the power of their male belongings—but then, who would try to palm off a bad horse, or even a moderate horse, on a lady?—who would care to stay in England after the perpetration of such an outrage? As a matter of fact, hunting women, with much smaller studs, are better mounted than most men, for the simple reason that they know and feel they *must* have good mounts if they mean to go; whereas men constantly shut their eyes to very serious faults in the horses they purchase, trusting (vain delusion, generally!) that their own superior handling and judicious management will counteract vices of breaking, defects of anatomy, or want of heart or temper.

Another thing that is often quoted as a fatal flaw in a woman's hunting equipment is her side-saddle, with its array of crutches. We know full well all the arguments that can be and are marshalled against this curious and, some say, preposterous *pose*, by those who hold that our English women should ride in the fashion of the Mexican *senoras* on their mules and mustangs. We know how fearful these aforesaid crutches may become when the habit catches on them, and the horse breaks away and drags the helpless rider. We know, too, how helpless we men feel if invited to jump a bar, or even a sheep-hurdle, in such a saddle; but, for all that, we venture to maintain that, once the difficulties of acquiring this seat have been overcome, there are certain advantages inseparable from it, and one of the chief of these is that the woman, from *lack of power*, lets her horse's head far more alone, and meddles less with his mouth than a man, and that much of the swaying about and general unsteadiness so evident in the riding of many men is obviated. The Centaur, 'tis true, appears "incorpsed and demi-natured with the brave beast" he bestrides; but one has only to look at a number of horses at exercise to see the way their naturally fine sensitive mouths are tortured and calloused by hard hands and unstable trunks. A good seat in a man is almost indispensable for good hands, but a man may have great power over his

horse—great prehensile capacity in legs and knees, and yet be a very poor, unadaptable rider after all, while the very quality and undue exercise of this “power” may provoke and irritate the horse ridden.

Another advantage that women have in the average hunting-field is, that they are expected to *follow*, not to *lead*; it is quite true that very often these conventional canons are not carried out, and that lovely woman is foremost and “cutting out the work,” as in the classic line “*Dux fœmina facti*,” but whereas the perfect and typical pilot is supposed to be keeping his eye on the leading hounds (if he can), the pilotess need not concern herself about the pursuing pack, but make her guide’s back the beacon, taking care that, in the event of a catastrophe, she does not allow her mount to plant his forefeet in “the small” thereof.

Hunting women have another strong pull on the majority of hunting men in the matter of size and weight. You hardly ever see a very heavy, a very tall, or even a Juno-like matron competing in the hunting-field; whereas man, considering himself born to hunt—an Esau by birthright, and a Nimrod by nature—rushes into horses and hunting, bits and bridles, reckless of the natural fitness of things and the gifts of nature. Hence Brobdiagnag Brown, who walks 14 st. 7 lbs., and labours under that want of *peuce* that vexes both public and private men, instead of turning his attention to the Gladstonian arts of timber-felling, to rowing, or to pugilism, must needs hunt—and of course he hunts under the most unfavourable conditions—*optat ephippia bos, piger arare caballus optat*. Not so Miss Brown, his sister, who, as the Count Fol de Rol puts it, has “a great circumference of face (and of waist too); she knows that her gifts and graces do not find a suitable field among horses and hounds, and she—though so fond of hunting society and of hounds and horses—finds her “distractions” elsewhere. On the whole, I think it may be said that, while men arrogate to themselves the *all knowledge* connected with the chase and the *mundus venaticus*, it will be found that they have a good deal to learn from the legion of ladies who, following the wake of Mrs. Villiers and a few such pioneers, have invaded, and almost taken possession of, our hunting grounds during the past twenty-five or thirty years—and why should they not, under certain restraints and conditions, continue to form the brightest ornament of that fascinating form of social life that has its little picnic and pursuit, its chase and coffee-house, every day in some grassy vale or deep-hearted woodland during the season? If the hunting-field be the best school for heroes, why not for heroines? If for “the greater man” a blessing, why not a boon to “the lesser”? But while there is nothing unfeminine in the chase (is not our gracious Queen a Mistress of Hounds?)—while it must be admitted to be one of the fairest arenas for the grace and refinement of manner that prove so irresistible—the discipline of the field, which man acknowledges and bows to, cannot be ignored by woman. Competition, it should be remembered,

is *not* the soul of hunting; and, above all things, women should remember that sipping the cream of the chase is one thing, and drinking its dregs is another. Nor should the counsels of a great authority, the late Major Whyte-Melville, be forgotten: "What said the wisest of kings concerning a woman without discretion? We want no Solomon to remind us that, with her courage roused, her ambition excited, all the rivalry of her nature called into play, she has nowhere more need of this judicious quality than in the hunting-field." There is one bit of Greek that every hunting woman should learn to construe, *μηδεν ἀγαν*.

THE GAME LAWS AND THE POACHERS.

NOTHING has surprised me so much of late as to find a large body of intelligent farmers clamouring for the abolition of the Game Laws. Hitherto, I have always taken it for granted that the majority of farmers, both in England and Scotland, were sportsmen to the backbone, or if not themselves active participants in the shooting and hunting pastimes of the period, certainly admirers of, and sympathisers with, those who do hunt or shoot. Long personal experience of the tastes and habits of our agriculturists had confirmed me in my belief, so that my surprise at the change is all the greater. In all probability we can set down the renewed movement for the wiping off from the pages of the statute book of such measures as give some sort of protection to our birds and beasts, to recent Radical agitation of that kind which points to a grab at the land and the division of property. What our farmers can possibly hope to gain by "the total abolition of the Game Laws" surpasses my imagination to conceive. The mere fact that partridges and hares might be shot without any person being called to account for shooting them would not, so far as I am able to discern, be of much, if of any, benefit to the farmer. In my opinion, the abolition of the Game Laws would not bring them any reduction of rent; while the fact that no prosecution could be instituted would simply be conferring a premium on the professional poacher. It is singular that the persons who are most active in denouncing the Game Laws seem to know least about them. They still set up the old and well-worn whine about the poor labourer being severely punished for the killing and carrying away of an occasional hare or pair of rabbits. That is a rather absurd idea. No really *poor* labourer, or farm servant, is ever punished, or at least very rarely, for any offence of the kind. Many a time and oft have we known instances where the poaching of "poor Hodge," especially when it was known to be on behalf of the family pot, was winked at by all concerned, and when he was neither punished nor prosecuted.

Another recent deliverance on the Game Laws is that given in the *Fortnightly Review* by a "Trades Union Official." He maintains

that poaching is no "moral offence!" I am not myself casuist enough to be able to draw the line between moral and legal offences; but I cannot see, if I pay three hundred pounds a year for a grouse moor, how it can be no "moral offence" for a band of poachers to net my heather, and carry off and sell in Manchester half or more of my moor-fowl for a good round sum of money. Again, if it be no "moral offence" to poach, would it be "theft" to take a few partridges from the stock in a poulterer's shop, and if not, why not? When would these birds become property? They were not property while on the fields, because when there, it was, according to a "Trades Union Official," no moral offence to take them. Would it not be esteemed a rather curious circumstance if they became "property" after being sold to the poulterer by the poacher? Again, the same official, putting his arguments, so to speak, in the mouth of the working-man, deprecates the idea of "keeping an army of policeman for the detection of poaching"—just as if the proprietor of land paid no taxes, and was at no cost for the protection of his property. Policemen, I presume, are only meant for the protection of shops and manufactories! I fear the logic laid down by a "Trades Union Official," will not be generally endorsed. Under his auspices we might again hear the old story a little altered: "At a meeting of the poachers of the United Kingdom, the following resolutions were unanimously proposed and adopted: 1. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. 2. He has given it to His people. 3. *We* are His people."

It would seem from the way they go to work that the agitators—political agitators especially—are not aware that there are in existence professional poachers—large, well-organised bodies of men, who are neither poor nor hard up, who make poaching the business of their lives, and find it, the more the pity! rather a good business. With such persons it is not a case of poaching for the pot, or knocking over a hare with which to feed a swarm of hungry children, but a case of trapping two or three score for the market, in order to obtain a pretty frequent five or ten pound note. Now what possible sympathy can be accorded to a pack of picturesque scoundrels engaged in such demoralising and vagabond work? The poacher of the period, be it observed, is not a poor mechanic, or ordinarily industrious village shoemaker out of work, with a large family of little ones crying, "Father, give us food." Not at all. He is usually a fellow who declines to work regularly at any specific business. He may have been bred to the forge, or may have handled in his day the plane or the saw in the carpenter's or other workshop; but that kind of work has become slow and irksome, and so he begins to prefer another mode of life; he delights to loaf about the alehouse and smoke his pipe, to play cards or dominoes, and so pass his time away; knowing that by one or two nights' work among the partridges and hares he can earn a week's wages, no matter the risk. I have a little pen-and-ink portrait gallery of such fellows as these, and before concluding this paper I shall transfer a few of them

to its pages ; meantime, the following notes on the laws as they now stand may be perused.

My readers must understand that I make no pretensions to be able to lay down the law in its totality. I shall not attempt "a treatise" on the Game Laws ; my purpose will be fulfilled if I point out some of the more pregnant facts connected with their administration. And, first of all, let me state some of the punishments to which the poacher, professional or amateur, renders himself liable in the pursuit of his unlawful occupation. *Night poaching* is that which is most heavily visited ; for a first offence, namely, the taking or destroying of game by night, the penalty decreed is imprisonment with hard labour for any period not exceeding three months, and then, when the period of active punishment has expired, to find the following sureties : himself in a sum of ten pounds and another in a like sum, or two in sums of five pounds each, to be of good behaviour for one year, the alternative being a further term of imprisonment for a period of six months, or till the required cautioners be found. For a second offence, as much as six months imprisonment may be meted out to the delinquent, or such lesser period as may seem to meet the offence. The punishment for a third offence is largely increased, and may even extend to penal servitude for seven years, or, if extenuating circumstances be proved, a sentence to hard labour for a period not exceeding two years may be passed. For poaching accompanied with assault upon any person appointed to apprehend the same penalties may be enforced. The penalties which may be imposed on parties of three or more persons engaged in night poaching, armed with gun or other offensive weapon, is penal servitude ranging from seven to ten years. As we all know, some of these night-poaching affrays lead to the gallows. In Scotland, during the last two years, at least two persons have been hanged who, but for their poaching propensities, might still have been living a happy life in the bosoms of their families ; and one or two others of the like kidney had a narrow escape for their lives, not one of whom was proved to have been in want.

These, no doubt, are severe sentences when they are passed in their extremity, which however is but seldom, for as a rule justice is tempered with mercy even by the severest of our county magistrates. And why farmers should object to the "severity of the Game Laws" would puzzle a conjuror to know. They are not likely to fall under the lash of such laws for even a first offence, far less to render themselves liable to a sentence of penal servitude, or two years confinement in a prison. It is difficult to know what person, or body of persons, have any interest in ameliorating the so-called harshness of the Game Laws. The whole matter, looked at in a philosophical spirit, lies in a nutshell—don't poach, and you won't be punished. Argument may go on for ever, but in the end, the conclusion arrived at can scarcely be of any other complexion. I feel warranted however in saying, from my knowledge of their feelings on the question, that the magistrates of England would be the last

men in the world to stand against a reduction of the penalties, if such a demand could be shown to be general. As to the sentimental stories of Englishmen ruined from "the accident of picking up a hare, or bagging a pair of rabbits," these must be all taken with the proverbial allowance of salt. Accidental crime is leniently dealt with as a rule throughout England, no matter what shape it may assume, whether it be a hungry lad stealing a loaf, or a clerk robbing his employer. On some estates in England any labourer's wife may have a pair of rabbits whenever she likes to ask for them, so that her husband is under no temptation whatever; indeed, as a matter of fact, there are hundreds of working people in the counties who offer no sort of thanks for such a gift. I know of one labourer's wife who used to say "No thank you," to such gifts; "they are not worth the cooking;" but in holding that opinion I think she was in error. Rabbits are excellent as a food material, and can be cooked in many different ways.

Penalties under the Game Laws are cumulative. Here is an instance of how they can be run up, which I have found in Mr. Neville's little treatise: * "If a man not having a game-license or a gun-license, on a Sunday in August, trespass and kill a partridge, and then refuse to give his name to the keeper who demands it, he may be convicted of: trespassing in pursuit of game, penalty not exceeding two pounds; killing game on a Sunday, penalty not exceeding five pounds; killing game without a license, penalty under the Licensing Act, twenty pounds; penalty under the Game Act, not exceeding five pounds; killing game out of season, penalty one pound; refusing to give his name, penalty twenty pounds; carrying a gun without a license, penalty ten pounds. Now if the whole of these fines were to be exacted at one fell swoop, which they could be, the sum exigible would amount to a total of sixty-three pounds; but such an exaction never takes place, one penalty being thought sufficient. Another point in favour of accidental poaching may here be noted, and that is, that mitigation under the Licensing Laws can often be obtained, power being given to reduce the sum to one-fourth of the full amount; and in certain cases the Commissioners of Inland Revenue may entirely remit the penalty. So that in numerous instances the Game Laws are only severe on paper, but are not so in reality. By "accidental" poaching, I simply mean what I say—as, for instance, a dog killing a hare against the wish of its owner, and such other incidents of country life.

My readers, as a rule, are so well acquainted with close times that I need scarcely run over them here. There is a penalty not exceeding one pound decreed for the killing or taking of each head of game during the close seasons. This penalty also applies to dealers having game of any sort in their possession during the close time. But it is not an offence to keep live pheasants for breeding purposes. Curiously enough, no close season exists for the protection of hares and rabbits, but it is the fashion to cease from troubling the hare

* 'The Game Laws of England for Gamekeepers.'

after the month of February ; as for the rabbit, it is now offered for sale during every month of the year, although, as we may say, it is always breeding, and is not therefore in good condition for food. This season (although I am writing this on the twelfth day of February) there have already been reported several litters of young rabbits ; and it is curious to think that these young ones may themselves be breeding about the end of May or beginning of June, and that the parent couple will have proved the means of producing something like two hundred young ones ; at all events, the parent couple will have to their own credit at least three dozen of young ones, one-half of which will most likely be females. It is a pity that such a great food-producing power should be so neglected as to be, in a sense, accidental in regard to the amount of its productiveness ; the systematic breeding of rabbits is one of those things which will probably be undertaken in the future on an extended scale ; in the meantime the animal contributes handsomely to the national commissariat : millions of rabbits come to market every year.

With regard to hares and rabbits, I may remind those who prate about the undue severity of the Game Laws, that by the provisions of the Ground Game Act, every occupier of land (farmers or other tenants) has the power, subject to certain conditions, to kill the ground game either personally or by deputy. The occupier and any person he may authorise to kill must, as a matter of course, take out a gun-license, but they are not required to take out a game-license. Ground game must not be killed during the night-time even by persons having a right to do so, or persons authorised to kill by those who have the power to give such liberty ; nor must spring-traps be employed to kill ground game except in rabbit-holes. But as the Ground Game and Wild Birds Protection Acts have already been reviewed in 'Baily,' I need not enter into a description of the merits or faults of these statutes. It is however sufficiently curious that, in the case of wild birds, protection was not accorded to their eggs. Take, for instance, the case of the plover ; whilst the bird itself is protected, its eggs may be, and, as we all know, are searched for and taken wholesale. Plovers' eggs are a dainty of the table, which are well paid for and much enjoyed. Some country folks in the season make a little fortune by gathering them and selling them to the dealer. Every wild bird taken or killed during the close time — that is, between March 1st and August 1st—entails a penalty not exceeding one pound.

I need scarcely extend my illustrations, my purpose being merely to offer an illustrative sketch of the laws for protecting game ; they necessarily branch out so as to take in all kinds of offences, such as the taking of eggs ; the case of a gamekeeper selling any game not on account of his master, &c., &c. The possession of game by dealers during the close season is also provided for. Deer are also well protected, and provision made for punishing all who infringe the laws devised for their protection. Here is one of the penalties : for coursing, hunting, killing, or wounding deer in *inclosed* ground,

the punishment laid down is "imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for any term not exceeding two years; and if a male under the age of sixteen, with or without *whipping*." Some of the clauses which deal with the law of "trespass" are of great interest, but I have not space at present in which to offer any illustrations of this phase of game-law economy, my paper being, with what follows, quite long enough already.

So much for the Game Laws as they stand at present on the statute-books. Those persons who think them oppressive are welcome to their opinions. Fourteen years penal servitude for three or more persons found guilty of being on ground for night-poaching, armed with death-dealing weapons of assault, may look to some persons as a terrible amount of punishment, but it is the law, and the punishment cannot be inflicted without a trial before a competent tribunal, nor without due and sufficient proof of the crime; and then, when the persons are found guilty and sentenced, there comes in the *per contra*, against any claims to pity, that "they had no business there; had they been peacefully asleep in their own houses, they would have had nothing to fear." There is no getting over the inexorable logic of the case—that no person could compel them to go out poaching; it was an act of their own volition, for which, when found out, they are bound to abide the consequences of. According to the opinion of some poachers, and some poachers' friends, game, which can be here to-day and there to-morrow, cannot be set down as being the property of any person in particular; but in my humble opinion it cannot be made out to be the property of the poacher, and it would be a pity if it could, for your poacher is never a sportsman. To kill a hare on its form; to shoot a pheasant as it sits on its eggs, or spear a salmon as it is about to spawn, are common acts of the common poacher. As regards the fish in question, I cannot recall to my memory a season in which there has been so much poaching as the one which has just closed. There have been no end of convictions, and for every man convicted probably ten will have escaped. When there has been a more than ordinary degree of poaching carried on in our salmon-fishing districts, it is significant of the salmon being unusually plentiful; and this year, therefore, I shall be disappointed if there is not a big fishing.

Before concluding I must have a word or two with the farmers. Of late years they have become very restive, under the idea that they suffer a vast amount of damage from the game which is so abundant on their farms, and that for this the landlord should be held responsible, and compensate them for the loss. Be it so. But in that case how would the rent be arranged? If a landlord is to give up his game to his tenantry, he would undoubtedly seek compensation for it in a higher rent. Besides, I have reason to question the evil said to be done by pheasants and partridges. The latter bird, I know, does good to the farmer; it devours countless thousands of insects and insect larvæ that, if allowed to come to maturity, would play havoc with the

crops. The wild pheasant is likewise a useful bird, the friend rather than the foe of the farmer. If our agriculturists would study the balance of nature they would find that even the much-abused sparrow is not without its mission. That impudent little chatterer is the deadly foe of the cockchafer, killing millions of these insects every year; and so the work goes on. The rat, too, is useful, and carries on special work; so also do the toad and the hedgehog. Even the rabbit may have useful work to do, if we only knew what it is. These animals multiply at a quick rate, as I have already shown, and it has been said that the food of four rabbits would feed a sheep. At the Antipodes these animals are regarded as a pest; they have increased so enormously during late years as to have excited the dire disgust of the colonists. But there is a remedy. Import a few score ferrets and weasels, with a dozen of foxes, and then they would soon see the balance of nature set right. Naturally, of course, all men, including landlords, would prefer sheep to rabbits; nowadays the rabbits are becoming less in number.

I now beg leave to offer the following brief sketches from my portrait gallery of poachers:—

William Sykes, hare-snarer and dealer in ferrets.—This person lives in an agricultural district of Yorkshire—if such a phrase may be used regarding the great county; he has been rural all his days, and learned the art of bricklaying when he was a lad. Getting acquainted with Jack Percival, a ratcatcher, he soon forsook the paths of honest labour and became, in reality, a poacher of the most determined type. Thrice he was detected and let off; the fourth time, for snaring and selling a couple of hares, he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment. On another occasion, for carrying off twenty pheasants from a preserve, he was awarded six months. Since then he has been extremely cautious, but has been several times nearly proved guilty of very serious poaching. No person employs him or his ferrets, but for all that he lives well, pays the rent of his house regularly, and never seems to be in want of anything. Remittances of money come to him every now and then from York and Leeds, and he is frequently absent from home for a week at a time, leaving usually in a spring-cart which comes to lift him.

Salmon Geordie was a character well known in Berwickshire and the south of Scotland. Nominally he was a "mugger" (gipsy hawker), in reality he was a poacher of the deepest dye, but, strange so say, was never convicted. His head-quarters at one time were at Kelso, and from that town he made frequent excursions through the county, going as far on occasion as Edinburgh, where he was known to have sold large quantities of kippered salmon, chiefly at the inns frequented by carriers and stage-coachmen. His fish were of good quality and commanded a ready sale. They were all poached fish. Geordie was descended from a race of poachers—men who held poaching to be a virtue, or at least not a "moral offence;" and, although no case was ever proved against him, it is certain that in his day he had been the death of a thousand fine Tweed salmon, and

had traded also largely in poached rabbits and hares. It is not many years since Geordie died, leaving behind him a sum of thirteen hundred pounds and two small houses.

Pheasant Bob lived in a small village in Lincolnshire, and had in his young days been convicted and punished for poaching. As he grew older he became cunning, and, although closely watched, his expeditions were so carefully planned and well carried out that he escaped detection for years, and then, when on one occasion he was pulled up, the case could only be made out as one of trespass. Bob for some time had the reputation of being an habitual drunkard, but the drink was only a mask to cover his operations. On the nights when he became intoxicated at the village alehouse and was helped home, he generally had business in hand, and an hour or so after he was supposed to be in bed he would be a couple of miles or so distant from his house, ready and eager for the fray, and long before daylight he would be home and in bed. He never brought the pheasants home with him; they were invariably "planted" at a place agreed upon and carried off by his pals, who sent them to London, receiving in due course a remittance for the jobs. Bob moved about from place to place, generally, however, within a radius of some twelve or fourteen miles. He made a good deal of money, in conjunction chiefly with a small innkeeper who managed the business part of the transactions.

It would serve no good purpose to multiply these little sketches, especially as some of a similar kind have already appeared. I have drawn them of a mild type; it would have been easy enough, however, to have extended them. They will serve to show that poaching has long been a business; at one period it was more of a pastime—so much so, indeed, that it was "winked at" by even the most jealous game-preservers. I shall not say more, but repeat, at the risk of being thought a very hard-hearted person, that no man can be forced to poach, and that the professional poacher deserves no sympathy and well earns his punishment.

"GONE TO GROUND."

HOUNDS have run fast for twelve minutes. Woodlands have been left behind; the line of country has improved, the hills have been lost sight of; the wheat has been extracted from the chaff; the true line-riders have settled into their places—and the Vale is in front of them. Suddenly the hounds swing round, and are at fault. The pace alone has done this; scent is too good for the cause long to remain in doubt; that trusty old bitch is already head and shoulders in a hole by the side of the fence in the corner of the field leading to the brook. Some of the hard riding, over-eager division, to whom to watch hounds is a work of superfluity, are already charging at the brook, when they are brought up by a short blast of the horn—*Whoo-hoop!* "Gone to ground."

The master is soon on the scene, not looking his happiest.

"Why, S——, isn't this the place we ran into in cub-hunting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why the —— wasn't it stopped?"

"I told Mr. ——'s keeper, as has the shooting, I believe, sir, about it, and he promised to see to it. What more could I do, sir?"

The master is one of the few who can control his temper on these trying occasions. He turns his horse's head away, as he mutters, *sotto voce*—"And I gave the beggar a sovereign, and asked him to see to it the next day, so as to stop it effectually for the season."

Of course to attempt to bolt a fox at twelve o'clock in the day with an eager field of just warmed-up sportsmen to the number of one hundred and fifty, is a thing not to be thought about, and so fresh coverts have to be drawn—the morning's run has been condensed into this tantalising fiasco of twelve minutes—"whereas," soliloquised the master, "had this lazy hulk of a keeper only done his duty, our fox, balked of his point here, could not have turned back with such a scent as to-day; he must have gone on to B——'s gorse, or have died in the attempt. What is the use of putting one's trust in keepers, whose hearts are not in this work?"

This is a typical case among many hundreds that annually occur in every part of this hunting United Kingdom of ours; and nothing is so trying to a master of hounds, his huntsman, and the hounds themselves, as these continual disappointments, these ever recurring good gallops cut short—these short-running foxes over and over again poking themselves underground, when they should by the rights of sport be killed—these hunting *contretemps*, which modern arrangements have thrown in the path of hunting as one of its severest trials.

I verily believe that this season has been the worst on record for foxes "going to ground," and I attribute two causes for this, both widely different from one another—

The first is the dry summer of 1884, when every hole and drain in the country was a temptation to the fox to lie in, as an avoidance of the heat, which he hates, and a dry, quiet, and safe spot for repose into the bargain. And the second is that cubs were plentiful this season, and cub-hunting has now become such a systematic badgering, butchering process that foxes, while still cubs, are forced underground from utter fear of staying above it, as well as from the smell of the blood of their slain brethren, which too often pervades their home-bred coverts. I am so far a believer in the evils which this over-bloodthirstiness of huntsmen during cub-hunting entails, that I should like to see masters of hounds requisitioned to prevent any counting of noses before November the 1st. No doubt earths have increased in number, especially drains, in the last half-century, and yet a hundred years ago huntsmen were accustomed to have an eye to earth-stopping, even when hounds were running.

A good story is told of the celebrated Will Dean: when his hounds

were running hard in a line towards Daventry, although many miles distant, he began swearing exceedingly at his whipper-in, saying, "What business have you here?" The man was in such consternation at the question that he could not reply, when Dean followed it up quickly with "Why don't you know, and be d——d to you, that the main earth at Daventry is open." The whip got forward, and reached the earth just in time to see the fox enter it. I don't envy that whip's feelings at the sight, nor should I have cared to have shared with him the companionship of Will Dean that night after hunting.

It is a very old proverb, and one that comes home to the heart of every hunting man, that "Every fox should have his shift, and every dog his day." How then are we to put him to his last "shift" without proper earth-stopping?

Colonel Cook, one of our first writers on sport, says that superabundance of earths are injurious to fox-hunting, and whenever they increase beyond what are absolutely necessary for breeding they should be dug out.

The earth-stopper of old days—he who can yet be remembered by our elders—was a necessary part of a fox-hunting establishment. I have the picture of one before me now. He has hung his rough pony's bridle to a hedge stake, has lit his lamp quietly, and is creeping up to the earth by a path he knows so well—he can now easily see whether a fox has left the earth—his practised eye detects the clec marks, as his lamp is reflected close to the ground. His thorn or furze bush is ready at hand, and is soon firmly pushed into the holes. Then he creeps back to his pony, extinguishes his lamp, and is cantering to a second earth three or four miles away before his nocturnal duties are ended, and he has earned the wages of his honoured master. Generally this earth-stopper was an old huntsman, whip, or stud groom, past his riding-to-hounds days, but knowing every acre of wood within the hunt, and having his heart in his work. Such was old Farebrother, the original of that favourite picture of an earth-stopper to which I allude.

More than a hundred years ago in Northamptonshire the earth-stopping fund for what is now the Pytchley country amounted to £200 per annum. Colonel Cook gives good advice to M.F.H.'s when he says, that he does not advise earths being contracted for to be stopped by the year or season—but rather that it should be paid for each time it is done. By the former method earths are often left open, and sport therefore spoilt, while others are neglected by being left stopped too long. In any case it is necessary to keep an eye on a stopper by sending a man round occasionally to see how the work is being done.

What says that great authority Mr. Smith on the point? "It is difficult to insure the stopping of earths without extreme vigilance on a cold frosty morning, it being evident that without some great stimulus it is not easy for the stopper to persuade himself to rise, and leave the warm clay by his side, to stop the cold earth a mile

off." The lazy stopper, arriving at the earth at five or six in the morning, generally effectually stops the foxes in, instead of stopping them out, and many and many a blank day is the consequence.

To meet this difficulty Mr. Smith wisely devised the following plan: In October he had strips of paper, dipped in melted brimstone, placed in each hole in the earth, and set on fire. This smell will effectually keep any fox out of these holes. After a lapse of three or four days all these holes were effectually stopped by faggots or strong stakes, and not opened until the spring of the year, or rather the last day of February. The more effectually to carry out his plan Mr. Smith deducted half-a-crown from his earth-stopper's pay on every occasion any of these hermetically sealed earths were found to be open during the regular season.

Hermetically sealing earths is not always rewarded by success. Every one acquainted with the west Midlands knows the Titterstone Clee Hill. Near its summit is a huge pile of boulder stones heaped together, a great home for foxes. When the Ludlow hounds hunt the neighbouring country, stopping these stones is big and expensive business. Fires have to be lit all round, and men keep watch by them all the previous night, and on the day of hunting. Major Mutray, when he took the hounds some four-and-twenty years back decided to build up these stones, and at considerable cost he effected his purpose. The consequence was not what he had expected; his lowland foxes had no point to make for. They merely hung about the line of coverts, and became perfect brutes. The present Master, Mr. Wicksted, has reverted to the old *régime* with the greatest success, as many a glorious gallop to the stones can testify.

Warburton, in his happiest vein, thus treats of the earth-stopper:—

Terror of hen-roosts! now from hollow sand-earth,
Safely at nightfall, round the quiet farmstead,
Reynard on tiptoe, meditating plunder,
Warily prowleth.

Rouse thee, earth-stopper! rouse thee from thy slumber;
Get thee thy worsted hose and winter coat on,
While the good housewife, crawling from her blanket,
Lights thee thy lantern.

Glad for thy midnight silent occupation,
Mount thy old dog-horse, spade upon thy shoulder:
Wiry-haired vixen, wheresoe'er thou wendest
Ready to follow.

Though the chill raindrops, driven by the north wind,
Pelt thy old jacket, soaking through and through thee;
Though thy worn hackney, blind and broken-winded,
Hobble on three legs—

Finish thy night-work well, or woe betide thee!
If on the morrow irritated huntsman,
Back'd by a hundred followers in scarlet,
Find the earths open!

The account given me by one of our oldest and most eminent

masters of hounds of his season's sport last year still rings in my ears. What he said was this: "I have run sixty-five foxes to ground during one hundred and twenty-four days hunting. If the country had been properly stopped several foxes would have been killed at end of good runs. The old earth-stopper, the servant of the master of hounds; was a good old trusty man, responsible to his master, and obliged to do his work well. The modern system of the gentlemen allowing their gamekeepers to stop the earths is bad. The M.F.H. dare not pitch into another man's servant, or the cause of fox-hunting suffers. And how many covert owners ask the M.F.H. if he is satisfied with the gamekeeper?"

There is the kernel of the whole matter, put better than I can do it, although I will endeavour to cap it by an instance that I know to have taken place this season, bearing out the unsatisfactory results of the present system.

A blank day had occurred in a fairly fashionable country, and the two landowners, both good fox-hunters and preservers, most nearly concerned in this unlucky business, met a few days after at a shooting party, and, of course, the presumable causes of this disappointment became the topic of conversation. The first, and younger, sportsman declared he had found out that the cause, as far as his foxes were concerned, to be that his neighbour, on whose ground the principal earths were, had foolishly stopped them a few days before the meet, and then, when he found them opened again on the very morning of the meet, had restopped them, and therefore effectually kept in the foxes. To which the elder replied, "My good fellow, I know perfectly well where my foxes were, but what was the good of making a fuss about it, and putting the master in a worse humour than he was at the time? *My keepers had not stopped at all.* How can you expect them to be always stopping earths, when they are in the thick of the shooting season with plenty of their own work to do. They only get 10s. each find, and what is that to them? They simply run the risk. Your coverts were imagined to be a certain find, and the chance of mine being drawn uncertain. Wait till the hounds come next time; and I have done my shooting, there shall be no lack of foxes." Not was there. But the young man learnt a lesson that he will turn to good account in the future, let us hope.

No doubt some countries are more hollow than others, and consequently more difficult to stop, yet the fact remains, and has to be taken serious account of by masters everywhere, What system can be adopted that will be effectual?

I regret to say, none, unless owners will co-operate in order to put it out of the power of their keepers to do this work or not, just as it pleases them. How many more times, I should like to know, in the course of a season are earths "put to" after 6 A.M. in proportion to those "stopped" between 11 P.M. and 2 A.M.? and how many foxes are smothered in their earths by cruelly building them in without warning, and not opening them again for weeks?

A curious instance of self-destruction of foxes has come to light in Shropshire during the last few days. Foxes have been terribly scarce in a certain district, which culminated in a blank day last week. Of course adjoining landowners had been blamed, and there had been some talk of the country being relinquished next season in consequence. A farmer, finding a long pipe-drain running for 360 yards through his fields stopped, determined to investigate the cause. He dug down below where water spouted up, and damaged the land. He soon came upon the drain, and, on pulling up the upper half of the pipe (the drain being formed by two oblong half-pipes being inverted and joined together), discovered the carcase of a fox. Still the water did not flow, so he followed up his researches in a similar way, and found another dead fox, then another, and yet another—three dogs and a vixen. They appeared to have been there about a month, and were 260 yards from the outlet, with their heads up-hill. The cause of their death was evident. The drain had been dry all the summer and autumn, and had been regularly used by foxes during that time, but was liable to be flooded whenever very heavy rain occurred. This had evidently come so suddenly as to smother the topmost fox at once; the others, owing to the narrowness of the drain, had been unable to turn round, and had been overtaken by the water as soon as it had found its way past their unfortunate companion above them. No wonder foxes had mysteriously disappeared hereabouts!

It somewhat reminds me of what happened, I think it was in the Quorn country, a few years back in a wet season, when nine foxes were dug out of a drain dead. In this case, however, I believe they had nearly all been run to ground there at one period or another of the season, and been smothered. The moral here is "Have gratings on your drains."

We cannot always trust to Irish customs as being good to follow, but I came across one the other day in the matter of earth-stopping that is worth recording. There the master or his huntsman sends out a certain number of post-cards, in the vicinity of a meet, to persons owning or occupying the land on which earths or drains are supposed to be, asking them to "stop" them or "put them to," as the case may be, for a certain day. At the end of the season these post-cards are returned by each holder, and he receives 5s. each for night-stops and 2s. 6d. for "puts to," always providing that the work has been successfully done. This, in my opinion, beats 10s. a find, which is the more recognised practice in England.

"What a humbug this fellow 'Borderer' is!" I hear many an M.F.H. say. "Why does he preach all about this earth-stopping, when here we are at St. David's day, and all the breeding earths in the country are being opened, or ought to be opened, and when all the mischief, for this season at least, of bad earth-stopping has been experienced, and swallowed as best it could be? Why on earth could he not have taken this subject as his text last October?"

Be patient, my ardent friends; more exciting topics whirl in our

brain as the season opens, and it is not always that you, dear 'Baily,' will allow us to read lectures to landowners and occupiers of fox coverts on the conduct of their servants thus early in the season; whereas now that the "at homes" are over, and the High Woods are once more quiet—except that a newly drawn-out earth here and there betokens a vixen's intentions—there is ample time quietly and calmly to consider the subject, ere the bustle and worry of 1885 shall have come upon the scene.

And now, my gentleman sportsman, you who pride yourself on your lawn meets, your stable of hunters, your faultless get-up, your manner of riding to hounds, as well as your big battues, let me kindly admonish you to look to your earths. See for yourself where a vixen has "drawn out," and order your keepers to give the place a wide berth. Don't disturb such an earth after the middle of March, not even "put it to;" for a suckling vixen very seldom lies underground with her cubs after their first week's existence; and, if hounds happen to come there for one more last day, she will be a victim without a doubt, and your litter will be spoilt. In any case, she will remove her cubs, or forsake the earth. By taking a personal interest in your earths, artificial or otherwise, and having your drains properly fumigated and staked up, you will show your keeper an example of where your real interest lies, especially if you spare a couple of days from the London season to pop down and see that your litter is still battering down the soil outside your earths, or neighbouring ones, in their gambols, and that your keeper has not destroyed the vixen, and picked up the cubs, to feed them artificially until the pheasants are old enough to perch. How many fox-hunting squires are weak enough to wink at this? You will win, too, the good opinion of your M.F.H., and be qualifying yourself some day, perhaps, in a measure to undertake the more serious duties that devolve upon him. You will also be an example to your neighbours, and may be the means of avoiding many a short scurry, abruptly terminating with "Gone to ground!" Think of this now, and be prepared to act upon it before another season dawns upon you. Each season the keenness of youth wears off little by little, and it is to the young sportsman I would particularly address myself. Elders have formed their habits, and are hard to turn into new ways.

One word also to the huntsman on this subject. Very much can be done by him to ensure good earth-stopping. There is not, or should not be, a keeper in his hunt to whom he is not personally known. When the season is over frequent opportunities occur for the huntsman to see every keeper, and go quietly over the earths with them, seeing with his own eyes what is happening there, satisfying himself who are the true friends of the foxes, and who are not; discussing the various places where foxes have taken refuge during the past season, and pointing out how these can best be cared for in the future. In a few cases the huntsman may consent to the removal of a litter, where they are palpably too thick on the ground. In all cases there should be a thorough understanding between the huntsman

and the keeper, where the master is a genuine hunting man, the huntsman, of course, working with the full cognizance and assent of his master. Let such be the case, and so many disappointing cases of "gone to ground" can scarcely occur. "To hold a candle to the devil" is, however, proverbially a necessity very often—where keepers are concerned it must *never be lost sight of*. Their artfulness and deceit in the matter of foxes is quite on a par with the animal itself. The way they "show" foxes at the battues that have no genuine existence in their coverts, is sometimes a marvel more worthy of Maskelyne and Cooke than of Fustianism. Many an owner of coverts has thus been deceived, and even M.F.H.'s themselves, who have been parties to the battue; but "Borderer" knows something of their tricks. He has been more than once behind the scenes, and he therefore strongly advocates any system of *largesse* to keepers, any amount of personal attention on the part of the master and his huntsman, sooner than that the whoo-hoop of "Gone to ground!" should be heard so frequently—only to be preferred to the doleful cry of "Underground altogether"—i.e. "destroyed."

BORDERER.

COURSING.

THE WATERLOO CUP.

ALTHOUGH the opinion may be in opposition to that of a great many other coursing men possibly better able to express it, it is tolerably clear that the list of competing greyhounds in this year's great contest for the "Blue Riband of the Leash" did not comprise an average amount of really first-class performers, though "here and there one" relieved the catalogue from the otherwise dull round of mediocrity. It does not always follow, however, that the general character of the competition is the less interesting on that account, or of a kind less qualified to satisfy the appetite of the rank and file of coursing men; and at any rate there was nothing conspicuously second class about the quality of this year's animals to account for the extraordinary and inexplicable apathy in speculation on the great event all through the winter and almost up to the week before the meeting. It is true, however, that a similar, if not an equal, amount of lukewarmness has on one or two former notable occasions characterised preliminary proceedings in connection with this annual contest, when the result has not only equalled but fairly surpassed immediately preceding successes. There was indeed everything to warrant a favourable meeting, barring this drawback of greyhound quality, the mildness of the season having proved excellent for training, the rain having been insufficient to turn the plains of Alcar into a "dreary dismal swamp," and there being a certainty of a plethora of fur from the abandonment of the Kempton Park Champion Stakes. And, despite the increase of favour and patronage

bestowed upon the numerous enclosed or park meetings, it must have been a source of gratification to the more genuine order of coursers that the interest in the Cup "came with a rush" at the last, and proved satisfactorily that that prize still commands its wonted and time-honoured position, and the possession of which is the *sine quâ non* of the courser who would reach the top of the tree. No doubt it is well that this is so; for, minus the bellowing crowd, which, though beautifully shorn of many of its most disgusting and pristine privileges, still forms a disturbing element, and gives to the stranger a far from elevated idea of *le sport*, the Waterloo Cup contest has an odour of aristocracy about it that certainly does not strike a casual observer as being the boast of the more modern order of coursing competitions. Moreover, whenever there has been any unpleasantness or bickering on the part of dissatisfied candidates, or whenever questions of weighty import have called for calm judgment and the tact and temper of a gentleman to remove, to adjudicate upon, and to adjust, the management, under Lord Sefton, have always been equal to the occasion, and have enjoyed the rare felicity to earn the approbation of the coursing world and the satisfaction of the belligerents and the parties aggrieved. Such being the case, it may be hoped that the day is far distant when the liberality of the Lord of Croxteth, and the interest he manifests in everything that appertains to coursing, shall meet the unmerited reward of a declension of popularity in favour of modern "champion" meetings, the object of which, it is not unreasonable to imagine, is to find gratification for other aspirations than those exclusively confined to coursing, even primarily.

There being then, as has been said, a comparative lack of quality in the competitors, and there being so large a number of nominations returned to the committee, it was not at all surprising that the betting men, in casting about for likely candidates, could find nothing better to place at the head of their lists than the winner and runner-up of last year and whichever of Mr. Crosse's kennel that gentleman might elect to represent his nomination. In fact Mr. Crosse, from having seen the end of nearly every big coursing stake throughout the season, could hardly be denied the pride of place in the betting, notwithstanding the undeniable pretensions of Mineral Water, who, since winning the Cup last year, had triumphantly carried his owner's colours to victory at the Border Union meeting. The doubt in the case of Mr. Crosse was, what with Che Sara and Cara Mia in his kennel, which of his lot would be chosen to represent him; and upon its becoming known that Clamor was the real Simon Pure of course there were plenty of offers at tempting odds to back that animal to win right out. The progeny of Cui Bono and Misterton had obtained such wide-spread celebrity that it was no wonder the "faculty" were anxious to invest on something or other boasting the blood of either of those famous sires, and at first nothing else appeared to be in it. However, after some hesitation, consequent, no doubt, upon the uncertainty of actual candidates until the appear-

ance of the customary catalogue of nominators' representatives with their previous performances and claims to favour, the prophets drew the line at about nine or ten greyhounds, some of them excluding Mineral Water and Greentick from their calculations, but all going with more or less partiality for the redoubtable Clamor. Mr. Mayer, perhaps in deference to the pretty generally expressed opinion that Mineral Water had not shown that form and dash in the Netherby Cup that he did at Altcar, had wisely given his representative a long rest, and finally had had the dog wound up for his great effort this year in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, that favoured land of phenomena in the shape of horse, hound, and greyhound surprises. It was objected, too, that Mineral Water was past mark of mouth for a Waterloo Cup struggle, and, moreover, that his owner had not speculated a shilling on his chance. But such objections have frequently been raised before in deducing Waterloo Cup calculations, and they have been as frequently upset, to the confusion of "prophetical prognostications," and the downfall of the most minute and mathematical deductions as to probabilities. Clamor had an undeniable claim to the position he held up to the week before the meeting, and it was not likely that Mr. Crosse, with such a team to select from and such fine opportunities for trying their capabilities, could have made a mistake in his selection to represent him. In short, having been out in public competition on three occasions, Clamor boasted an unbeaten certificate, and before division of the stakes in his encounters he had defeated many good greyhounds. No wonder, then, that throughout the winter he had fairly shared with Mineral Water the fluctuation of first and second on the betting list. So decidedly had these two taken precedence of everything else in public estimation that we have given their claims this amount of conspicuous mention, and not only as showing that many of the wisecracks who provide their patrons with certain winners have as little wherefrom to draw their conclusions as have the public and patrons themselves, if they would be at the pains and would exercise the patience to acquaint themselves with the previous performances of greyhounds entered for competition at a coursing meeting.

But the probabilities were by no means restricted to these or any other limited number of animals, where mediocrity and want of anything of a particularly phenomenal kind was the general order of the day. Indeed there was no positively predicting from what division the winner might spring, and no knowing what nominator might not have a rod in pickle under there was no saying what cloud of uncertainty of reputation and doubtful pedigree; and it was quite upon the cards that the chance of any of the selected favourites might be bowled over by an outsider, whose name even had never been so much as mentioned among those who pin their faith upon such guarantees only. Necessarily this must be always more or less the case in such contests, even more so than in the kindred sport of horse-racing, but it was especially so in the case of the Waterloo Cup this year, and therefore it was, probably, that some of the

prognosticators furnished a more extensive list of favourites for their friends to select from, and allowed themselves a wider margin than usual, in the hope of encompassing the winner among the probabilities, if not so lucky as to include him in the actual pick of final selection. "Taking one with another," it may be said the list of favourites, after being drawn within decent compass, was reduced to five or six candidates, and these included Cocklaw Dean, Tonic, Clamor, Mineral Water, Ballymoney, and Madeline, all of whose public performances were carefully recapitulated in the leading sporting newspapers on the Saturday preceding the great event. There were others which, it must be admitted, looked very promising upon paper; and Tonic, who was to be the representative of Captain Ellis, who won the Cup in 1882 with Snowflight, was very much fancied from his performance at Gosforth, and would probably have been in still warmer request had his conformation been on a somewhat larger scale. False Standard, again, was another well-known performer of a high class, but from some unexplained reason did not carry many votes from the clever division. Having shared the Altcar Cup with Greentick ought, however, certainly to have given False Standard greater prominence. Happily, however, our duty is not in the direction of prophecy, but of general description, and in the discharge of that duty, an omission to chronicle the proceedings of the bookmakers would be a dereliction. We know the difficulty that must beset the path of the most astute of diviners; and, knowing what we know, we may express surprise at the admission of some candidates into the list of favourites, and the rejection of others, and especially at the fact of such a good greyhound as Ballymoney being treated preliminarily in so cavalierly a fashion. We are all wise after the event, of course; and of all grounds in the kingdom, the plains of Altcar are, perhaps, more than any other calculated to overthrow the predictions of the most infallible of soothsayers. Four Oaks Park appears to be a sort of Middle Park Plate for greyhounds, for it was there that Greentick first rose to distinction, and there also Ballymoney has more recently gained golden opinions by his defeat of Duchess of Avon.

It has been remarked that "preliminary betting on the Waterloo Cup is going out of fashion," and that is to be accounted for from the fact of there being such uncertainty about representation of owners and nominators that the bookmakers are afraid to throw out their lines until something actually reliable in that important matter is forthcoming. Anyhow, this reluctance to bet on the part of the bookmaking fraternity should by no means be a matter of regret; and danger to the permanent popularity of Altcar coursing is rather to be apprehended from the activity of these, than feared from any disinclination of their number to commence a too early fishing of the public waters. And for the greater convenience of that loafing and shifty fraternity, the "welshers," and that ruffianly crew who are not worthy of the qualified denomination of bookmakers, it was satisfactory to the point of shouting to find that more stringent measures than

ever had been adopted by the Committee to put a stop to the nefarious business transactions of those vociferous fishermen whose principal stock-in-trade is an umbrella and a stool. The running of the Lancashire and Yorkshire railway almost to North End has given an unwonted filip to the sport in the matter of convenience for getting without delay or unnecessary embarrassment to the scene of action. Former generations, of course, would open their eyes in wonder indeed could they witness this glorious improvement upon the old opportunities of transit to the coursing-ground, when an intending spectator, imagining his troubles to be over when he had reached Liverpool, found to his inconceivable dismay that, so insurmountable was the difficulty in getting a conveyance to Alcar, he had only, after all, accomplished the more comfortable part of his journey. Yet "the fun of the road" was enjoyable enough for anybody in health sufficient for its boisterousness; and who would not, upon such an occasion, sacrifice comfort to frolic?

Barring the weather—at one time so threatening that a postponement seemed inevitable—the meeting throughout was exceptionally pleasant and satisfactory, and the various courses were keenly enough contested, even if quality of competitor was scarcely on a par with that of many of the redoubtable champions of bygone days. The old Adelphi Draw Dinner was shorn of none of its enjoyable features; and with Mr. G. J. Alexander in the chair, and Lord Wodehouse and Mr. Brocklebank as managers of the draw—which turned out to be a remarkably even one—interest in the exciting struggles of the morrow was "piled high," and every anticipation formed of an unusually successful celebration. The National Coursing Club had not much difficulty, though there was considerable discussion in the matter of nominators for a meeting which had been postponed, and in that of the disposal of bets in a divided stake; and the sale of Lord Kilmorey's lot at Lucas's excited neither interest nor much competition. Already the contest for the Cup of this year has passed into history, and so many have been the accounts of it in the sporting, the daily, and even the provincial papers, that we are happily relieved from the uncongenial task of describing even prominent courses.

The meet at North End, though comparatively small at first, gradually swelled into its usual formidable dimensions as time wore on, and it became known that, in spite of snow and frost, business was progressing, and the doubt had the salutary effect of causing the absence of more than a few of the brazen-lunged. So far as sport was concerned, the Church House meadows produced some rattling hares; and, though the disappointments were many, the whole of the first day's coursing was excellent; and it is pleasant to say that a great number of the right sort were there to enjoy and to profit by it. The sensation, of course, was the signal overthrow of Mineral Water by the outsider Skittles; and after that the meeting of Greentick and Gay City was much watched, from the reputation and high credentials of the animals. They ran two undecideds, and

the former in addition had a spin all to himself, and was afterwards defeated, contrary to the opinion of a good many with opportunities of judging. This was most unfortunate for Mr. Gladstone and the runner-up of last year; while Gay City fell an easy prey to Petrarch in the second round. Mr. Dent, however, found balm in the fact that his famous pair, Bit of Fashion and Miss Glendyne, were standing well in, and had been going well. The crack Ballmoney, too, was much fancied, and looked all over like living to the end of the stake. Nothing, however, had gone better, or pleased the majority more throughout the day, than Clamor, who was already booked for the absolute winner.

Bit of Fashion's ignominious defeat of Coralline brought that animal into greater prominence; and Skittles' victory over Woman in Black gained her more favour than had her defeat of the favourite. Wingrave, after a previous gruelling, could make no fight against Miss Glendyne; and Bit of Fashion made short work of R. Halliday. Clamor of course started with immense odds against Skittles in these ties, but although, as in the trial with Mineral Water, the bitch was led by some lengths to the hare, the game doubled back, and she scored twice when, running with much more fire and determination, she gave and took the work, and finished with a grand kill. Ballymoney, although not so fast as Petrarch, stuck to his game when on terms, and won easily. Miss Glendyne won rather a lucky course with Clyde Wharf, which, however, was very unsatisfactory to the owner of the loser. There were interesting episodes in the day's sport in plenty beyond these, and trials too, which were more or less exciting, gratifying, or disappointing, according to opinion, nationality, or exchequer; but the salient points—if we omit as being *de rigueur* the salient or saltatory demonstrations of the many-headed over the dykes—of the coursing to this point of its progress, we think we have sufficiently chronicled in a magazine article. With the defeat of Clyde Wharf the fourth ties had been run through; and it is to be remarked that many trials were the merest spins, the quality of the hares being very much inferior generally to that of the clinkers that took the fire out of so many greyhounds on the opening day.

On Friday, the first course for the fourth ties came off quite late on the Withins, Bit of Fashion and Skittles going away from a beautiful slip, the former leading by three lengths; the hare doubling back, Bit of Fashion falling into the ditch, and Skittles running up and killing the hare, causing the cap to come off. Next time Bit of Fashion again led with great fire by two lengths, and scored twice more. Skittles hereupon put in some very close and clever work, but was worsted in the stretches. The hare ran through a gate and across a drain, into which Bit of Fashion fell, and Skittles had some running all to herself; but, coming again before Skittles killed, Bit of Fashion had done enough for the award. Miss Glendyne and Ballymoney then joined issue, the bitch leading to the turn by three lengths, when, the hare bending to the dog after crossing a drain, Ballymoney shot his bolt in the struggle to get up, Miss Glendyne

regaining her position, and, by superior speed and working powers, winning easily, and killing on the brink of a dyke. Messrs. Dent and Hibbert then agreed to divide; and it may be mentioned, as such a thing is unusual at Altcar, that twenty-six years have elapsed since a division has marked the decision of a Waterloo Cup—Mr. R. Jardine's Clive and his Selby not going to the slips in the final of 1859.

Bit of Fashion, a brindled bitch puppy, is by Paris—Pretty Nell, and, therefore, half-sister to Miss Glendyne. She commenced her career by winning a sapling stake at High Gosforth at the end of March, beating Susannah and Still There; and on the same ground in September won two courses in the Gosforth Oaks, and was then drawn in favour of Fair Fugitive after an undecided. In the St. Leger, at Haydock, in the following month, she won three courses, beating Keldolagh Maid, Vapour, and Arrow in the Air, and was then drawn in favour of View Holloa, an own brother. In the Newmarket Champion Stakes she earned her first winning bracket, dividing the Champion Stakes with Viking, beating Chatterbox, Zero, Radical, and Cormeille, and running a bye in the third ties through her kennel companion, Harnham, being drawn in her favour. At the Gosforth Christmas Meeting she divided the Plessy Stakes (thirty-two runners) with Lance Macpherson, beating Hexham Lass, Nanny Blake, Hospitality, and British Ensign, and she thus won thirteen courses without a defeat before she fulfilled her Waterloo engagement.

Miss Glendyne is a light brindled bitch puppy by Paris—Lady, and has recently been purchased by Mr. Charles Hibbert, of Nottingham, from Mr. E. Dent. She is strikingly handsome, and is a flier in regard to speed, and a rare performer behind the hare. She has only made one public appearance before filling Mr. Hinks's Waterloo nomination, but was entered for the New Year Stakes at Haydock and drawn, owing to the hard state of the ground, and was named Mr. Hibbert's nomination in the postponed Kempton Great Champion Stakes. At High Gosforth, in November last, she divided the St. Leger with Mr. Gladstone's puppy Fisherman, and beat, on the way to the end, Secret Assassin, Whitely Park, Quibble, January Blast, and Charles Bradlaugh.

Few further remarks are necessary, but we must not omit to mention that both Mr. Hedley and Wilkinson discharged their responsibilities with all their accustomed efficiency. We have read a good deal lately of the increasing popularity of enclosed coursing, and of the propagation of the opinion that "coursing is coming south." The plea for the new fashion, however, fails to commend itself on the ground upon which it is advanced—luxury and ability to see the sport from a stand or an easy chair; and whatever may be its fate in another generation, we feel sure that the Earl of Sefton's meeting will not yet awhile stain its flag by comparison with the coursing-made-easy system.

SIRIUS.

GAGS AND MARTINGALES.

IN a recent article I endeavoured to give my readers a few hints, derived from the experience of nearly half a century amongst horses of all classes, as to the most successful methods of biting so as to bring horse and rider at one with each other, and induce that mutual harmony and concert of action which makes riding a real enjoyment to one party in the concern and, as far as I can see, almost a labour of love on that of the other. There are, however, mechanical appliances, other than the actual bit used, which, when applied with care and judgment, often tend to simplify matters and bring about the desired effect more speedily than could be accomplished by the absolute bit in the horse's mouth without their aid and assistance. Many will perhaps be surprised at my classing gags and martingales together, but I do it for the simple reason that both one and the other tend to keep the horse's head in the desired position, by means which are nearly identical, but applied in opposite ways. The gag prevents the horse getting his head down, the martingale getting it up. It would perhaps be difficult to say which has come in for the most ridicule and abuse, and yet both are very useful in their way. As there are several arrangements for martingales, and only one kind for gags, I propose to dispose of the latter first, and when we have discussed the use of that I will turn to the martingales. As I said in my former article, that were all horses properly broken there would be no need for sharp bits, now I repeat that under the same conditions gags would very seldom indeed be needed, although I am not prepared to say that there are not horses, and very useful too, who decidedly would not under any circumstances go so pleasantly without a gag as with one. I suppose all my readers are aware that a gag is simply a bit more or less sharp, according to the fancy of the user, that is acted on by a running rein which comes from the head-piece of the bridle—in fact, a pulley. When the horse carries his head in the right position this bit lies on the tongue in the way of an ordinary snaffle, but when the rein is pulled this is forced upwards to the horse's lip. Let him go with head low, and it acts not only by drawing up the lips but on the bars of the mouth as well, and very soon causes (in most instances) the head to be carried in the proper position. I say, in most instances, because I had a case in my own stable where it failed. I bought what I called a little hunter, but most people would have termed a cob, as he did not stand more than fourteen three, although he had all the length and power of a large horse, with a great reputation for cleverness and goodness, and an equally great one for unpleasant manners, so much so indeed as to nearly amount to bad temper. He had won three or four steeple-chases, and with ten or eleven stone on his back could go up to any hounds in England—in fact did it with some of the most noted. One of his peculiarities, when I got him, was that he would, when he thought proper, gallop with his nose almost sweeping the ground,

after the manner of the portraits of Eclipse. This, when you are crossing a Leicestershire grass ground (studded over with old ant-hills thick as plums in a cake) down-hill is not pleasant, and adds neither to the enjoyment of the chase, or sense of security in pursuing it. Luckily I had the saddle-room of a very large and well-known dealer at my disposal, and so could try any kind of bridle I fancied, and a pretty good range I took in that way, all to no purpose. Well, I thought we must come to a gag, a thing I wished to avoid, on account of his curious temper, if possible. I did so, but with not the slightest effect, except making him more awkward to ride than ever. Patience and perseverance however found the remedy at last, and it came in the shape of Major Dwyer's bit. As soon as he had that on he carried his head as pleasantly as possible—another instance of the key being found. In my last paper I spoke of the old mare who could go to sleep on a gag; these are the only two instances in which I ever knew it fail. This is often used with an ordinary snaffle, and a very capital bridle it makes for horses who are irritable in a curb, or if their mouths are particularly light. On a heavy-mouthed horse, and especially a slug, I like a combined gag and curb, although I must admit I would not recommend that arrangement to those gentlemen who look to their horses' mouths for a secure seat. My reason for preferring a gag to an ordinary snaffle on dead-mouthed horses is this: the snaffle rests nearly always on one place in the mouth, but the gag, the moment the rein is tightened, takes a fresh bearing, which has not become accustomed to the presence of the bit; as soon as it is slackened it drops into the position of the ordinary snaffle again, and by this means keeps the horse's mouth alive. Assheton Smith, in his Leicestershire days, rode all his horses in a snaffle and gag, "because," he said, "it was either the easiest bit or the most severe as you chose to make it."

I will now give an instance in illustration of my theory that there are some horses which would go better in a gag than without one, simply on account of their formation. Many years ago a good season and open weather had brought my stud, always, unfortunately, rather small for my requirements, to the lowest ebb as regards present utility. Hounds continued to meet and have runs, but, alas! I had not horses to go with them—when I cast my longing eyes on an oldish horse I had bought and used for harness. He was well-bred for certain, and not so very badly made; more upright in the shoulders and forelegs than I could have desired in a hunter, but there was a chance that he would gallop, and at least a hope that he might jump, so one fine morning out we sallied together. The hounds ran, and he went after them, in a fashion; to do him justice he was very game and by no means slow, but the form he went in—ye gods! it was like being driven down stairs in a wheelbarrow. Still I found that by pulling him sharply together and driving him into his bridle he wonderfully improved, so I determined to try the effect of the gag on him. This I found at once made him bend his neck and bring his hind legs under him, thus so altering his action that ere long he

became a really pleasant horse to ride, and a clever hunter, for he could jump well. In fact, so nice was he that my wife constantly rode him; and I, by the simple means of fitting him properly with a bridle, transformed what was only a harness horse into a very fair hunter that carried me well and pleasantly for two or three years. I afterwards, to make sure, tried him again in an ordinary double bridle, when he went as badly as ever; and I don't think many men would have ridden him a mile to have him.

Having now had my say about gags, let me turn to the other side of the question and speak of martingales. Against these the prejudice is even stronger than against gags, and at one time it was even held that no horse could be ridden to hounds in a martingale. There are, I believe, men alive now who can remember hearing such theories propounded, and defended as well. Of these there are two sorts—the standing and running, and they may again be subdivided into the rearing bit, or, as I think it should be termed, the anti-rearing bit, the headstall martingale, and the martingale which is buckled to the bit; while on the other side we have the running-reins, of which there are three varieties; Seager's martingale, comparatively speaking a new invention and but little known as a rule in this country, and the ordinary or racing martingale. We will dismiss the rearing-bit first, which is the most powerful kind of martingale known. This consists of a ring of iron in the shape of a heart, and is put on with a head-stall fitted into the bridle, while from the lower end of it a stout strap passes through the ordinary neck-strap and is fastened to the girths. The wide part of this bit goes into the mouth, the narrow or lower part under the jaw, and in the ordinary way it rests on the bars of the mouth between the tusks and the riding-bit, without interfering with the horse at all so long as he is quiet; but let him try to rear or throw his head about and he gets such a rap on the bars of the mouth as convinces him that he has made a mistake. You can, of course, vary the amount of liberty you give your horse in this according to his temper, and bring his nose to the ordinary level, or as much below it as needful. As these, however, are seldom used except amongst racehorses, colts, or where people buy queer-tempered ones to reclaim them, we need say little about it here, although they may be used to advantage on a lady's horse in Rotten Row or a place like that, if you have a suspicion that he is a little above himself and likely to take liberties from sheer playfulness. Harry Hicover, who has written more sensibly about horses than most people, says: "The great merit of this bit with a plunger or rearer is, that it makes him practically feel that whenever he attempts to do wrong he hurts himself; and he also finds he is so completely baffled in every attempt at violence, that he gives it up, or, in recent slang, *cuts it*." Next to this is the martingale, which buckles to the rings of the snaffle, the straps running into one after a short distance and going to the girth the same as in the rearing-bit. This arrangement has, as far as I can see, every disadvantage you could

find in the rearing-bit, with not one single compensating advantage, so may be dismissed at once. The headstall martingale comes next, and is certainly less severe than either of the foregoing, and, as a natural consequence, not so efficacious. I do not dislike them so much as many, because they prevent a horse throwing his head about, and at the same time do not interfere with the action of the bit on the mouth, and, provided they are put on long enough, are very well for summer riding on horses that are not violent—in fact only just want their heads steadied, as some do when flies are troublesome or anything of that sort, and the person who has to ride could not be trusted with an ordinary martingale, or has on a bit not suitable to use one with.

Next we come to the running-reins, which are seldom used except on young horses and by professionals, or those who make a practice of riding young horses. These are used in three ways : first (No. 1) fastened to the stirrup leather buckles, or D's, placed purposely in the saddle, crossed over the horse's withers, passed through the rings of the snaffle, and back to the rider's hand, like an ordinary rein. This is very efficacious for a horse that pulls with his head low. Second (No. 2), the same reins fastened somewhat low down on the saddle-flap or girth, and used as before, without being carried over the withers. These are used with horses that get their head slightly up. The third (No. 3) goes from the girths through the neck-strap, and divides like an ordinary martingale, but, instead of ending in rings, runs through the snaffle-rings, and so into the hand like an ordinary rein. These are for rearers, stargazers, and very violent horses who depend on getting their heads up to defeat their riders. Neither one nor the other of these are of course ever used alone, but in conjunction with another riding-rein, and very efficacious they are when applied with judgment and used to teach the horse lessons of subjection before he can be trusted in ordinary bridles. Neither are they the kind of tackle in which the merely ordinary horseman will be likely to indulge ; nor, for my part, should I advise him to trust himself on such horses as are likely to require them, but leave them in professional, or at any rate abler hands, until they have become amenable to the bridles more generally in use. Still their utility cannot be denied, and to the man who wants either to ride unmade horses, or mount himself at little expense, they are invaluable in bringing into subjection queer-tempered or rash horses, where sharp bits put into their mouths would perhaps only serve to render them frantic. With a good large single-reined, plain snaffle as the riding bridle, a chain snaffle used with it as a *dernier ressort*, and whichever form of running-rein the particular case may require used on that without another rein, I believe there are very few horses living that a good resolute horseman could not subdue, and, moreover, put in a little time pretty well where he liked. The best of them is also that a man does not require such delicate hands with these as with severe bits in the mouth, and, provided he only has sense enough not to pull the wrong rein, and only use the running

one when needed, he never need come to much harm. I once heard a professional horsewoman, who hunted in Essex, say that she preferred running-reins to any other sort of tackle on a rough young one; and that is a country that needs a horse pretty quick to answer hand and bit, as far as my experience goes. Of course, when either one form or the other is used with a curb, and as the snaffle rein, you require the most delicate handling, and, moreover, a very firm seat into the bargain, or serious misunderstandings will probably occur, not to say broken bones into the bargain. I once saw a lady who could cross a country better than most men, in the biggest and strongest parts of "the Shires," ride a horse in a *gag snaffle and curb, with running-reins from the girths through the curb-rings*, instead of a fixed rein. This I certainly thought was out-Heroding Herod with a vengeance, for nothing but the most undeniable nerve, the finest hands and firmest seat in the saddle, could have allowed him liberty enough to gallop and jump in it; yet she conducted a horse so accoutred across a stiff grass country calmly and smoothly as many people could canter up Rotten Row in an ordinary bridle, always well with hounds and always on his legs, which was more than could be said for a great many of those who went with him. I heard her once asked if she thought that kind of bridle would be likely to suit other people. Her answer was laconic: "One man tried it not long ago, and he fell into the first fence he came to."

Seager's martingale is nearly allied to these, and yet differs in the fact that, although it answers almost the same purposes, it can be used with a double-reined bridle. It is very simple—a strap with a ring at the back is buckled to the snaffle rings behind the horse's chin, a long rein is then buckled to the D of the saddle or stirrup buckle, passed through a large ring on a single strap, which takes the place of an ordinary racing martingale (or it may be passed through both rings of that together, when it answers the same purpose); then through the ring of the strap attached to the bridoon, and back through the martingale ring once more into the right hand, in which it can be used with the ordinary reins, or, if there is a loop at the end, passed over the wrist when not wanted. This, it will be seen, makes a powerful draw-rein and martingale at the same time, and, moreover, has the advantage that it can be let so slack as not to interfere at all with the ordinary bridles, at the pleasure of the rider. In most hands it would be safer than ordinary running-reins used in conjunction with a curb; but a man who has used both for hunting purposes tells me he prefers the running-reins, as acting quicker, more directly, and being less cumbersome. But then he can ride independent of his bridle. This is, I take it, more for the use of professionals than ordinary horsemen, but is a useful adjunct where much colt-breaking is done.

We now come to the last and certainly the most useful martingale of all to ordinary people and with ordinary horses—the common racing martingale from the girth to the reins, which are passed through rings on a divided strap at that end of it. This is used either

with a snaffle, a double snaffle, or double bridle, and there has been much debate in the latter case as to whether it should be used on the curb or snaffle-rein, while many men would tell you that in hunting it should not be used at all. As regards that, I can only say, that if I had a limp-necked horse, somewhat given to stargazing, but good in other respects, I should clap a martingale on him without the slightest compunction, and should expect it to convert an unpleasant mount into a fairly comfortable one; as to whether I should put it on the bridoon or the curb would entirely depend on the class of mouth I had to deal with. Looking at it mechanically, I think it most powerful on the snaffle, because its use keeps the head in such a place that the bit must act on the bars of the mouth, and at the same time put it in such a position that the full effect of the curb would be felt also. The curb is a lever, and would, in my opinion, act more severely without any interference between the hand and the bit; in other words, the straighter the line of communication from one to the other the stronger the action would be, whereas a martingale would interfere with that direct communication, and, in my opinion, lessen the pressure. On a very violent horse I should put the martingale on the snaffle-rein, and thus, I think, get the maximum of power from both bits. Of course, a nice light-mouthed horse, who is *only* inclined, perhaps, to throw his head about a little on just feeling the curb, does not want this, but simply a hint that he had better keep it in the right place; this hint the martingale on the curb-rein will give, and a good-mannered horse will take it as readily as a married man does one from his better half, that her wishes should take precedence of his own. In this way I can understand the reasoning of hundreds of better horsemen than I am, that you should ride with your martingale on the curb. Whyte-Melville, amongst them, also advances as his reason—and a sound one it is, as far as it goes—that you should have all “your means of coercion on one rein,” and leave the other for general purposes. Whichever rein it is on, the martingale should only be just short enough to bring the horse’s head into the position in which *you can command his mouth*, then your own hands should get it where you want it. Harry Hieover, speaking of martingales, says: “I have not only tried them, but constantly used them on every horse I ever rode that in the slightest degree wanted one, and I have universally found it to be the case, that, whenever he does want a martingale, he will be made to rise better at his fences with one than without one.” This is exactly my own experience; but I have yet proof that a horse may be improved by the use of a martingale, as I have already shown one to have been by the use of a gag. I was once talking to Mr. Darby about a celebrated steeplechase horse, in my younger days, called The British Yeoman. Mr. Darby bought him in the first place, at a little money, and has often told me he was such a queer-looking customer, that the better judge a man was the less likely would he have been to buy him, *unless he had seen him go*. In fact, he was a wonder through dirt, but a loose-necked some-

what cross-grown animal ; and Mr. Darby assured me that he was quite a *two-stone better horse over four miles of country* with a martingale than without one. Herring painted him in a snaffle, with two reins and a martingale, so I suppose in that bridle Jem Mason rode him ; and in all the portraits, save one, I have ever seen of the celebrated Lottery he had him bridled in the same manner.

N.

A PLEA FOR THE DEER-CART.

Few sports in England are more ridiculed and derided than stag-hunting, as conducted elsewhere than amongst the wild heaths and hills of Devon and Somerset, and at the same time I fancy few are more ardently followed. Of course I do not intend to say that the same number of men follow stag-hounds day after day as go out to pursue the fox, or for that matter even the hare ; but there is seldom a meet of stag-hounds of any note at which a large field does not come together, and I think there are few riding men to be found amongst us who do not a few times during the season, when the opportunity offers, indulge in a day's stag-hunting, ay, and what is more, enjoy it also. We know that it is wanting in some, perhaps many, of the elements of sport that fox-hunting possesses, but, on the other hand, it has many compensating advantages ; and, as events appear to be tending, it is by no means clear to me that before many generations are past it will not have to become *the* sport of the country—that is always supposing we continue to hunt at all. My reason for thinking thus is, first, the spirit of the age in which we live. We like our sport as well as ever, but will take no trouble in seeking it ; everything must be cut and dried for us. Already there are signs that coursers will not tramp over the Altcar meadows when they can witness their favourite sport at the enclosed meetings comfortably seated in a stand. We have long known that shooters, so far from going to seek their game, prefer that the game should be driven to them ; and I think it very probable that we shall soon bargain for a certain find before we don our war-paint for the chase, even if we cannot ensure a certain run. But outside this luxurious spirit of the age, if I may so term it, it appears to me that the orders of things are so changing in the country generally as to bring the deer-cart to the front. It is very certain that we cannot have fox-hunting without foxes, and their preservation, except in those countries where a large annual rent is paid for the coverts, becomes every day more difficult, and the foxes worse, when you find them.

Forty years ago there was comparatively speaking very little game-preserving ; there were large tracts of woodlands in the provincial countries where the master of fox-hounds was sure of having cubs bred, and could commence to rattle them about as early as he liked without fear of the game being driven off into

some neighbour's manor, of which there was little chance, as, save a few wild pheasants and hares, with a sprinkling of rabbits, the foxes had the place pretty much to themselves.

Scarce as game was then, there was no need to keep the place quiet until a big shoot had come off, as is the case in the present day, and the masters received no intimations that coverts should not be drawn until they had been shot. Of course this is a great drawback to sport in rural districts now, and in consequence of it numbers of men are driven from thence into those countries where—as the coverts are the property of the hunt as tenants—hunting can go on without let or hindrance at all proper times. Hence comes the complaint of big fields and damage done to the farmers in those localities, which promises to interfere with sport in another way. As regards harriers, pretty much the same sort of thing obtains; where hares are strictly preserved, harriers are not wanted, and indeed would be of very little use; where that is not the case, under the new Ground Game Act they have been swept from the face of the earth, and you may draw all the day long without finding a hare. Stag-hunting here has a very distinct advantage, because to enjoy that sport preserving is quite unnecessary. You have only to buy a sufficient number of deer, get leave to turn them out from the farmers, and there you are; game and country are certain, and, if a good selection of deer is made and matters managed properly, I may almost add a run also. Neither is it difficult, at any rate, so difficult as many would imagine, to obtain the consent of the farmers for stag-hounds to go over their land, because, as they say, it is the rule for deer-hounds to go straight away, and, once over the land, they are done for the day; whereas hare-hounds are certain to come round again and again, and fox-hounds very likely to. This is strictly true, because with all wild animals it is a notorious fact that where one has run others will run also—we see it constantly, even with deer in their wild state in Devonshire. Hence, supposing a fox found in a covert goes straight away and is killed, another fox found later in the day in that or a neighbouring covert is very likely to take the same line also. Besides this you have to reckon with those ringing gentlemen who, I am sorry to say, abound to a much greater extent than the straight-necked ones, and have no more idea or intention of going far from home than a hare herself would have. Now in either of these cases get a field of three hundred out—and it is no very unusual number in the present day—and what a non-hunting farmer's idea must be is easily conceived. In the first case, he gets the equivalent of six hundred horses across his place; in the latter probably nine or twelve hundred, according to how many turns the fox chooses to make before being lost or eaten. Can we wonder then that he should prefer the stag-hounds, or that those who hunt on theirs should prefer them also when coverts are either closed against entrance or foxes not to be found? There is another item in the calculation, and that no small one where men hunt from town or have to go long distances, and that is the much

later hour at which stag-hounds can afford to commence. They are certain that no long draw awaits them, and that at any rate within half an hour of the stated time operations will have commenced and their gallops be begun, and this to professional and business men is no small boon. To them time is money, and every minute they can economise is of value. With deer-hounds a man of energy can see to his letters, dictate replies, and do a good amount of business before his day's sport begins, but with fox-hounds or harriers it is altogether another matter, and, unless in very favoured districts, an early commencement must be made, or darkness may overtake them in the short winter days, and so cut short what otherwise may perchance have proved to be a good run.

Of course as sport, taken in its best sense—that is the pursuit of a wild animal in its natural state by hounds—stag-hunting cannot hold a candle to either fox or hare-hunting; but then comes the question in the present day, do you hunt wild foxes and enjoy the sport you think you do in its integrity? I fear but too often the answer must be that we do not.

We hunt a fox found in a wood, it is true, and presumed to be a wild one; but who can say how long he has occupied the quarters in which he was found, or how much he knows of the country over which he is expected to run? No doubt there are people very well informed on both points, but they are not very likely to enlighten us thereon, or I am much mistaken. Mind, I blame no one especially for this. It is the fault of the age and system under which we live. In fact sport has slipped out of the hands of sportsmen, in a great measure, and is subject to the whims and caprice of those who really know nothing about it. Keepers can, we know, have foxes and pheasants both, and will do so, when the owner of the covert is a strong-minded man who will be master as well as owner, and moreover knows what he is about. A certain number of pheasants, hares, and rabbits do go—there is no ignoring or denying the fact, but such a man knows that, as well as his keepers do; he also knows when he has an adequate stock of foxes, young and old, to account for the deficiency in the game-list, and makes allowance for it, as he would for a bad breeding season; but the misfortune is that such an amount of shooting now falls into the hands of men who really know nothing and care less about these matters. Probably they are not very keen in the matter of foxes themselves, and as long as one is found in their coverts occasionally are content, and think that they have done their duty by their neighbours and the fox-hunting public in general. But—and there is a great deal in the “but” on these occasions—they are very keen about a big bag when their coverts are shot, and will probably be down on Mr. Velveten if the numbers killed are below what they expect. No allowance is made on account of foxes, very little for bad seasons; thus the poor keeper is placed on the horns of a dilemma—game he must find, foxes he is expected to. Can we wonder so very much if he solves the difficulty (remember, perhaps his place depends on

it) by going to the Edgware Road or elsewhere, and so making sure that there shall be a find in the coverts under his care, and that the same find shall in nowise jeopardise the safety of his pheasants. There is also another way of killing off the old foxes and feeding the cubs in the earth; in which case appearances are somewhat better maintained, but, really, as far as real wild sport is concerned, the result is nearly identical. These premises being granted—and I fear few will deny that they are right in a great many instances—can we say that, when we go fox-hunting, we hunt an animal that was bred wild, has lived wild, and has all the knowledge and experience gained from infancy—or cubhood, if you like it better—upwards on which to depend for safety, and wherewith to defeat the huntsman and his pack? If you have not this, you have not fox-hunting, but a delusion and a snare. Now then, we will come to the root of the matter.

Is it better to go fox-hunting, knowing as we do, only too often, that, as far as wild foxes are concerned, it really is humbug and a sham three days out of four, or to depend openly on the deer-cart for our gallop, and so be free of covert-owners or renters and their keepers?

In this I do not speak of those places where the fox is allowed to hold the coverts as owner, but of others where a sort of half-hearted permission to draw them is accorded. Few will contend, I opine, that, *turned out*, a deer will show double the sport of any other animal known. The fox has, I believe, been tried by Mr. Templar in Devonshire, and Lord Lonsdale near Tring, with fairly good results, but as a rule bagmen are a delusion and a snare. Given this, had we not better hunt the deer openly than the bagman, as we so often do, under the pretence of its being a wild one? Besides, we take our deer and keep him for another day; whereas we kill the supposed wild fox, and the hounds eat him afterwards, *if they can be persuaded to*. When once you are fairly under weigh, you may see quite as beautiful hound-work in stag-hunting as anywhere else. Indeed I could name one pack now where, although as a rule they go fast enough for most people, hunting is the rule and racing the exception, and I would back their owner and huntsman to know as much of woodcraft and real hunting as any man in England; and very beautiful it is to see his pack work out the line of their deer across a country which carries by no means too good a scent. For the true beauty of stag-hunting, I agree with that good sportsman Mr. Alfred Dyson, one of the best horsemen who ever crossed a saddle, though many of those now hunting will, I dare say, scarcely have heard that such a person was ever in existence. He was a great stag-hunter, and has told me he liked to turn out his deer in a woodland country, because you could not see where he had gone, and had to depend on your hounds and stick to them. I certainly believe that a deer turned out amongst woods, where he can quickly hide himself, and thus avoid being ridden and hustled at the start, as he invariably is in open country (they cannot avoid it

even in the Vale of Aylesbury with Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild's hounds), will show more sport than one turned out under other circumstances. I shall be told that he very often neglects the law that is allowed in this case, and suffers the pack to come up with him. I admit the fact; it is so; but is that altogether a disadvantage? A deer kept in proper seclusion has a great deal of his wild nature clinging to him still, and ten minutes passed in covert, free from human eye, wonderfully reassures him, and puts him on the alert as to outwitting his pursuers, at any rate much more so than being ridden after by a yeoman pricker, or hustled by a yelling mob. I have seen them, under these circumstances, run the coverts as cunningly as a fox, and then, when the time comes, go out with a crash that makes one's heart leap again; and some deer (for there is a great difference in them) will when thus found, if I may so term it, display a great deal of the instinct and character of the real wild ones. Of course, by rattling them off at once, you in a great measure do away with this, and have a race or steeplechase rather than a hunt. But give your deer time, and the result will probably be as I say. The worst of it is, in this case, if he is a good deer, it takes such a confoundedly long time to catch him. Sir Richard Sutton was wont to say, in extenuation of a forward cast, made perchance before the orthodox moment of the old school (they don't look much after these things now), "A fox is a very quick animal, gentlemen, and if you do not make haste after him at some period of the day, it is probable that you will not catch him." The same holds good with a deer; and if you do not press him at first, he will run on and on until, on a moderate scenting day, hounds and horses are fain to lie down and leave him out.

My idea of sport is, that the gallop is enjoyable just as long as man and horse (the latter especially) can go through it without any great amount of distress—forty minutes or an hour will, unless I am very much mistaken, be about the limit at which pleasure ends, according to the pace you have gone; and to about that period I think the chase of the deer should if possible be brought. All trainers tell you that distance, in a great measure, depends on pace, as the pugilist said the fighting powers depended on weight. A comparative glutton may be found out in a true-run race of a mile, if he has a weak point, and a half-miler win over the Beacon course if they only race from the Red Post in. Few men, I think, really enjoy a long trail over a country which extends for thirty miles, and takes three hours to accomplish. When labour begins, pleasure ceases; and, however much men may like to see their names in print as being at the finish of such a run, vanity apart, I am sure they would much sooner have had their feet under the dinner-table hours before. Neither is the butcher's bill a pleasant subject after a run, any more than after a battle, and a vacant stall is a poor remuneration for having seen the end of a thirty miles' chase. That either deer, hounds, or horses could gallop these long distances *at any pace* is an absurd notion. You may be very certain how far a *good*

horse, in condition, can carry a hunting weight at a merry pace, from daily demonstration; and you may be also sure that when he begins "to crack" the deer has had nearly enough, and that all the hounds are not running to head. Then as soon as possible the deer should be taken. I this season discussed a very long run, with a certain pack of staghounds, with a man intimately connected with another pack more noted for the dash than duration of their runs. His remark was: "You call it a good run, I call it a good walk;" and his observation was perfectly just.

Many years ago now, I took part in a capital hunting run over the Weald of Sussex, in which, without vanity, as I was on a friend's horse, I think I may say that I went fairly well. Of course, as a youngster, I was much elated with the performance, as the Weald is not a country to be trifled with, and in the evening related it with much unction to an old sportsman. He, with a patience which I now see was commendable in the extreme, heard my tale through.

"You found at so and so?"—"Yes."

"Killed at so and so?"—"Yes."

"How long were you doing it?"

"Oh, it was a capital run!—two hours and a half."

"Then you may take my word for it, young gentleman, you went no pace."

Of course, at the time, I thought he was wrong, but experience has told me that he knew better than I did.

On this I could hang another plea for the deer-cart. You know fairly well the powers of the deer you turn out; you know, or ought to know, the pace of your hounds; as a sportsman, you should give a shrewd guess as to the scent you are likely to have. Base your calculations on these, and, instead of any stipulated time for law, act accordingly, so as to take your deer within reasonable time and distance. There will always be accidents enough to make the run longer than you think for, but do not let it, if it can possibly be helped, drag its slow length along until dead horses mark the route, and call it pleasant. No chase is so under the command of man as stag-hunting; no chase can be enjoyed which clashes with so few interests; and, if I am any prophet, no chase is destined to so much popularity in the future, as long as men will ride (whether they like it or not), and hence I would urge on all to render it still more popular, by keeping it within due compass. "A—— wants me to have a day with him," said an enthusiastic old fox-hunter to me once; "and if he would halve his runs I should like it, but thirty miles at a stretch goes beyond pleasure." I think he was right. Could not a Weatherby, Dorling, or Frail take the deer in hand, and so handicap them by feeding that they should just get a reasonable length and no further? Joking aside, however, it is provoking to find your first deer run just short of the distance which would have been considered *enough*, and then to turn out another, that on reasonable calculation you should take in half an hour, according to his previous performances, and then, when he

comes to hand, at the end of two hours and a half, find yourself thirty miles from home.

Perhaps I have run wide of the line; my object was a plea for the deer-cart, as being the style of chase which, as hunting goes now, gave the greatest enjoyment to the many, and clashed with the fewest interests in so doing. For this cause I think it merits a higher place amongst our sports than is often accorded it.

N.

"OUR VAN."

THE INVOICE: Between the Flags—In the Vale—Grass and Plough.

THE records of February are clouded with sadness and misfortune. Its early days brought to us, lulled in the lap of fancied security, news as disastrous as anything that has disturbed the country since the startling intelligence of the Indian Mutiny. The fall of Khartoum and death of Gordon was, at first, a stupefying blow. Nothing more unexpected could possibly have happened. We were picturing to ourselves the first meeting of the General with Wilson and Beresford. The telegraph might at any moment tell us that Khartoum was reached, and the deliverance of the heroic soldier who had so long been its defender only a matter for his choice. When, then, on the morning of the 5th the hoarse shouting of the newspaper men with the "Fall of Khartoum" struck on our astonished ears in City and West End thoroughfares, there was a feeling of incredulity, to be succeeded, when the truth could not be gainsaid, by something akin to stupefaction. That brilliant little force—the flower, it is not too much to say, of our army—that had left England, so it was the pleasure of some people to think, merely for a "promenade" in the desert, had, after the fiercely-fought battles, in which some of our best and bravest fell, arrived almost at the goal to find that blood and treasure had been spilt in vain. How galling this was to bear, we at home knew—how doubly galling to those out there who had borne the brunt and burden of a long day, we can imagine. But we must not dwell longer on a theme that perhaps some of our readers may deem unsuited to these columns. Its gravity must be our excuse.

Let us, however, look for a brighter page in the record. There was a fair gathering at Kempton in the beginning of the month, two days of steeplechasing and hurdle-jumping, of no very great merit, but still showing an improvement on former efforts there and elsewhere. Steeplechasing is not quite dead, though some people have been inclined to sing its requiem; neither is it very much alive. We want some of the good cross-country horses of the last quarter of a century, and perhaps they will turn up again some day, but they are a long time coming. There were one or two good races at Kempton, and the finish between Idea and Gerona in the Hurdle Handicap was a treat to see. Some people thought that Mr. W. Moore held Gerona a little too cheaply, but we do not think that gentleman is liable to make a mistake of that sort. It was a true-run race, and the weight told on Idea in the last stride or two. The first day backers did pretty well, but on the second the results were not according to knowledge. Some of the steeplechase horses jumped very badly, and, indeed, the fencing was not of a high class. One or two Liverpool candidates ran, but, though they

won, they found themselves at a lower price for the cross-country Derby than they were before the race—at least this was the case with the *Eleanora* horse. We think, however, the layers overshot the mark there. He was very far from fit, and we shall expect to see him perform differently later on; not that we think he can win over *Aintree*. There was a ding-dong race in a Selling Hurdle Race between *Tyndrum* and *Mount Pleasant*, won by the former, and as Mr. T. Stevens, jun., also ran third with *Brown George*, there ensued a knotty question when the claims were made. Mr. Stevens, as far as we could make out, claimed *Mount Pleasant* with *Brown George*, and the latter with *Mount Pleasant*, Mr. Hunt, who ran *Richard Savage* in the race, putting in a claim to one of them. The matter was referred to the stewards present, and they adopted, perhaps, the wisest course in following the literal reading of the rule, "No person can claim more than one horse," so Mr. Stevens had to be content with *Brown George*, and left *Mount Pleasant* to Mr. Hunt. There was a good deal of *pro* and *con* about the stewards' decision, and Mr. Stevens posed as an aggrieved man, but we think the stewards were right. There a good race, also, for another hurdle race, in which Mr. Leopold Rothschild showed us a clever jumper in *Sinbad*, a *Sir Bevy's* colt, who, after a rattling set-to, defeated *Carronald* by a neck, the latter, by the way, a smart horse we think, who will do his owner a good turn yet. *Hesper* in this race was in front at the stand, where he broke down, and we should hope the veteran has earned by this time a well-merited rest. Altogether the sport was good, and, though we should have liked to see some more people in the club enclosure than there were, the outside public was largely represented.

Circumstances had not permitted us to be at *Kempton* for the last two or three meetings, and we were therefore much struck with the alterations and many improvements the Directors of the Company have lately made there. In the first place there is, or will be by next meeting, a covered way leading from the members' platform to the garden at the rear of the club stand. In the summer time this broad path will be bordered by roses, heliotropes and geraniums, a sweet-smelling introduction to the good things in the new and spacious luncheon-pavilion just completed, and other "good things" to be partaken of, we trust, between the rails. The Directors have expended money liberally, and we certainly think judiciously, for liberality is judicious. The boon to ladies—and, indeed, to men—to walk dry-shod from the train to the stand will be great; and if the Directors, in addition, induce the S.W.R. people to cover in the members' platform, *Kempton* will be well-nigh perfect. By the way, if the Directors *do* get this out of the S.W., they ought to have individually a medal. We have tried to get many things out of the S.W.: quick trains, *i.e.*, something over fifteen miles an hour; few stoppages; reasonable *Ascot* fares, &c., &c., but have never succeeded. If the *Kempton* Directors get that covered platform done, we shall certainly propose that a testimonial be got up for them. Perhaps, however, the dividends that we hope *Kempton* shareholders will receive may be their best testimonial. There is no occasion to compare the two clubs, *Sandown* and *Kempton*, together, and to praise one at the expense of the other. They are amicable rivals, both making strenuous bids for public patronage; and really, now that *Kempton* has settled down and got well into its harness, it would puzzle us which to give the preference to. They are both pleasant places whereat—given the right people, a good luncheon, and one or two winners—that great desideratum, "a happy day," may be spent. If *Sandown* has something that *Kempton* has not, *Kempton*, on the other hand, is happy in

the possession of a desirable quality denied to its elder sister. Both ought to receive the gratitude of Londoners, for they have brought racing home to Piccadilly and Pall Mall, to Bloomsbury and Upper Clapton, to Whitechapel and Bethnal Green. Metropolitan racing, with the exception of Croydon, was only comparatively lately a by-word and a reproach. What Sandown and Kempton have done—how they rescued gate-money meetings from the opprobrium and scandal that hung around them, and how they showed us what can be effected by liberal outlay and good management—we all know. There must be always a pioneer in the discovery of a new track, and to Sandown belongs that honour. Like other pioneers, it had [to encounter prejudice and contend with disaster, from within and without, but all this it has happily overcome. We heard only the other day how it had been converted into a Company, but at the same time we heard that the Company was, so to speak, a family party, and that the public need not trouble themselves by applying for shares. Sandown has, in fact, been a big financial success. We see no reason to doubt that Kempton will prove one likewise.

The appearance of the weights for the Spring Handicaps was, so we were informed, like the sight of wells in the desert to the thirsty traveller. For this the racing mind has panted like as the hart desires the water-brooks. The Victoria and Albert Clubs have had no work to do, for billiard handicaps are nought, and "go as you please" tournaments beneath contempt. The so-called classic races were well-nigh dead letters, and book-maker and backer alike eagerly awaited the perusal of the imposts for Lincoln and Liverpool. They appear to have given satisfaction, and the respective handicappers have come in for a fair share of praise. Boulevard, third for the Lincoln last year, had been a winter favourite before even the entries were known, and though he has 15 lbs. more to carry than when Tonans won so easily, yet his performances subsequent to his bad third on Carholme were—particularly at Kempton Park, when he beat Despair, Whipper In, Lowland Chief, Toastmaster, Cohort, Perdita II., and many others—highly meritorious, and no doubt he is deserving the position he occupies. Still the handicap offers many things, it appears to us, equally tempting with Boulevard. There is Bendigo with 8 st. 5 lb., Goldfield with 8 st. 1 lb., Keir with 8 st. 11 lbs, Mespilus with 7 st. 4 lbs, besides some half-dozen others that all appeal strongly to our liking. However, we need not vex ourselves yet about the first big race of the season. As the weeks roll on to the 25th of March, intentions will be probably rendered clearer, and brighter light will be shed on what is now a somewhat obscure road.

The Liverpool, we own, has more charms for us than the flat race. In the first place, we have no great affection for the good city of Lincoln, and our reminiscences of its racecourse are not pleasing ones. The "lying" at Lincoln is far from "snug;" the ways of its hotel-keepers are dark, and their tricks vain. Then the weather is generally abominable; and altogether, what with this, the indifferent "lying," and the difficulty of spotting the winner of the handicap, we long since shook the mud of the Carholme from our feet, and have been content to read about it in the sporting papers. But we own to an affection for Liverpool; its hotels and hot pots, its turf and its turtle. To be sure, the turf at Aintree is not altogether pleasant in the month of March. We know more salubrious and sheltered spots than that home of plover and pewit, but we must go through something if we want to see a grand steeplechase, and the Liverpool is emphatically that—over a course, too, which all the tinkering, old and new, has been unable to spoil. We have a few steeplechases, too, yet left us, though we *do* indulge in lamentations over

the decay of that branch of sport. A good many old acquaintances meet us in the Grand National this year, and though we cannot conscientiously say they have much to recommend them, clever people have selected the old favourites in preference to the untried performers. That Mr. Linde's stable should have a favourite is only to be expected, even though that favourite was the disappointing Mohican. Neither has the running-out of Roquefort last year prevented people from having a strong fancy for him this; while Voluptuary then carried off the prize so easily that even his heavy weight did not seem to put him out of court. The most reliable Irish horse, if the race is to go to Ireland, seems to us Belmont, the winner of the Conyngham Cup last last year. We are told he cannot be thrown down, and he will stay every inch of the course. If he has a turn of speed in addition—and we speak in ignorance on this subject—we shall esteem his chance second to none. They think highly of him in his own country; but Frigate appears to be very well in, and if she is backed in the right quarter we have a high opinion of her chance. The Chief is another Irish horse of whom not very much is known. He is trained in private; has 10 st. to carry, and the long shots about him have been, as we write, eagerly snapped up. Of the home goods, Candahar, in Sherwood's fortunate stable, has been in good demand, but we have more than a sneaking fancy for Phantom, though it will be his *début* over a country. That, however, we think little of. Voluptuary succeeded on his first appearance, and there is no reason why Phantom should not now. He is a fine jumper, and should stay. There is a light-weighted animal in Marsh's stable, Water-Rat, who looks like seeing a short price now the Duke of Hamilton has eliminated most of his team. We cannot believe in Seaman; nor does Zoedone attract us, nor Kilworth neither, Dog Fox or Downpatrick. We hear Tom Cannon has a good horse in Redpath, which we should be glad to think true for his sake; and there are a lot of undistinguished candidates, each with 10 st. on their backs, who *might* win a Grand National under the same conditions that pigs might fly. Looking at the race thus early—and we are writing in the middle of February—we incline to the chances of Belmont and Frigate; and if the going is above the ground, and his old jock is on his back, we shall feel much inclined to back last year's winner.

What is the good of thinking about City and Suburban, Leicestershire Handicap, or Chester Cup, until the Lincolnshire has been decided? Men's minds and looks are fixed upon that at present, and that alone. As Mr. Hammond has struck his two cracks out of all engagements, we shall not have an opportunity of seeing them yet awhile. Florence, we hear, has grown into a grand mare. She was that last year, by the way; but she is even, we hear, a grander mare this. She looked like a weight-carrier when she won the Cambridgeshire, and though certainly the Weatherbys took care of her in the Chester Cup with 10 st. 7 lb., we believe she would have found backers for the City and Suburban with 14 lbs. less. However, Mr. Hammond is the best judge, and we must wait to see her and St. Gatten in the Cup races of the season. Thebais, Prism, Clairvaux, and Keir represent the top weights, and as horses carrying them have before won and gone well over this course, they will probably figure in the quotations. Thebais, albeit the good mare is now seven years old, is sure to find a host of friends with her 9 st. 7 lbs.—a big impost—but, as she is perfectly sound in wind and limb, it is only the question of weight that will stop her. Of course we have to think of Clairvaux and Keir, in the same stable, and try and find out which Mr. Manton and the stable fancy. Without pretending to the

slightest inspiration, or the slightest wish to lift the veil of secrecy that surrounds all properly-constituted stables, we would stand Thebais if at this moment it was imperative on us to make a selection. Priam is too big a horse for the course, we fancy; for The Lambkin it is not far enough, and the Duke of Richmond is, we are afraid, not of the gamest, else he looks well with his weight. Then John Porter has got that beautiful mare Cherry, with 8 st. on her back, and a very flattering account she ought to render of herself, while next to her comes that gay deceiver Quicklime, a horse who has "troubled" the Turf Israel more than any other animal in training. He has been backed for many races, and over many distances, and by the rule of three he ought to be backed for the City, seeing he won it last year with 7 st. 5 lbs., and has now only 7 lbs. more to carry. But he is a horse of whom the majority of backers have a wholesome dread. As the fat Knight said, "We never know where to have *him*." Sir John was speaking of quite another sort of cattle, by the way, but the quotation will serve. No—Quicklime *may* win the City, but we would rather not hazard a positive opinion. King Monmouth is the horse that, next to Thebais, strikes our fancy above anything in the race. Of course 6 st. 12 lbs. is a heavy weight for a three-year-old; but Speculum did it, and we have a notion that King Monmouth is a very good horse. We may be wrong, and it is possible he is not the Derby horse (supposing he was in the race) we think him; but we should like to be on him and Thebais for the City and Sub. at some impossible and unheard-of price, coupled, and go to sleep on it until the 24th of April.

But we began by asking what was the good of thinking about the Epsom spring event, and, behold! we have been led into a dissertation on our likings and dislikings, all very vain and frivolous. Let us turn to our next parcel, and record, which we do with pleasure, that the opening meeting at Four Oaks Park last month was a very good one, and will prove, we trust, the inauguration of a more successful era with that venture. One of the chief obstacles against Four Oaks taking the place it ought to have done in the sporting world has been its difficulty of access. The choice of getting to it lay between being landed by the North-Western at Birmingham—distance from Four Oaks a good hour—or a slow train on the Midland, which landed you at Sutton Coldfield, about two miles from the course. Now the enterprise of the first-named railway company has brought their line within ten minutes walk of the Grand Stand, and the attendance last month, on the two days of jumping held there, proved how much this was appreciated. The London division, who waited for the morning special on the 10th ult., fared better than those who thought they would take time by the forelock, and travelled down to Birmingham on the previous evening. The former made the running without a check; the latter were delayed outside Birmingham for an hour before their several hotels were reached. There was a goodly muster the next morning, and the sport, if not very high class, was a decided improvement on that of former years. The heart of the indefatigable and energetic secretary of the Four Oaks Company, Mr. R. Sadler, must have rejoiced greatly at the aspect of the stands and enclosure, and no doubt the shareholders present also shared in his joy. The turning in the long lane—and it was a long one—we hope has been reached, and with the L. and N. W. R., and all their network of lines from north, south, east, and west, brought to the gates of the park, we think there can be little doubt of this. The sport was fairly good. There was a Grand National candidate for the Birmingham Grand Annual in Ben More, who was snuffed out most

effectually. A slow and also a slovenly jumper, he only succeeded in getting a bad third to Struanite, who followed up her Kempton Park victory with ease. The racing commenced on the first day with an unfortunate fiasco, Mr. McGeorge, jun., who was starting in the place of his uncle, absent, we are sorry to say, through illness, making a mistake in the course, and dropping his flag at a post whereby the distance was reduced to two miles and a quarter, instead of two miles and a half. Beckhampton won, beating the erratic Red Hussar and Pariah; but of course there was an objection, and the race ought to have been declared void, seeing that the fact was undisputed that the right course had not been run. The stewards, however, present, or their representatives, did not dispose of the matter there and then, but referred it to the G. N. H. Committee. And yet it was a very simple matter, the only question being, Was the objection lodged in time? Surely that could have been ascertained on the spot, and the matter settled without troubling the G. N. H. The stewards were racing men too—men of knowledge and experience (so presumed), which makes their hesitation to adjudicate more extraordinary. On the second day backers met with one or two severe facers, and Good Luck and Lord Chancellor were the only good things. No one would have willingly trusted any money to Duval in the Selling Hurdle Race, but he came out full of running at the last turn, and Virtue, the favourite, could never get on terms with him. In the big event, too, of the meeting, the National Hurdle Race, Idea ran disgracefully, never being able apparently to take a place with his horses. At the last turn he did make an effort, but it was too late, and Lottie, who, despite her winning at Doncaster, was allowed to start at 12 to 1, came to the front, and Lawrence, evidently determined not to throw away a chance, sent her along in such style that she soon had everything settled, and won by eight lengths from Sophist, who was half a length in front of last year's winner, King Priam.

The Belvoir have had very good sport. On Friday, February 6th, they met at Weaver's Lodge, where a very good field assembled, amongst whom were Sir Thomas Whichcote, Sir Hugh Cholmeley, Mr. J. C. Lawrance, J.P., Q.C., and Miss Lawrance, Mr. Thomas Heathcote, Mr. John E. Welby, Captain Welby, Colonel Parker, of Grantham, and two sons, Colonel Fane, Mr. Arthur and the Misses Willson, Captain Tennant, Major Longstaffe, Rev. J. B. Younge, Rev. W. Newcome, Messrs. Crawley, Lubbock, Birch, E. Chaplin, Trower, Montefiore, Heneage, Brown, Nicholls, Kirk, Coururie, Roy, Cracroft, Caswall, Richard and James Hornsby, Burdett-Coutts, and a lot of real good sporting farmers, including the three Rudkins, two Hoys, three Grumetts and Messrs. Pick, Collishaw, Shipperson, Dowse, &c. They found their first fox in Sapperton Wood, and ran a steeplechase of ten minutes to Humby to ground. Then, after killing another in Falkingham Gorse, they went away with another, going by Threckingham and Billingborough, where he was headed, into the Falkingham little covert, through it nearly on to Newton, by Pickworth, where he was again headed, and turned towards Mr. Heathcote's new covert, but worked round by Falkingham towards Sempringham, where they ran from scent to view, and killed, after a very good hunting run, without a check, of one hour and ten minutes, and the hounds were not touched from find to finish. Amongst those that rode the run well throughout were Mr. Tom and Miss Gertrude Heathcote, who had the brush, Captain Tennant, Major Longstaffe, Mr. E. Chaplin, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Lubbock (who had a bad fall, but went on and saw the finish), Frank Gillard, and Arthur

Wilson, the first whip. On Saturday, February 7th, they met at Hose, found in the gorse, and ran over the Vale to Clawson Thorns, where they killed after a good twenty minutes. Then they went away with another, and ran a ring by Clawson and the tunnel, and worked back to the covert; and away again towards Holwell Mouth, where, being headed, ran up to the Ironstone line, where, again being turned down the Vale, they went straight to Clawson, and pointed for Broughton; then ran back by the mill, and to ground in Land Dyke, after a long hunting run of two hours. On Tuesday, February 10th, they met at Barkston-le-Willows, and had bad luck in the morning, from foxes getting to ground; but in the afternoon they ran very slow from Syston Park to Ancaster Hills, through the covert by Wilsford up to Ranceby Wood, where the scent improved, and they ran nearly to Byard's Leap, over the heath, pointing for Ranceby Thorns, by Leasingham towards Sleaford Wood; by Roxholme straight to Ashby, where Gillard stopped the hounds at dark. From Ranceby Wood to this point it was one hour and ten minutes, without a check. Only Mr. Walter Willson, Mr. Coulston, Mr. Godson, Gillard, and Arthur Wilson, got to the finish. Lord Drumlanrig made a very good fight as far as he could up to Roxholme. It was a very hard day for horses, as from Syston to Ashby it is quite fifteen miles. The Duke comes out in his carriage, and goes to see the first draw, and enjoys to meet his friends. Bonner, the second whip, will leave at the end of the season, hoping to get a first whip's place. He is a sober, respectable man, and has had six years' good experience with Lord Middleton and Lord Ferrers, and two with these hounds.

Our February records of "the Baron's," as we still love to style them, are on the whole fairly good, and commence on the 2nd of the month, when we met at Wingrave; and Mr. Freeman's hospitality might have astonished a stranger, but not a Valesman, or those whose luck it has been to go behind the scenes in St. Martin's Lane. A nice morning means a large field with these hounds, and this was a nice morning in spite of half a gale, so we put on our armour and went forth to battle determined to do or die. No one could say that we did not meet foemen worthy of our steel, for Lord Marcus Beresford and Lord Cloncurry were there to represent the outsiders, and they needed few better men, I ween. The home contingent was, however, equally strong, and the task of upholding the honour of the Vale was in very good hands. Mr. Gerald Pratt set the ball rolling, when the hounds really settled to their work, and took the "Squire" well to the front, and we went pretty much in two divisions, the jumpers and non-jumpers, as far as Bearscroft. Then we turned by Buttermilk to Bletloe, and so coasted the Aylesbury line to Cheddington, but turned for Crafton, where the scent nearly failed. However, Fred Cox is not the man to succumb to difficulties, and worked steadily on to Ledbourne, when, after ringing a bit more over the country, they took their hind near Crafton. A second lunch at Wingrave gave us an additional amount of ride, so that we started with a second deer, right from the post, and in some instances, as a true chronicler of events, I fear I must say that the spurs were more used than the head. Aston Abbots was the first real point made, where the deer served some of us a dirty trick and shut us out from the fun, for while we, riding in confidence and ignorance, forged ahead on the road, he made a sharp turn away for Rowsham, came once more past Wingrave, where cold hunting ensued, and they finally took their deer near Mr. Fountaine's farm after a very nice forty minutes. On the 5th they scored another capital run after its kind—that kind was perchance not of the straightest order, but neverthe-

less the deer so ordered his course as to lead them over a capital line of country, and more than once caused those who were not blessed with front seats to rejoice over their luck. Mr. Braishier's farm was the starting point, and the line at first led us by the allotments at Oving, and thence over a gapless country to the North Marston brook, which our stag did not think it right to cross until he came into the neighbourhood of the famed Christmas Gorse. His next point was Swanborn Station, from whence he came back by Winslow spinneys, Granborough, and Denham Hill to Oving once more. Having coiled in the Hardwicke brook, he went by way of ~~Windsor~~ and Weadon to Mr. Denchfield's farm at Burston, where he was taken after a run of one hour and fifty minutes over a line which, had you searched the Vale of Aylesbury throughout, could not have been much improved on for deepness of ground and strength of fences. We next come to their meet at Cublington on the 9th, where Mr. Bigg entertained a large field with that appearance of satisfaction that seems to be a special attribute of the Vale farmers. Truly his heart must have rejoiced on this occasion, large as it is, for if the regular men turned out in their thousands, the strangers really bid fair to outnumber them. A strange mixture greeted us, as we left the saddle at our host's request; and many a face we have seen set like a marble statue in grim earnestness, in a set-to over the Rowley mile, was there, not to mention those more familiar to "whoop and holloa" of the chase. Osgood had a great strain on the Ascott stud to find mounts for all who hied them to the chase that day, and right fortunate were those happy enough to find Ascott condition under them. It was no child's play, that racing thirty-five minutes to Aylesbury, as men found to their cost; and when the reckoning was called the number of defaulters was enough to remind one of the worst Derby settling on record. Mark Howcott just saved suicide "without felonious intent" by stopping his horse from jumping into a clay pit at the outskirts of the town at the very last moment, when he and two others had matters very much to themselves, and finally secured his deer. Most people would have been content with such a gallop as this, but, with a large field out, and many of them strangers, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild determined that they should have a second edition; so they went back to Aston Abbots and turned out again, when those who stayed to see the end were treated to, certainly, one of the most enjoyable gallops of the season. The line was by Whitchurch and Cublington to Mr. Bigg's house, then away over the Littlecote brook, luckily at a ford, and past Mr. Hedge's place in the direction of Blacklands, so to the left of High Havens to Swanborn, and the deer was taken close to Solden Wood, on the Oxford and Bletchley line, after a very brilliant hour's run. Thursday, 12th.—Sir N. de Rothschild's hounds met at Weaden Lodge, where Mr. George Payne entertained a large field. Soon after the hour of high noon a stag was uncarted, and after a preliminary ring round by Weadon Hill and ~~Windsor~~, Mr. Henry Cazenove's pretty place, where he got amongst the Bicester men, he came back towards Aston Abbots, and the pack being laid on ran a very nice line under Norduck, over the Creslow brook and the great grounds to Mr. Rowlands' house, where he was taken and safely housed at the farm, at the end of about forty minutes—a very enjoyable little spin, and calculated to put both men and horses in tune for what was to follow, for it was decided to uncart the second deer. Trotting back again, the hounds were laid on, and went away over the Aylesbury road down the old bridleway by Quarendon Chapel to Berry Field. Turning back to the left at the arches on the Bicester road, they

by the Littlecote brook, and to Mr. Rowlands' place

ran over a stiff country to the Horse and Jockey, recrossed the Aylesbury and Winslow road, and held on over the deep wet valley, leaving Bierton well on the right, to Rowsham; crossed the Aylesbury and Leighton road to Wingrave, Hielstrop and Cheddington Big Fields—over the L. and N. W. Railway, and ran on almost to Slapton, where they came up with and took their deer at the end of a good two hours' run over a deep country all the way. Monday, 16th.—Stewkley was the fixture, and, although the morning was thoroughly wet and uncomfortable, quite a large field put in an appearance. Nothing, however, was done as regards sport, though the hounds worked well, and the deer by a series of rings managed to pilot the horsemen over some good fencing. The first, after trying every one of the small enclosures near the village, was eventually taken in a bottom below Stoke Rodd Farm. Mr. Hedge's farm at the Warren was the scene of the second uncartering, and again the deer seemed puzzled what point to make, and in the fog only managed to confine his exertions between High Havens and Stewkley village, and after a time was taken and shot at the North End, and so ended one of the worst days this pack have had this season. Thursday, 19th.—Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild's met at Putlowes, and Mr. Terry entertained a large field ere the business of the day commenced. A stag was uncartered in the usual place, and the pack, being laid on, ran well across a big country to Waddesdon, and came up with their deer amongst the numerous plantations with which Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild has surrounded his new mansion. Turning back from here they ran across the same country to the Aylesbury steeplechase course, and went on as though they meant to take us to Kimble; but before they reached it turned once more and ran right into the town of Aylesbury, where he was secured at the White Hart after a very enjoyable run of one hour and twenty minutes, and, as the hounds doubled back over the same ground, many more men were able to see it than if they had gone straight away.

Of the Whaddon Chase I must record a monster meet on Wednesday the 11th, at Mentmore, where Lord and Lady Rosebery welcomed all comers. As far as sport was concerned, the day was a failure; for although they found foxes at Mentmore, they dared not let the hounds hunt them in such a motley crowd, and they could do little afterwards when their followers had been shaken off. I can, perhaps, best describe the day in the words of a farmer, who laconically remarked, "We went there for a breakfast and had it." Saturday, 14th.—This pack met at Bradwell, where, as usual, the Rev. C. K. Baily had refreshments for all. Their first fox took them across to Shenley, Howe Park, and back almost to Linford, where he found refuge in a drain. This, however, did not hold him long, and, going away again, ran back once more to Shenley, where he was killed. One man got severely peppered with stray shots while riding in one of the woods, a long range, however, fortunately saving him from serious harm. Tuesday, 18th, the fixture was Hoggston guide-post, and again there was a large field out. The Creslow supplied the first fox, and Christmas Gorse was his point, a merry little spin between the two places being the result. The enjoyment thereof, however, was somewhat marred by the after proceedings; fully an hour and a quarter only ending with a kill within the gorse, and, cold and disheartened, men trotted off to High Havens. The good covert was no sooner reached than a fox was away, and for one hour and forty minutes—some people say two hours—this game customer occupied Bentley and his pack on a somewhat roundabout journey between Stewkley, Hollington, Lyseum, Wing spinneys, and Cublington, almost to the Creslow,

and back by Littlecot, the Warren Farm, and finally rolled him over in the field at the back of Mr. Windsor's house at Stewkley. It was said to be the finest thing these hounds have had this season.

The Bicester had a capital day from Landford Lane on Tuesday the 3rd, when, of course, as the hunt ball was to be held in the town that evening there was a great gathering of fair women and brave men. The first fox was soon found and soon killed, but the next did not come to hand quite so readily; he was, like his predecessor, kicked up out of a hedgerow close to where the other had been killed; but scent was bad owing to cold storms coming over, and he managed to beat them at last. The third was also found in a snug double fence, and killed in the rabbit-warren in Lord Jersey's park. Bletchenden held another fox for them, after several other coverts had been drawn blank, and a right good one he was, although he did not run so straight perhaps as he might have done. I have heard of foxes dropping dead before hounds, but do not know that I ever saw it until now. This one, however, when almost in view of the pack, slipped through a hedge and died at once, so that a man who was near picked him up and threw him over to them, near Chesterton. This was a very hard day for horses, and I believe the man was right who said they spent as much time in the air as they did on the ground, the fences came so quickly after each other, and were so large. On Thursday the 12th they met at Eythorpe Bridge, and put in a smart gallop from Stowe to Hardwicke, where the fox, like a fool, ran into a garden from which there was no exit, and, of course, Stovin and the pack triumphed over him at once. Their second essay was from Mason's Gorse, through the Claydon woods, beyond which their fox beat them after a capital run in which men fell about considerably. Lord and Lady Chesham, Lord Valentia, Lord Macclesfield, Mr. Drake and Mr. Chaplin were out, and the latter bore traces of most unmistakable grief before the day was over. Thursday, 19th, Chilton, one of the most favourite meets with the Bicester men, was on the card, and when Notley Abbey was reached a gay throng of horsemen joined them. Lord Chesham and Lady Chesham were, of course present, and amongst others I noticed Lord Suffield, Lord Macclesfield, Lord Valentia, Lord St. Lawrence, Lord Ribblesdale, Lady Ribblesdale, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, Mr. Cyril Flower, M.P., and several other notables. A fox was caught napping at Notley, and consequently Chearsley Firs was called upon to supply the second. There was, however, no scent, and the main of the fun was over when the Chearsley brook was crossed, for the Bicester field seemed particularly given to hydropathy on this warm, fine morning. After taking a ring round Ashendon and Lodge Hill, the pack killed their fox at the Wilderness. They did not find again until Wootton was reached, and several foxes kept them amused in the rush-beds for the rest of the afternoon.

From Hertfordshire we have not a great deal to say, as luck has not been so much in the ascendant with them, perhaps, as it should have been. Yet on Wednesday the 11th they managed to score a good day from certainly not one of their best fixtures by any means. A great many Oakley men came to join us there, and luckily we could show them that Ward's mantle had descended to Harris, and that when scent serves this pack can still hunt and race as in the days of old. Before recording the doings of that day, however, I had better revert to one which I had the misfortune to miss on the Saturday previously at Gibraltar. The character of this place was not good, and wanted mending sadly, so that I thought it as well with a short stud to save a day by not going there, and I suppose missed a good

thing by my caution. At least those who did go tell me so—not that I take their dicta without the necessary grain of salt by any means, for your friends will use the palette-knife rather than the brush, in painting a day for your especial edification, if you chance to miss it. However, the veriest Munchausen amongst them cannot alter distances to one who knows the country, and from Crawley's Gorse to Houghton Regis, to ground with a fast fox, is a nice little whet to the appetite for a run of greater dimensions later in the day—over a pleasant if easy line into the bargain, which suits some of us, whose waist-coats expand and polls get whiter year by year. Then came the *pièce de résistance* from Mr. Oakley's coverts to Welwyn, a hunting run as near as I can make out of somewhat portentous dimensions, but good withal, nevertheless, and again to ground. I would have given something to have been there, and called, tired and thirsty, on Mr. Waller, when all was over, as I would lay my life many did. One's heart never expands towards a friend so thoroughly as under such circumstances. Truly I was out of luck to have missed that day; let me hope I shall back the next winner he rides to make amends. Now to return to the Warden Hills: a fox found and lost in ten minutes is the first item. They say he ran into a faggot pile, but I do not believe it. I do, however, incline to the opinion that we found the hunted fox again in Westwood, and ran him to the Meg, and from thence over a line by Barton that would put even a Devonshire man to shame to the Sunden coverts. From thence "Punch" viewed him away towards Sharpenhoe, and they hustled him smartly to the knoll, where the pack took a fresh fox in hand, and allowed their much fatigued friend to go quietly to ground—a good gallop, fast enough in some parts, real hound work in others; and the country run over would have delighted the hearts of the Alpine Club. They would have been just at home there. I hear the Committee resign office at the end of the season. The old Berkeley East lose Mr. Longman of Thendish also, a good houndsman, although the old white horse, a big cigar, and an easy line appeared to content him fairly as a rule when out. No man ever did more to improve a pack of hounds than he has done during his mastership, and he has been ably seconded by Bob Worrall. Mr. Mackenzie also leaves the west division and, it is said, goes to the North Pychley. If it is true I can only congratulate him on the change. I should think he would fancy himself transplanted into Elysium from widely different quarters.

Complaints reach me from several sides this spring of men riding through ewes and causing farmers great damage by their carelessness. Masters of hounds would do well to keep an eye on this matter, and nip the practice in the bud, if they wish their hunts to continue popular with their best friends, the farmers. These are not times to pay rent on half a crop of lambs, and perhaps a lot of dead ewes into the bargain.

February 17th.—The Hampshire at Cheriton House were hospitably entertained by Captain Piggott. The old Master, Mr. Deacon, was there, as usual with jokes which were much newer in style than his hat (we hardly knew him out of a hunting cap); the present Master on a good-looking chesnut, Mr. Sutton, Mr. Christian, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Drake, Mr. Jacob Fitt from Marlborough, Messrs. Stratton, Godwin, Arnold, and Co. Amongst the side-saddle division were Mrs. Marx, Miss Turner, Miss Greenwood, and Mrs. Jacob Fitt. They found in Cheriton Wood and quickly disposed of a fox, who led them by way of Bramdean Village, Blackhouse and Joan's Acre, until he met his death near Hinton House. Found again in Brookwood, and went through very much the same performance, also ending with

blood. Then found a better fox in Beauworth, and sent him along through Shorley to Kilmiston and Westwood, thence over the Milberries to Preshaw, where a low but stiff post-and-rail fence out of the road divided the riders from the "funkers," as Mr. Deacon put it, at the same time taking his place amongst the latter. Then on round Preshaw Park, where some more little timber fences found them amusement until Rose Hill was reached, scent failed, and wise people went home.

Tedworth, February 19th.—Had a chance to meet Jack Fricker and his pack at Longstock House on a bright frosty morning. Drew all round blank, by Danebury Hill, Knockwood, and Clatford Oakcuts, until they found a fox close to Clatford Oakcuts Farm, which Jack Fricker and the field ran well, nearly into Stockbridge, the hounds forming the rearguard. There they lost, and as it was a long trot back Abbot's Ann Wood, I left them.

Hursley.—On the 13th, Wyke Down, from whence they tried the gorse on Flower Down, Fitt's Coppice, and Worthy Groves, thence on to Crawley Hare Warren in a vain endeavour to find a brace of foxes, which it appears are always to be seen in this neighbourhood when hounds are not there. Then to North Wood, where they dropped on a vixen and had a bit of a ring before they discovered their mistake and whipped off. So on to Vauxhall, where the pack divided into three, and each division took a fox through Westwood to Up Somborne Wood, which is now wired in like a parrot cage, and trying to get over the wire one fox injured himself and met his fate. A halloo took them on to Ashley, whence they ran back to Westwood and there ended the day. 16th, Outwood Lodge, found the low country under water, and three foxes altogether in Ampfield Wood; killed a vixen before the mistake could be rectified, and did not find again.

The Meynell have been having some A 1 sport since our last report. On Thursday, January 27th, found at Stenson, ran by the Pastures by Littleover almost to the barracks, and killed in Mickleover Churchyard—time fifty-five minutes. On February, 14th, Walton Wood, found a straight-necked one (indeed, great credit is due to Mr. Ratcliff for always finding us a good fox) which took us fast by Catton to the left across Pessad brook, where a gentleman well known with these hounds had a more complete submerging than his morning tub afforded, on as far as Clifton and Haunton, but, stopping at the river Meuse, he ran its banks for Lullington, and they finally lost him in the Atherstone country near to Grangewood House; and while casting to recover the line the second whip came up with a mask and brush of a fox killed by part of the pack, which divided in Catton Wood. February 17th was a nice sporting day from Radburne. We found in a Mickleover cover and ran by the Asylum to Stenson Wood, and lost. February 21st, Wychnor.—Few masters, we expect, hunted, the ground being very "bony," but Mr. Chandos-Pole is not easily stopped, and at 12 o'clock he found a rover in the park cover at Wychnor which took us a good line up Hollybank, on through Lyons cover through Yoxall Park, where the bitches hunted out a difficult line to perfection—first one bitch, then another, showing the way. Through Slade's coppy and the Brackenhurst he moved steadily on, past Birchwood and the Chantry, and lost him on the Newborough road. On February 16th these hounds had a seven-mile sprint from Rough Park, through Bagot's Woods to Kingston Woods—quite one of their best days of the season.

The South Stafford, having had plenty of moisture, can now run a bit on their light plough country, and we hear that they have had three or four very good days, but unfortunately we have not been there to see.

Sport with the Atherstone has very much improved, and February must rank as a good month's sport. January 28th saw them at Amington House, and though they could not do much with Mr. Worthington's decoy fox, they ran fast and well from Newton Gorse, where, as usual, young Squire Inge had one ready. Castleman got his hounds fast away, and down the Anstrey meadows and to Norton they simply raced away from the struggling field. Smockington Gate on February 13th: we found a good fox in Copstone Gorse, who took us by Hogshall over the best Leicestershire country for Smockington, passing near Burbage, and killed in the open at Sopcote, after fifty-five minutes. The grief was immense; the master (Mr. Oakeley) got into a brook, and there were half-a-dozen empty saddles at the same moment. February 17th was a good day's sport. Orton Gorse (thanks to Mr. Perkins's unflagging care), found a real tough customer, who stood before hounds all the morning and was eventually lost.

By the death at a comparatively early age of Mr. Thomas McGeorge, the Jockey Club have lost a well-trying and trusted official, whose loss will not perhaps be easily supplied. For over twenty years he carried the flag to the great satisfaction not only of his masters of the Jockey Club, but to that of every one who sought his services. The position of starter is a very arduous and thankless one. However efficiently he may perform his duties, very little notice is taken of that efficiency. We do not remember hearing that Mr. McGeorge, or any other starter, ever received any special thanks for the way they got off an unruly field, while on the contrary, criticisms on what are called "bad starts," real or imaginary, have been very plentiful. The disappointed backer whose horse gets badly away is convinced that but for the "shocking start" that horse would have won. Not making any allowance for the way a start looks from the Stand, and what that start is in reality, how often do we hear the starter abused? Mr. McGeorge, it is true, rarely gave occasion for fault-finding, for he possessed a power over men and boys which we trust will descend to his successor. It is not enough to be able to start horses. The man who holds the flag must be able to start jockeys. Such an one will no doubt be found by the Stewards of the Jockey Club—a man of high character and courage, of strong nerve and will. Already we hear of applicants for the post, among them Lord Marcus Beresford, Major Dixon, Mr. H. Custance, &c. We trust the election will fall on the best man.

There is an idea that some of our fashionable temples of the drama—for there is a fashion in theatres, we much fear—have not been doing well lately. And yet, if we go to the box-offices of the Vesta, the Olympus, the Frivolity, or the Nudity, we find a courteous official, who tells us that the two front rows in the dress circle have been taken for the next three months, and he is exceedingly sorry he cannot do any better for us than offering something in the third or fourth. But when we go to the Temple of Vesta, and take our place humbly in the third row, we are not altogether satisfied with the appearance of things. The people in front of us *may* have given each their six or seven shillings, as the case may be, but they don't look it. In the first place, there is the man with the damp umbrella, and, though we cannot see them, we feel convinced, muddy boots. Now this we hold to be totally incompatible with "seats booked three months in advance." Totally incompatible is also the lady accompanying him in a nondescript costume, in which the nearest approach to evening dress consists in a pair of not over-clean white gloves. Curious old women, too, are in the front rows, a cross between highly respectable pew-openers and retired ladies' maids who have

only lived in the best families. They evince a desire to applaud in the wrong places, and evidently are quite at sea as to what is going on on the stage. A shy couple or two of lovers, a lot of men rather inclined to be noisy, and who pay long visits to the refreshment saloon between each act; all this we have seen at more than one theatre where the run is supposed to be great, when in reality three weeks or a month has witnessed the cream of it. How "the run" goes on, and how the theatre is filled—and in many cases well filled, too—is one of those managerial mysteries with which we have not much concern. But people who go much to theatres must be fully aware of what we have said. There is no mistaking "paper." The most artistic "hanger" cannot entirely disguise the commodity. "Paper" is no doubt a necessary evil, with which even the most fortunate lessees perforce become acquainted. But they ought to stipulate for clean "paper." If evening dress is impossible, at least there should be clean faces and hands, boots should be blacked, and, above all, no damp umbrellas. We venture to respectfully submit these suggestions to the Acting Paper-Hangers of our Vestas and Frivolities.

Mrs. Langtry, having bowed to the expression of universal condemnation aroused by the production of 'Princess George,' sought refuge in a temporary indisposition until 'The School for Scandal' was ready. Counting, apparently, on the success of the wretched 'Princess,' the preparations for Sheridan's masterpiece were very backward, and we had wonderful accounts given us of what was effected, in the way of scenery and general mounting, in a very limited space of time. That the representation on the first night suffered in consequence was apparent. It is perhaps unfair to judge it by that one night, for the effect of the tedious waits and slow delivery of the dialogue was to weary a not very enthusiastic audience, and the house was emptying before the last scene. Still, as the principal performers showed no sign of nervousness, were word-perfect, and well up in the business of the play, we must take the performance for what it was worth, and only hope the stage-manager has got everything into perfect order since then, and that the wheels of the play run now more lightly than they did. Of course the Lady Teazle of Mrs. Langtry was the great attraction for the first-nighters—that and her costumes, "designed by Worth," as the programme, in large letters, informed us. In *The World*, on the following week, appeared some clever verses, in which the fact that the great French man-milliner had kindly lent a helping hand to Sheridan was sarcastically dilated on. Certainly the announcement on the bills was very funny, and if we could look upon the present season at the Prince's Theatre as a *bonâ fide* dramatic one, we should call it one made in very bad taste. But seeing that Mrs. Langtry has held out costume, or rather *her* costumes, as the attractions of her season, we don't think she can be blamed for putting the name of Worth on an equality with that of Sheridan. Perhaps it made old playgoers shudder; but to the new generation, who, from certain things we observed on the first night, we should say knew as much about Sheridan as they do of the language of the Esquimaux—the name of Worth was an attraction. We must not be too hard on the young fellows. It was really refreshing to see and hear how, in these undemonstrative days, they laughed at Moses and enjoyed the screen scene. *Blasé* with the far-fetched jokes of Gaiety burlesques, even tired, perhaps, of Nelly's topical songs, the novelty of 'The School for Scandal' was an unexpected pleasure.

As to the performance, we have nothing to add to the estimate we have long since formed of Mrs. Langtry's powers. Thoroughly graceful, moving

on the stage as a woman would in her own drawing-room, coquettish when needed, a fine lady, but showing underneath the veneer of fashionable manners the glimpse of a charming rusticity—all this there was very pleasingly expressed. But there was one thing wanting—life and soul to what, after all, is but the framework of the picture. Mrs. Langtry has neither sympathetic voice or manner. When an exhibition of emotion is required, as in the screen scene, the effect is disappointing, not to say amateurish. Lady Teazle was wonderfully dressed, but whether the great man-milliner who divides the honours with Sheridan is capable of carrying his mind back to "the days of hood and hoop" may be doubted. We must leave, however, the ladies to criticise Lady Teazle's somewhat garish costumes. The general representation, despite the fact that it included the best Sir Peter and the best Charles Surface that the stage of the day can give us, was hardly satisfactory. Mr. Farren made Sir Peter too old, but this has been a vice inherent in the exponents of every Sir Peter we have seen. At least, we cannot recall to our memory any who did otherwise, not even Mr. Farren's distinguished father. Mr. Everill's Sir Oliver was admirable, and Mrs. Arthur Stirling's Mrs. Candour no less so. Mr. A. Wood's Crabtree was a very finished performance, and of the minor characters the Careless of Mr. Smedley deserves all praise. Still, the performance as a whole was disappointing, and, as we have before said, the termination of the comedy was witnessed by a rapidly emptying house. That the representation will improve we have little doubt, but whether the united efforts of Langtry, Worth, Sheridan, and Co. can take any hold on the play-going public remains to be seen.

We were under the impression that it was at the Court we had first seen the adaptation of 'Les Fourchambault,' then named 'The Crisis,' but as every one tells us we saw it at the Haymarket, so it must be. Under the title of 'The Denhams,' Mr. Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil have revived it at the little house by Sloane Square, and revived it successfully, we think. Alterations in the cast must be considered improvements, and Mr. Clayton as John Goring, and Mr. Conway as the half-brother, Fenley Denham, act with a force that cannot be improved. The purpose of the drama, as doubtless our readers are aware, is the exaltation of the illegitimate son and the unmarried mother above the father and the lawfully-begotten son. The betrayed woman, who is called Mrs. Goring, appeals, years after her betrayal and desertion, to her son to assist his as yet unknown father by saving his credit in some business transaction. It is one of the fine scenes of the play, where the mother hints at the dark story of her younger life, and the son has to listen and to supply gaps in the narrative which the mother cannot speak. It was admirably rendered by Miss Lydia Foote and Mr. Clayton. The tearful, but not too tearful, voice of the former, the manly bearing of the latter, carried the sympathies of the audience with them from first to last. In the subsequent scene, when John Goring has to endure the humiliation of a blow from his brother which he cannot return, the acting of Mr. Conway and Mr. Clayton showed an intensity which, we take leave to think, MM. Got and Coquelin, the original interpreters at the Théâtre Français, could not have surpassed. Mrs. John Wood resumed her original character of Mrs. Denham, and acted it as only Mrs. John Wood could. The gloom of the play, the high strain at which the feelings of the audience are kept, finds relief when Mrs. Denham is on the stage. Miss Norreys, as Blanche, again scored a distinct success, the freshness of her style and her charming girlish appearance being most winning. Miss Marion Terry did not appear quite at home as Haidée Burnside, nor did Mr. Arthur Cecil

seem to know what to do with the noble and reverend lord, whom we do not remember in 'The Crisis.' Mr. Denham received but an indifferent interpretation at the hands of Mr. Price, but the performance, taken as a whole, was undeniably very good. The house was stirred into excitement at more than one scene; the laughter roused by Mrs. John Wood was hearty and genuine, and there were several calls. That it is essentially a French play, highly improbable in its story, and that the situations are here and there hysterical—the scene between the brothers especially so—there is no doubt. But yet these situations call for powerful acting, and this is to be found at the Court Theatre. Mr. Albery's clever dialogue, too, has done much for it; and that 'The Denhams' is a play well worth seeing no one who has once seen it can deny.

Mr. Frederick Gale, the well-known "F. G." of these pages, has just published a very interesting memoir of the late Hon. Robert Grimston, a task he undertook at the special desire of his family and friends. Mr. Gale has done his work admirably. From Mr. Grimston's early days, when he was a boy at Gorbamby, to the sad end when he passed away in his old home, the record of as keen a sportsman and as true an English gentleman as ever lived is told simply and well. Early Harrow times, Oxford days, where perhaps hunting, cricket, and boxing were more thought of than chapel or lecture; a brief keeping of terms at the Temple; then in the saddle and in the Vale—that Vale which in his latter years was indeed his happy hunting-ground; all this, with a sketch of him, as what Mr. Gale aptly calls "An Older Harrow Boy," brings "Bob Grimston" before our eyes as the man he really was. It is only natural—indeed, in a life of Robert Grimston it is indispensable—that the love and affection he bore his old school should be largely dwelt on. It was something peculiar. Many men, no doubt, entertain happy remembrances of early school-days, but whether these would take the hold upon them that memories of Harrow did on Mr. Grimston is very doubtful. What delight he took in Harrow cricket, how he gave himself up to coaching the elevens chosen for the Public School matches, how he exulted over Harrovian victory, and could hardly bear to look upon defeat, is well known, and Mr. Gale has given us many an amusing anecdote in connection with this. His singularly self-reliant character, the thoroughness with which everything taken in hand by him was executed, his exemplification of the old adage that what a man wants done well he had better do himself—all the traits are well brought out in Mr. Gale's pages. How brave Mr. Grimston was, what wonderful pluck and endurance he possessed, the sterling worth of his character, so manly yet so simple, his hatred of the dirty paths which here and there crop up in a sportsman's life—those who knew him well, well knew. We have seen it questioned, the *cui bono* of this biography, and it has been sneeringly asked why such a book should have been written? But Robert Grimston was, in his peculiar way and manner of life, an eminently representative man. He was one of a class of English gentlemen growing every year rarer and rarer. To the outer world there might seem a rough grain in the wood, but at its core was warm feeling, the highest truth, and the purest honour. In a verse of the beautiful elegy which his old friend Mr. Bowen, of Harrow, penned to his memory, there is a summary of his character:—

"Well played! His life was honeste than ours;
We scheme, he worked; we hesitate, he spoke.
His rough-hewn stem held no concealing flowers,
But grain of oak."

